★ Mar. 28, 1936

THE NEW YORKER

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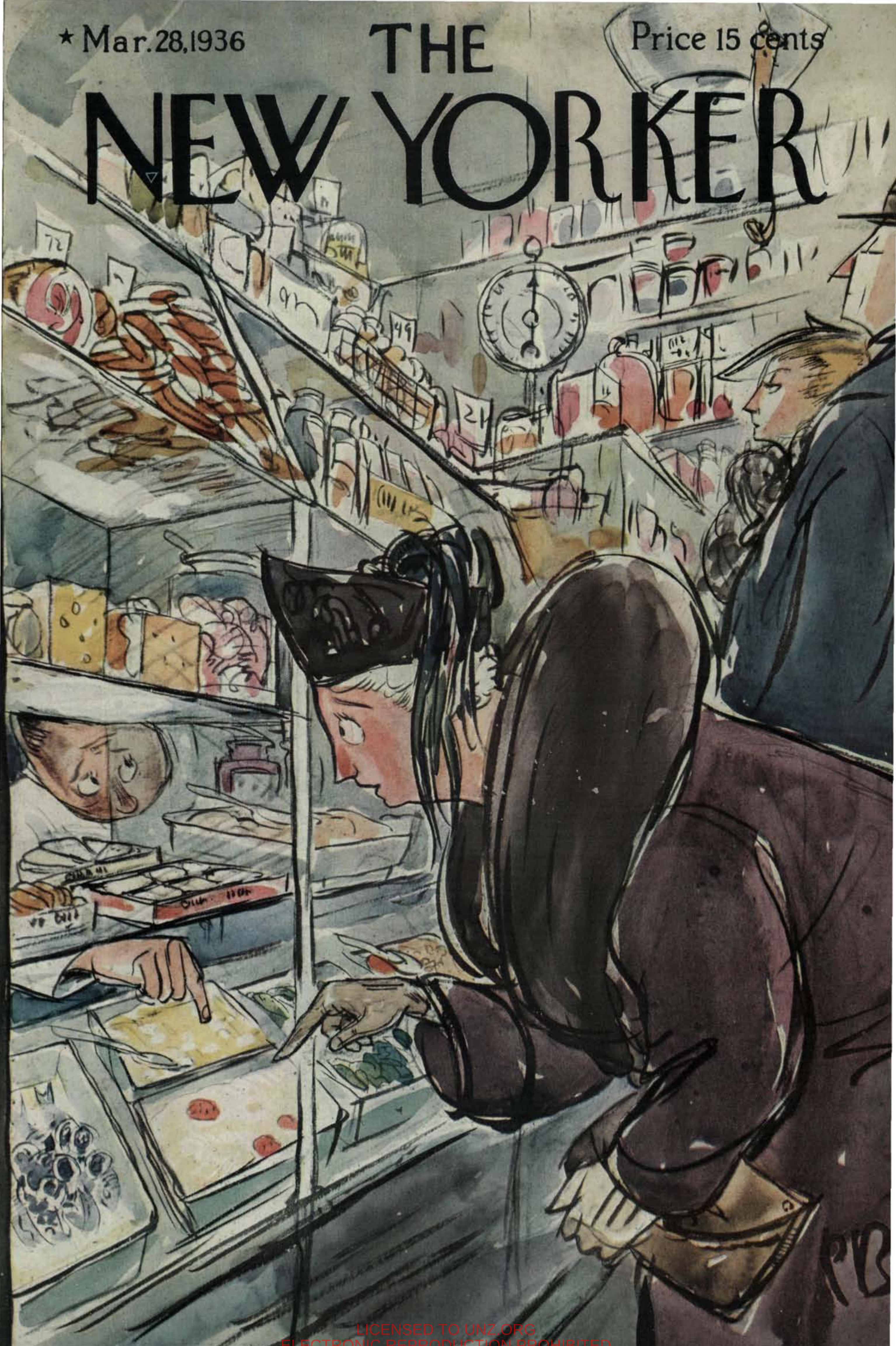

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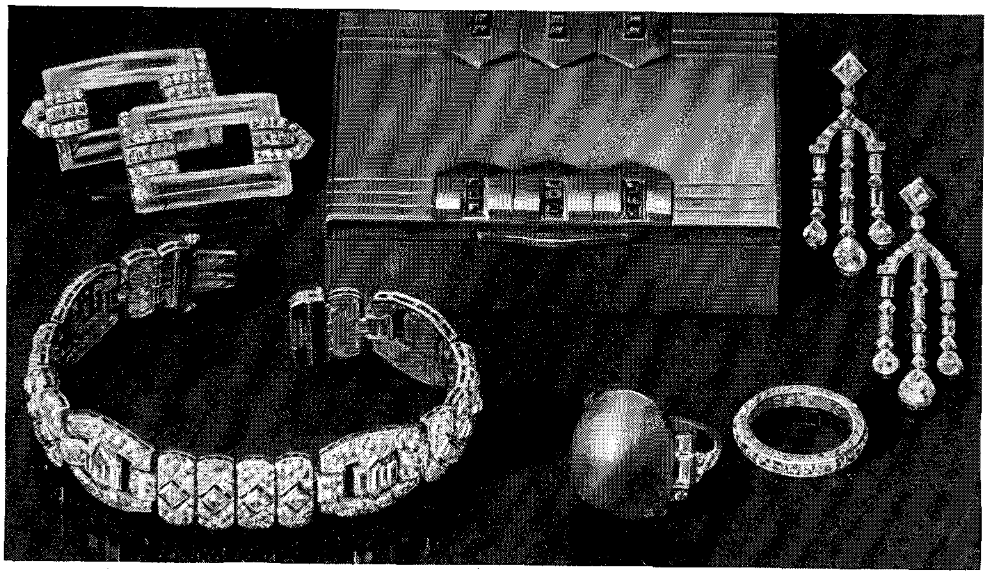

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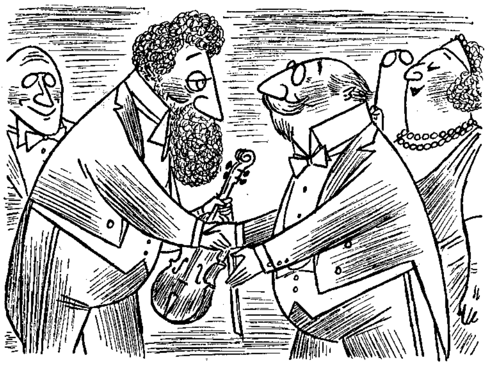

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 4.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boy Meets Girl—A tale of Hollywood, but much funnier than usual. In fact, just about as funny as you will get. Jerome Cowan, Allyn Joslyn, and Joyce Arling. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M.)

Call It a Day—Not quite twenty-four hours in the life of an English family to whom nothing much happens but who manage to be very charming and entertaining about it. Philip Merivale, Gladys Cooper, and others. (Morosco, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-2520. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

Case of Clyde Griffiths—The old "An American Tragedy" done up in impressive modern "plastic" staging, with a good Group Theatre cast but a lesson which isn't half as impressive as they try to make it. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728.)

The Children's Hour—A little girl in boarding school lets her *psychopathia sexualis* get the better of her, and ruins two lives. A tense and terrible play, with Katherine Emery, Anne Revere, Florence McGee, Katherine Emmet, and Robert Keith. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. PEnnsylvania 6-0773. No performance Mon. Eves.; Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

Dead End—A really impressive production of a play about the boys who play at the east end of New York streets and go on from there to jail. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

End of Summer—Delightful talk and back talk on social and economic problems in S. N. Behrman's best vein and with one of the Guild's best casts, headed by Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

Ethan Frome—A stark, poignant dramatization of the Edith Wharton novel about unhappy New Englanders, beautifully acted by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8225. No performance Mon. Eves.; Mats. Wed. and Thurs. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Mar. 29, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

First Lady—How Washington ladies fight. Excellent verbal carnage, with Jane Cowl leading with her right. (Music Box, 45, W. CHickering 4-6160. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

Libel!—The question: "Is Sir Mark Loddon Sir Mark Loddon or not?" The place: A courtroom, but don't let that worry you. See it. Colin Clive, Wilfrid Lawson, Ernest Lawford, Frederick Leister, and Joan Marion. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

Love on the Dole—A poignant domestic drama of poverty in Lancashire and what it does to the young folk. Wendy Hiller, Alexander Grandison, Reginald Bach, and others. (Longacre, 48, W. LAckawanna 4-8686.)

Night of January 16—It is up to the audience to decide whether or not Karen André pushed the Match King off his penthouse. A. H. Woods' rowdy courtroom melodrama. (Ambassador, 49, W. COlumbus 5-7057. 8:50 P.M.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—Richard Barthelmess and Mary Philips in an exciting dramatization of Mr. Cain's hardboiled novel of sin and skidding. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

Pride and Prejudice—If you like Jane Austen and good acting, you'll like this. Adrianne Allen, Colin Keith-Johnston, Lucile Watson, Percy Waram, and others. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720. No performance Mon. Eves.; Mats. Tues. and Thurs.)

Russet Mantle—Some delightful remarks made fairly steadily by two middle-aged Southern ladies, set in a pleasant story of young love. John Beal, Martha Sleeper, Margaret Douglass, Evelyn Varden, and Jay Fassett. (Masque, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-0040. No performance Mon. Eves.; Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

Saint Joan—Katharine Cornell at her best in Shaw's best. Also in the cast are Arthur Byron, Brian Aherne, Maurice Evans, Eduardo Ciannelli, and Charles Waldron. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100. 8:10 P.M. Mats. 2:10.)

Three Men on a Horse—A little man with a genius for picking winners is taken over by a group of touts and promoted. Good, vulgar laughter. William Lynn, Sam Levene, Shirley Booth, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

Tobacco Road—Recently played its one thousandth performance. (Forrest, 49, W. LAckawanna 4-6890.)

Victoria Regina—Selected incidents in the life of England's Queen, from girlhood to Diamond Jubilee, made remarkable in the theatre by the performance of Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. No performance Mon. Eves.; Mats. Tues. and Thurs.)

●

WPA Productions—"Murder in the Cathedral," a dramatic (and really dramatic) poem by T. S. Eliot, dealing with the murder of Thomas à Becket, acted, in its important rôles, with becoming dignity. Incidentally, there is one interlude of Grade A political satire. (Manhattan, B'way at 53. CIrcle 7-6771. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.; through Tues., Mar. 31.) . . . "Chalk Dust," the lowdown on high-school politics and small-town intrigue, exemplified by two teachers who try to buck them. (Daly's, 63, between B'way and Central Pk. W. CIrcle 7-5852. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.) . . . "Triple-A Plowed Under," a surprisingly dramatic presentation of the farmer's plight, done in short, newspaper "takes" showing all sides of the question. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. Weekdays at 7:30 and 9 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

George White's Scandals—Bert Lahr, Willie Howard, Cliff Edwards, Gracie Barrie, and countless beautiful girls in a show very much like the old "Scandals" you used to see. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. WIsconsin 7-0191.)

Jumbo—The biggest of the shows and something you ought to see. Jimmy Durante, Paul Whiteman, and lots of others. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. MUrray Hill 2-9400. No performance Tues. Eves.; extra performances Sun. at 3:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

May Wine—Nice music, nice people, and good relaxation unless you want to scream with laughter. Walter Slezak, Nancy McCord, and Walter Woolf King. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664.)

Ziegfeld Follies—You have to remember quite a way back to recall a better "Follies." Fannie Brice, Bob Hope, Hugh O'Connell, Harriet Hoctor, Gertrude Niesen, and Josephine Baker. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

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OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates.)

Larger Than Life—A comedy by Joseph Schrank, with Ernest Truex, Patricia Barclay, Jane Seymour, Paul Everton, and Peggy Shannon. Opens Thurs., Mar. 26. (46th Street, 46, W. LAckawanna 4-1219. 8:45 P.M.)

Bitter Stream—The Theatre Union's production of a play by Victor Wolfson, with Albert Van Dekker, Millicent Green, and Hester Sondergaard. Opens Mon., Mar. 30. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. WAtkins 9-7450. 8:40 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Idiot's Delight—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the Theatre Guild's presentation of Robert E. Sherwood's new comedy. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. Extra Mat. Fri., Mar. 27.)

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Murder in the Old Red Barn—As at "The Drunkard" last year, you sit around at tables applauding virtue and despising villainy on the stage, but this time there are extra acts of skill and harmony which make it even more of a Big Evening. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Nightly at 9.)

French Theatre Guild—A new group presenting plays in French. "Atout Cœur," by Félix Gandéra: Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Mar. 26-28, at 8:40, and Sat. Aft., Mar. 28, at 2:30. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

Sunday Nights at Nine—An intimate and informal revue, with Vandy Cape, Hildegarde Halliday, James Shelton, Felicia Sorel, and others. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

Puppet Show—The Yale Puppeteers in "Mr. Punch at Home": Sat. Eve., Mar. 28, at 8:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116.)

For Children—Sue Hastings' Marionettes: Sat. Aft., Mar. 28, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116.) . . . The Clare Tree Major company in "The Secret Garden": Sat. Morn., Apr. 4, at 10:30. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—Vincent Lopez leads the orchestra in the attractive Trianon Room. Dances by Mario and Floria.*

Biltmore Supper Room, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Russ Morgan's orchestra, with dances by Joe and Betty Lee.*

Chez Josephine Baker, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080)—Singing and dancing by Josephine Baker, with music by Ray Benson's orchestra and Antobal's Cubans.*

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Irwin Gilbert's orchestra plays in the Salon Azure. There's also Tisdale's Trio.*

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—The playboys' paradise has Ernie Holst's orchestra and Martinez's tango band.

Larue, 480 Park at 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The

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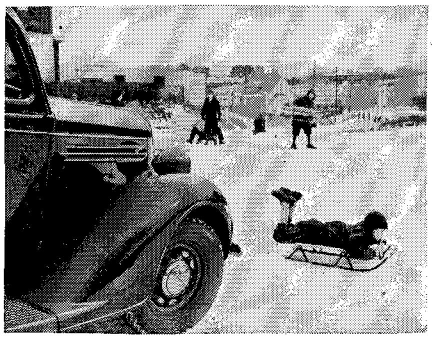

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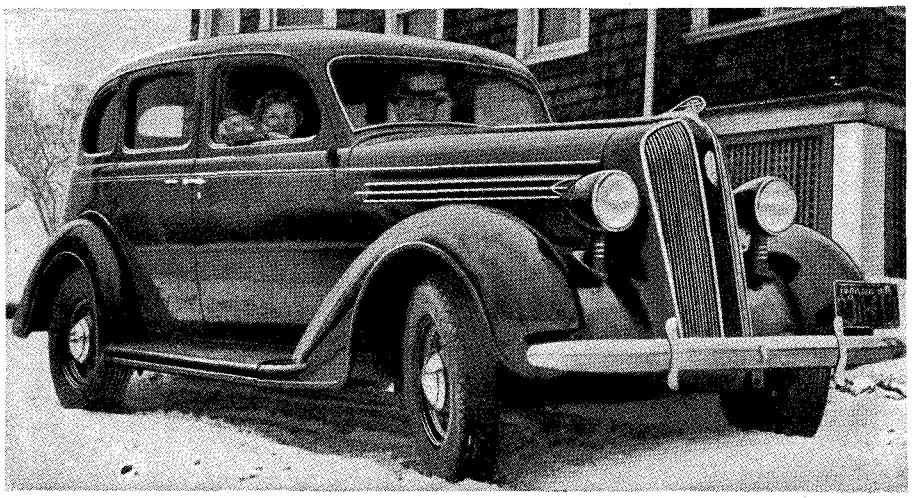

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 4.]

Fantasy Room offers music by Eddie Davis's orchestra and dances by Castain and Crane.*

New Montmartre, B'way at 50 (CIrcle 6-2490)—Elsa Maxwell and Eddie Garr entertain here. Jacques Fray's orchestra.*

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Pancho's orchestra plays for dancing in the Corinthian Room.*

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Henry King provides the music in the Persian Room, one of the smartest and most charming places for supper dancing in town. Songs by Eve Symington and dances by Lydia and Joresco. Eddy Duchin's orchestra and the DeMarcos return on Wed., Apr. 1. Dress.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra, Sheila Barrett, and the dance team of Jack Holland and June Hart are the attractions here. Dress. . . . The informal Rainbow Grill features Ruby Newman's orchestra and songs by Mildred Monson.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra are playing here.*

Russian Eagle, in the Sherry-Netherland, 5 Ave. at 59 (VOlunteer 5-2800)—A new and beautiful room, under the direction of General Lodijensky, with music by the Russian Eagle orchestra and entertainment by Raphael, a gypsy choir, and others.*

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske sings his merry songs in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant and his orchestra return on Thurs. Eve., Mar. 26.*

St. Moritz Continental Room, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—Ron Perry's orchestra plays for dancing, with entertainment by Nikita Balieff and his "Chauve-Souris."

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—The King Cole Room features Emil Coleman and his orchestra, songs by Phyllis Clare, and dances by the Hartmans. Dress. . . . Downstairs you will find Russian music and entertainment in the handsome Maisonette Russe.*

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Noisy and popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Nat Brandwynne and Gus Martel, with songs by Teddy Lynch.*

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Norma Terris and the Rocky Twins entertain here. Joe Smith's orchestra.*

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—Orville Knapp's orchestra plays in the Empire Room; dances by Beauvel and Tova, and songs by Corinna Mura.*

Weylin, Madison at 54 (PLaza 3-9100)—The Caprice Room presents Bobby Brooks' orchestra, and songs by Charlie Wright. Open for supper on Saturdays only.*

Dance Orchestras Here and There—Bernie Dolen is at the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34.* . . . Lou Lang plays at the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights. . . . Hal Kemp is at the Pennsylvania Madhattan, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Jack Berger plays in the Orangerie of the Astor, B'way at 44. . . . Enoch Light is at the McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . .Johnny Johnson plays in the Commodore Palm Room, Lexington at 42. . . . Phil Handelman is at the Salon Madrid of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9. . . . Bert King is at the Shelton, Lexington at 49. . . . Isham Jones plays in the Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44. . . . Don Richards is at the Montclair Casino, Lexington at 49. . . . Dick Messner provides the music at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56. . . . Bob Crosby plays at The Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . You'll find Ozzie Nelson at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Eddie Lane is at the Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Arthur Warren plays at the Victoria, 7 Ave. at 51. . . . Sammy Wilson is at the Edison Green Room, 46, W. of B'way.

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Notes—Barney Winton provides the music and Jimmie Rogers sings at Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800).* . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), offers lively Negro entertainment.

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Netherland Bar, 5 Ave. at 59; Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Elysée Monkey Bar, 60 E. 54; Park Lane Round-the-World Bar, Park at 49; Beverly Bar, Lexington at 50; Essex House Café, 160 Central Pk. S.; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 37 E. 54; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Chateau Moderne, 42 E. 50; Town Casino Club, 9 W. 52; The "18" Club, 18 W. 52; Thru the Looking Glass, 38 W. 52; Place Elegante, 33 W. 56; Madeleine's, 6 E. 52; Anna Held's, 1 Ave. at 52; Man About Town Club, 15 W. 51; Club Normandie, 112 Central Pk. S.; Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8.

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Broadway Atmosphere—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), offers "Folies de Femmes," a particularly elaborate and beautiful revue which knocks your eye out. Jack Denny's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080), with Milton Berle; Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572), with Benny Fields; and Del Monico's, 209 W. 51 (CIrcle 7-6108). . . . Don Redman and his band are at Connie's Inn, B'way at 48 (LAckawanna 4-7300), with an elaborate black-and-tan show. . . . Jack Dempsey's Supper Room, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), has music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra and songs by Peggy Calvert. . . . Dan Healy's Broadway Room, 231 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-3073), with Jack White heading the show, is a good place to wind up the evening.

Small, noisy places, popular with the late Broadway crowd: The Famous Door, 35 W. 52; and the Onyx, 72 W. 52. . . . The original Tillie of Harlem has a place at 106 W. 52; open all night.

Greenwich Village — Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), has Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way, has a colored show. . . . For Village dance-hall atmosphere: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; and The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq. . . . Not for débutantes: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (STuyvesant 9-9190).

Harlem—The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (TIllinghast 5-9366), has a show, featuring Gladys Bentley. . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band; go late.

Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644). . . . Montmartre: Bal Tabarin, 225 W. 46 (CHickering 4-3478). . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 W. 14 (TOmpkins Square 6-9784), with singing by Adia Kuznetzoff. . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646), with a lively show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (STuyvesant 9-8836), with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

MOTION PICTURES

Ah, Wilderness!—Eric Linden, Wallace Beery, and Lionel Barrymore in the gentle and very moving story of old high-school days, from the O'Neill play. (Sutton Cinema, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 28-30; continuous from 1 p.m.)

Anything Goes—Quite lively and agreeable, with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Cole Porter tunes. (86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 28-30; continuous from 11:30 a.m. Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Sat. through Tues., Mar. 28-31; continuous from noon.)

Crime et Châtiment—Revival of the weird but effective French film of the Dostoevski novel. (Cinéma de Paris, 5 Ave. at 12; continuous from noon.)

Follow the Fleet—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Irving Berlin music, and perhaps just a bit too much fussing over a story. (Palace, B'way at 47; 23rd Street, 143 W. 23; 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; and 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Thurs., Mar. 26, last day; continuous from noon. 81st Street, B'way at 81; daily through Thurs., Apr. 2; continuous from noon. 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Sat., Apr. 4; continuous from 1:30 p.m.)

The Ghost Goes West—René Clair's first English film, and one to delight all countries and all generations. With Robert Donat. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Mon. and Tues., May 30 and 31; continuous from 9 a.m. Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., Mar. 31-Apr. 3; continuous from 1 p.m.)

La Maternelle—Revival of the grave and honest sketch of the children of Montmartre. (Acme, 14 at Union Sq.; Thurs. and Fri., Mar. 26 and 27; continuous from noon.)

The Music Goes 'Round—Harry Richman, a rather agreeable story, and a tribute to the popular tune. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Mon. and Tues., Mar. 30 and 31; continuous from 9 a.m.)

The Petrified Forest—Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart in the Sherwood play about an Arizona gas station, gunmen, and a literary man. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. and Fri., Mar. 26 and 27; continuous from 1 p.m. 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Mar. 30 and 31; continuous from 9:30 a.m. Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Wed. and Thurs., Apr. 1 and 2; continuous from 9:30 a.m.)

Rose Marie—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a duet against a background of Canadian wilderness. With some humor, too. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Thurs. and Fri., Mar. 26 and 27; continuous from noon.)

Strike Me Pink—Some prodigious performances on the part of Eddie Cantor, interspersed with some reflective moments of Ethel Merman's. (Sutton Cinema, 3 Ave. at 57; starting Sat., Apr. 4; continuous from noon.)

These Three—Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour" adroitly adapted for the film public, but still forceful. With Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 10 a.m.)

Notes—The New York Adult Education Council will revive D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," at the New School, 66 W. 12, Sun. Eve., Mar. 29, at 8:45. For advance reservations, phone ALgonquin 4-7150. . . . Films suitable for young people are shown at the Lenox Picture House, 52 E. 78, every Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15 and 4 p.m., and Sat. at 10:30 a.m.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Country Doctor," the Dionne Quintuplets are the sensation here, but Jean Hersholt deserves some credit, too; "How to Sleep," health notes by Robert Benchley; "Klondike Annie," Mae West in a not too conservative frame of mind, with Victor McLaglen; "Modern Times," the Chaplin film, and important, of course.

●

The Milky Way—Harold Lloyd's latest comedy. Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue. (Paramount, B'way at 43; continuous from 10 a.m.)

ART

Abstract—Grand introduction to the European development of abstract art, showing its influence on architecture, textiles, printing, and the theatre: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun. 2 to 6 p.m. . . . Five contemporary abstractionists: Paul Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Tues., Mar. 31.

Academy—Spring exhibition, for those in whom hope springs eternal: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun. 2 to 6 p.m.

An American Group—Well-known Americans in a big show: Ehrich-Newhouse, 578 Madison. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., Apr. 4.

Bouché—Paintings by a suave and elegant artist: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., Apr. 4.

Czobel—Mordant paintings by a newcomer to New York: Brummer, 55 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Apr. 4.

Federal—Photos and models of Federal Art Projects: Federal Art Project Gallery, 7 E. 38. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sat., Mar. 28.

Ganso—Paintings and drawings by an artist who has matured steadily: Weyhe, 794 Lexington. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., Apr. 4.

Gauguin—Retrospective loan exhibition of the man who followed Captain Cook and Melville to the South Seas: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. (Admission fifty cents, for charity.)

Glass—New designs and new uses for glass: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. 2 to 6 p.m.

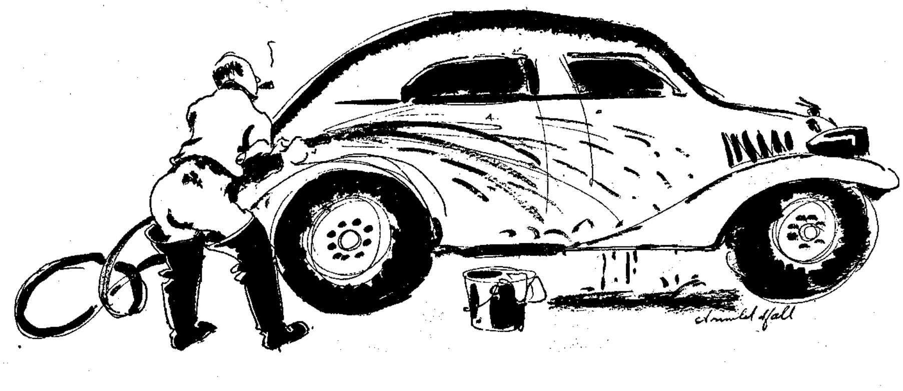
Hartl—Beautiful work, fresh and fragrant as a spring morning: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., Apr. 4.

Hartley—First show in four years by a distinguished modern: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun. 3 to 6 p.m.

Hartman—New paintings and water colors: Another Place, 43 W. 8. Open 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sat., Mar. 28.

Insane—Products of an environment once described by D. Brill as a veritable Temple of Art: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Tues., Mar. 31.

Italian—Contemporary painting: 6th floor, Inter-



Kayser Fashion Pre-views

For new dash and dare—O-Kay* gloves!

MARTIN BRUEHL

• Liven up your hands with O-Kay gloves, pin a big, bright posy on your hat—and then, watch eyes turn your way! O-Kays come in brightest colors—iris, dusty pink, honey-beige, lots of others. They're Kayser's newest—ribby, washable—made in U.S.A. 1.00

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 4.]

national Bldg., Rockefeller Center, 630 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 28.

Japanese—Crafts of the famous Kyoto school in which exquisite skill was blended with no less exquisite beauty: 200 Madison, at 36. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 28. . . . *Very fine figure prints, with special emphasis on the great* Utamaro: Room 321, N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Kuniyoshi—Fourteen paintings by a brilliant painter whose form and palette both have individuality: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 4.

Lee—A woman who paints with gusto: Walker, 108 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Metropolitan—Paintings by John LaFarge (Gallery D-6), and important drawings by Winslow Homer (Galleries K-37-40): Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

New Art Circle—Abstractions by Joseph Albers: 509 Madison. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 28.

Pacific—Painters from the West Coast headed by *the one time Synchromist*, MacDonald Wright: Carl Fischer, 61 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 28.

Palazzo—Fantastic realism, sometimes charming, by a young Italian: Dorothy Paris, 56 W. 53. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 28.

Pissarro—Clear picture of the development of an impressionist who, like Monet, did some of his best work before color dictated form: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 28.

Segonzac—Drawings and water colors by a master of landscape: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Whitney Museum—Paintings and sculpture from the permanent collection, and one hundred etchings by John Sloan: 10 W. 8. Open daily (except Mon.) 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Apr. 5.

Miscellaneous—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Paintings by Nelda Audibert: Caz-Delbo, 630 5 Ave.; through Mar. 31. . . . Paintings by Dorothy Eaton: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Mar. 28. . . . Water colors of tropical flowers, by Minga Patchin: Hendrix, 73 E. 57; through Mar. 28. . . . Paintings by Wood Thomas, Kurt Roesch, and Ethel Schwabacher: Passedoit, 4th floor, 22 E. 60; through Mar. 31. . . . Young American artists: Morton, 130 W. 57; through Mar. 28. . . . Facsimile reproductions of works by Paul Gauguin: F.A.R., 21 E. 61; and Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 52. . . . Paintings by New York artists: Temporary Galleries of the Municipal Art Committee, 62 W. 53 (Open daily, except Mon., 12 noon to 6 P.M.) . . . Paintings by Tanguy and Rothschild: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. . . . Water colors by Barse Miller, and landscapes by Henry Holt: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through Mar. 28. . . . Group show: Uptown Gallery, 249 West End Ave., at 72. . . . Cubist and abstract works by Emmanuel Gondouin: Galerie René Gimpel, 2 E. 57; through Mar. 31. . . . Spring exhibition of oils, water colors, and graphics: The Art Mart, 505 8 Ave., at 35. . . . Sculpture by Gertrude V. Whitney: Knoedler, 14 E. 57; through Mar. 28. . . . Prints of New York and other American cities: Harlow, 620 5 Ave.; through Mar. 31. . . . Paintings by Robert W. Blinn: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) . . . "Sculpture in a Night Garden": Arden, 460 Park. . . . Paintings by Ingegard Ahlefeldt: Argent, 42 W. 57; starting Mar. 30. . . . Folk music and musical instruments of the United States: National Committee on Folk Arts, 673 5 Ave. (entrance on E. 53 St.; open 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.)

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Phil Duey—First local recital appearance of an eminent radio baritone: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 29.

Musical Art Quartet—Final concert of the season: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 31, at 8:45.

Armand Tokatyan—Benefit recital by the noted operatic tenor: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 4.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 26, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Mar. 27, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Mar. 29; Wed. Eve., Apr. 1, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Apr. 3, at 2:30. . . . Children's Concerts, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morns., Mar. 28 and Apr. 4, at 11.

Oratorio Society and Juilliard Orchestra—Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Stoessel conducting: Juilliard School, 130 Claremont Ave., Fri. Eve., Mar. 27.

Wellesley College Choir and Princeton Glee Club—Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Mar. 27, at 9.

Museum Concert—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eve., Mar. 28, at 8. (Admission free.)

Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society—Woodworth conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Mar. 29.

New York Festival Orchestra—WPA popular-priced concerts, Plotnikoff conducting: Manhattan Theatre, B'way at 53, Sun. Eves., at 8:45.

Associated Glee Clubs Concert—Madison Square Garden, Wed. Eve., Apr. 1, at 8:45.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 2, at 8:45; and Sat. Aft., Apr. 4, at 2:30. Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Apr. 3, at 8:15.

OPERA

Metropolitan—Lucrezia Bori's gala farewell performance: Sun. Eve., Mar. 29, at 8. . . . Special performance of "Lohengrin": Tues. Eve., Mar. 31, at 8.

ON THE AIR

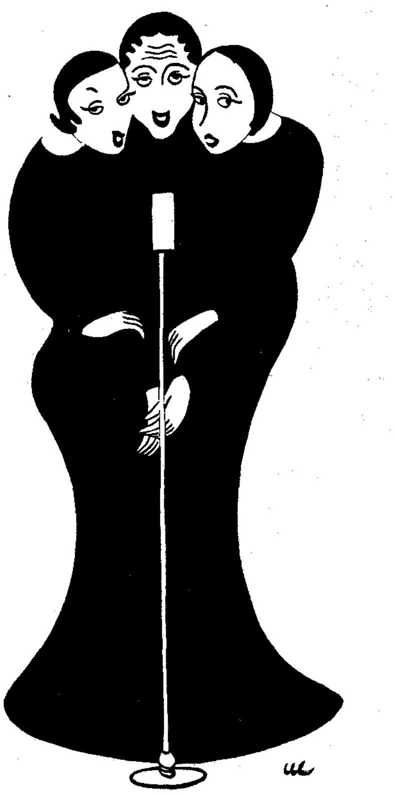
Grand National—Running description of the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England: Fri. Morn., Mar. 27, from 9:30 to 10:30, WABC; from 9:49 to 10:30, WJZ.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Ernest Schelling conducting concerts for children and young people: Sat. Morns., Mar. 28 and Apr. 4, at 11, WABC. Toscanini conducting, with Nathan Milstein as violin soloist: Sun. Aft., Mar. 29, at 3, WABC.

Metropolitan Opera—"Carmen," with Rosa Ponselle and René Maison, broadcast from the Boston Opera House: Sat. Aft., Mar. 28, at 2, WEAF-WJZ.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting Mahler's Ninth Symphony: Sat. Eve., Mar. 28, at 8:15, WJZ.

James A. Farley—The Postmaster-General will discuss "Progress Under President Roosevelt": Sat. Eve., Mar. 28, at 10:30, WABC.



Ethel Barrymore—Guest appearance, with George Olsen and Ethel Shutta: Sat. Eve., Mar. 28, at 10:30, WEAF.

Ina Claire—With Brian Aherne, Osgood Perkins, and others in scenes from "The School for Scandal," during the Magic Key hour: Sun. Aft., Mar. 29, at 2, WJZ.

Nelson Eddy—The popular baritone sings with the Ford Symphony and Chorus, Kolar conducting: Sun. Eve., Mar. 29, at 9, WABC.

Yehudi Menuhin—The seventeen-year-old violinist plays with the General Motors Symphony, Rapee conducting: Sun. Eve., Mar. 29, at 10, WEAF.

Bette Davis—Acting in the air version of George Broadhurst's play "Bought and Paid For": Mon. Eve., Mar. 30, at 9, WABC.

Ken Murray—Featured in a new weekly series, with Eve Arden, Phil Regan, and Russ Morgan's orchestra: Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WABC.

Some Weekly Features—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. and Mon. at 2:30, WJZ; Fri. at 10:30, Tues. at 1:45, Wed. at 2, WEAF. . . .Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Pittsburgh Symphony, Modarelli conducting: Thurs. at 8, WJZ. . . . Alexander Gray: Thurs. at 8, WABC. . . . Little Symphony, James conducting: Thurs. at 8:30, WOR. . . . Walter O'Keefe: Thurs. and Tues. at 9, WABC. . . . America's Town Meeting: Thurs. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Ed Wynn: Thurs. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. at 11 A.M., WEAF-WJZ. . . . Beatrice Lillie: Fri. at 8, WABC. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Waring's Pennsylvanians: Fri. at 9, WJZ; Tues. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Cleveland Symphony, Rodzinski conducting: Fri. at 10, WJZ. . . . Cesare Sodero directs: Fri. at 10:15, WOR. . . . Bruna Castagna: Sat. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Fannie Brice: Sat. at 8, WABC. . . . Nino Martini and Kostelanetz: Sat. at 9, WABC. . . . Al Jolson: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Alexander Semmler: Sun. at 10:35 A.M., and Mon. at 1:45, WABC. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn: Sun. at 1:45, WABC. . . . Leslie Howard: Sun. at 2, WABC. . . . Metropolitan Opera Auditions: Sun. at 3:30, WEAF. . . . Henri Deering: Sun. at 3:45, WJZ. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WJZ. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 7, WABC. . . . Phil Baker: Sun. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Bob Ripley: Sun. at 7:30, WJZ. . . . Master Musicians: Sun. at 8, WOR. . . . Walter Winchell: Sun. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Paul Whiteman: Sun. at 9:45, WJZ. . . . Richard Crooks: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Lionel Barrymore and Sigmund Romberg: Mon. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Library of Congress Musicale: Tues. at 3:30, WABC. . . . Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Eddie Dowling and Ray Dooley: Tues. at 10, WEAF. . . . Mary Pickford: Tues. at 10, WABC. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Rosa Ponselle and Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta: Wed. at 9:30, WOR. . . . John Charles Thomas: Wed. at 10, WJZ. (Times are P.M.)

SPORTS

Badminton—Metropolitan Badminton Championships: Rip's Indoor Badminton Court, 71st Regt. Armory, Park at 34, starting Fri. Aft., Apr. 3, at 4.

Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: U. S. Olympic Basketball elimination games: Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 3 and 4, at 8:15.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden; Amateur games, Sun. Aft., Mar. 29, at 2.

Indoor Polo—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Mar. 28: Interscholastic Final, Lawrenceville vs. Culver, at 8:30; Intercollegiate Final, at 9:30.

OTHER EVENTS

Ice Carnival—Another repetition of the international skating carnival: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 26, at 8:45.

The Lid's Off—The Harvard Hasty Pudding Club's annual show: Mecca Temple, 55, E. of 7 Ave., Fri. Eve., Apr. 3, at 8:30.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Books on natural history: Thurs. Eve., Mar. 26, at 8:15. . . . Period furniture, Georgian silver, tapestries, rugs, bronzes, paintings, and porcelains, the property of the Hon. Perry Belmont, George H. Drew, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Mar. 26-28, at 2:15. . . . The Marsden J. Perry collection of Chippendale and other English furniture, porcelains, Oriental rugs, and early English silver: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 3 and 4, at 2:15.

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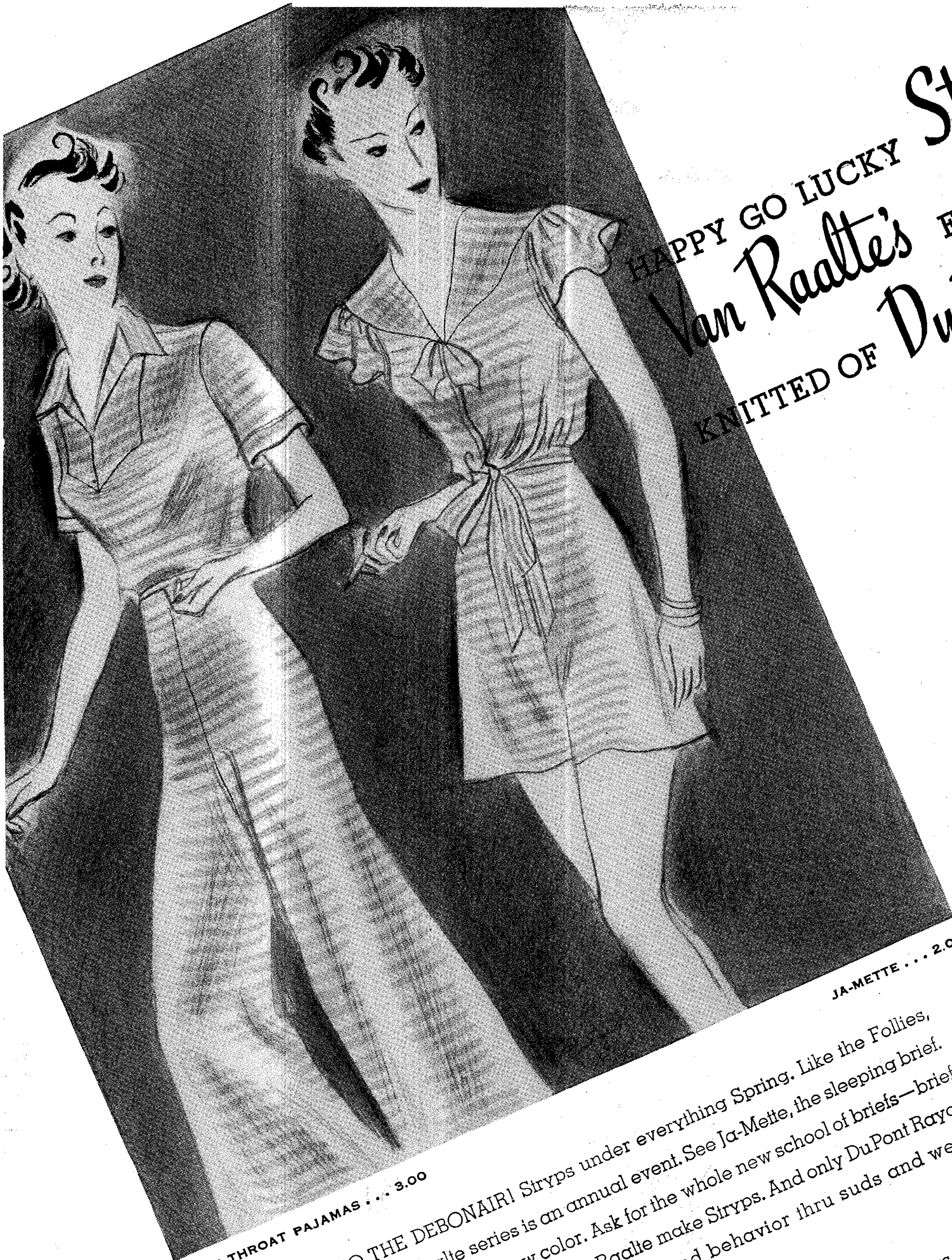

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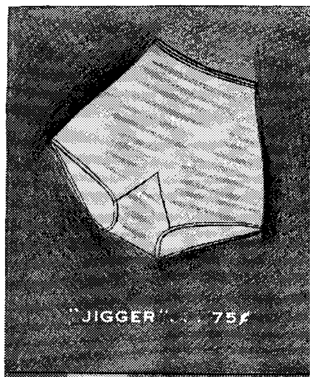
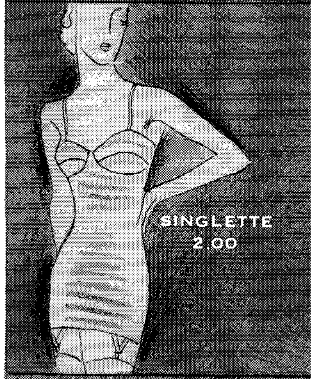
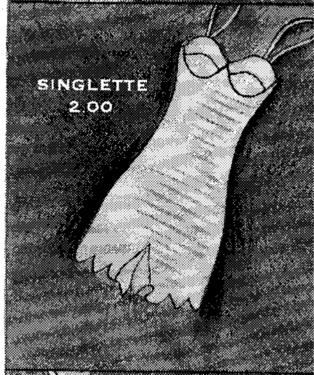


"JIGGER" . . . 75¢



SINGLETTE
2.00



SINGLETTE
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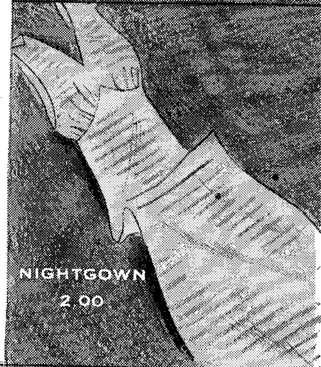

NIGHTGOWN
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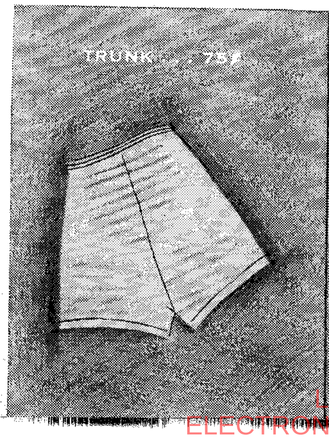

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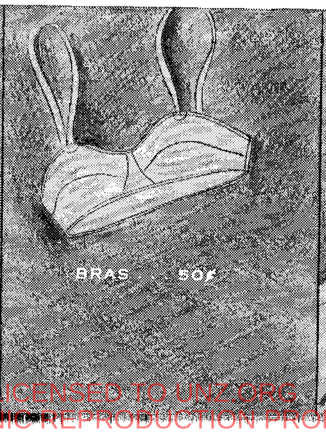
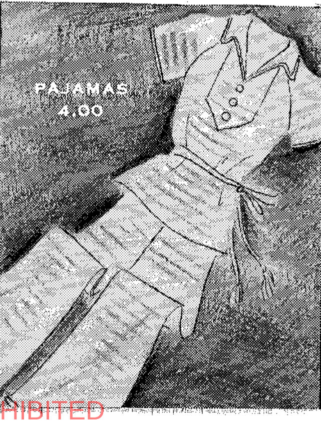
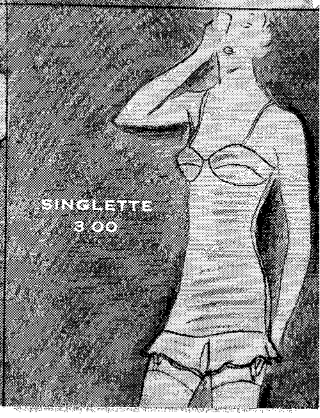


BRAS . . . 50¢



PAJAMAS
4.00



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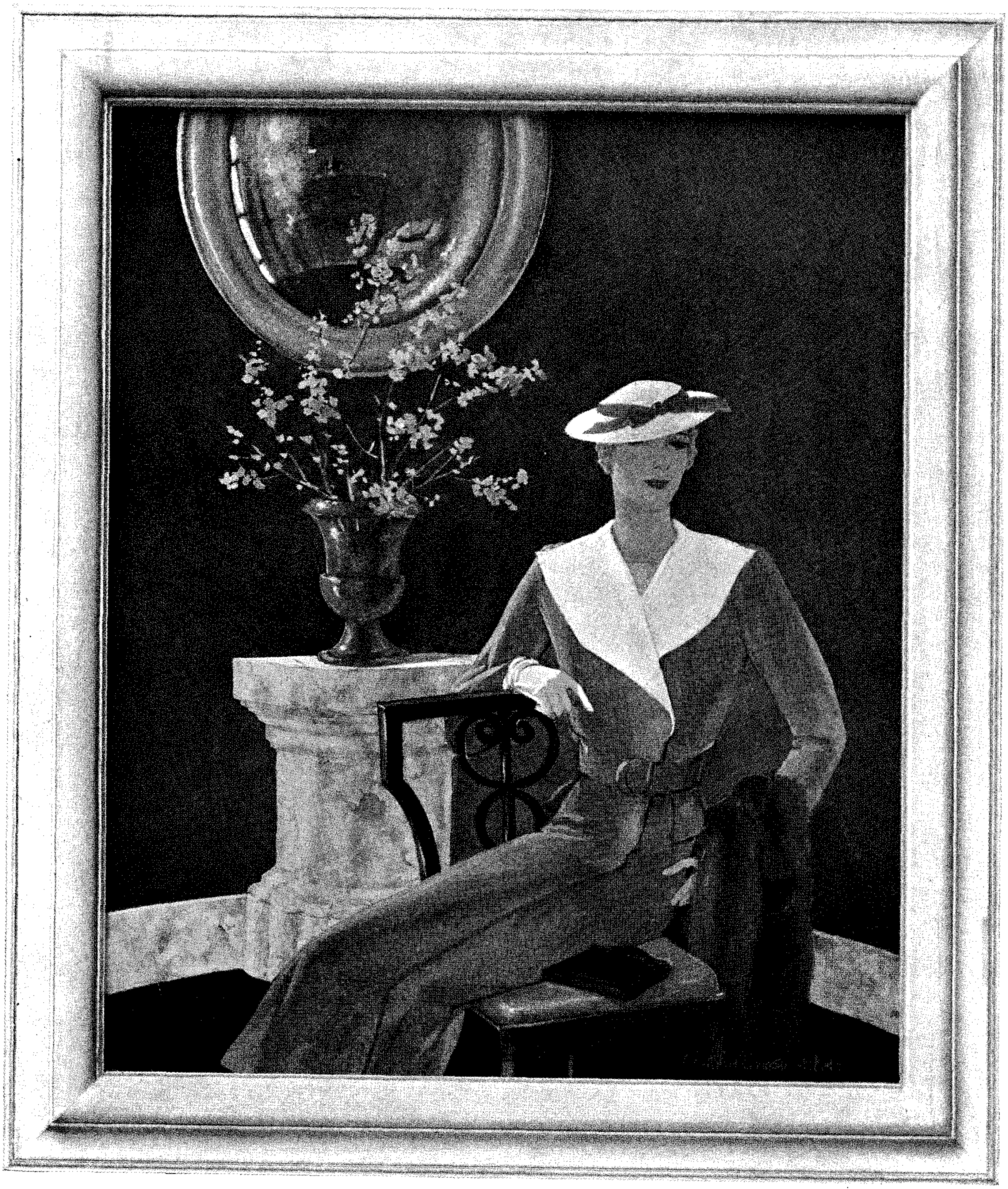

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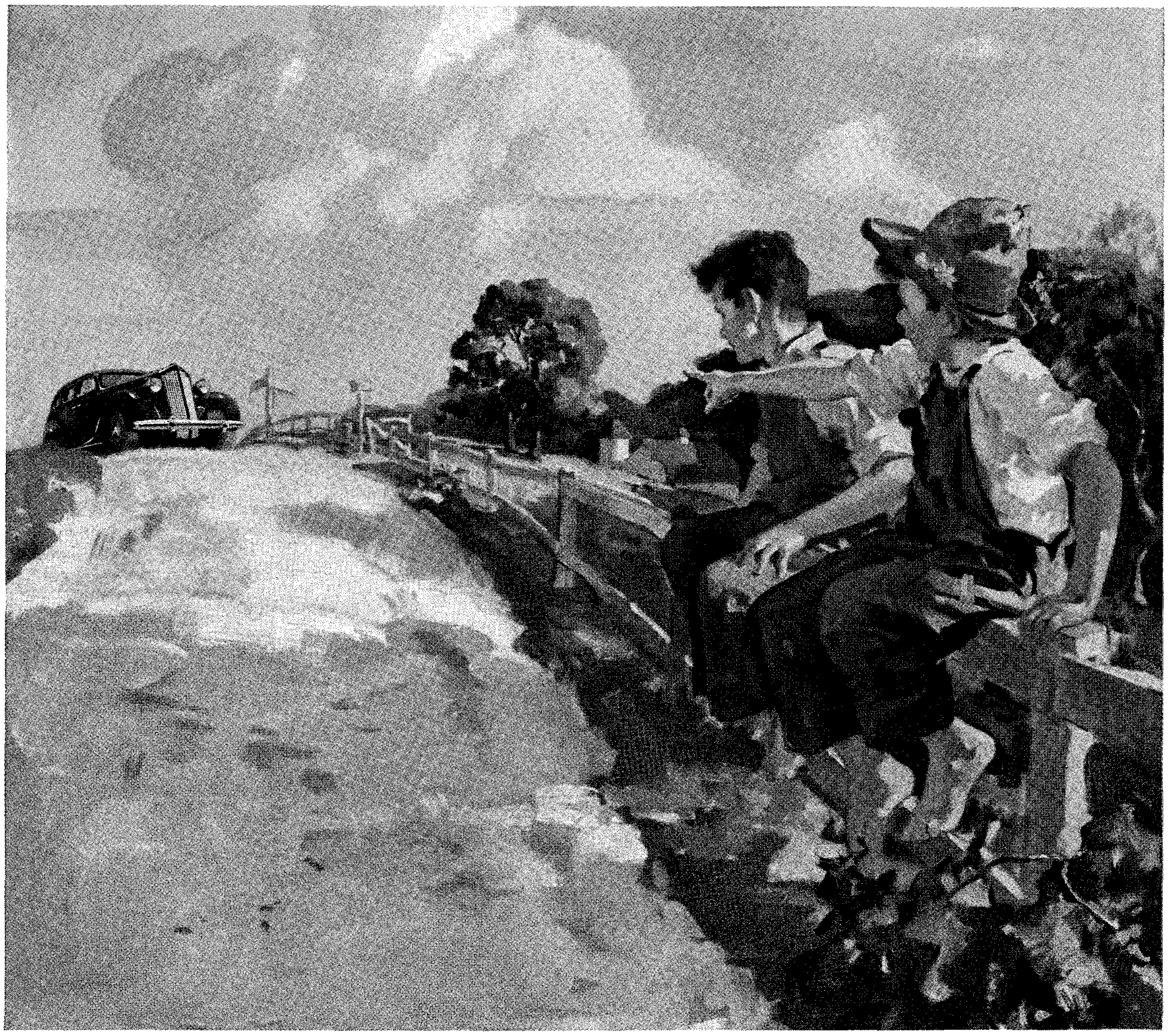

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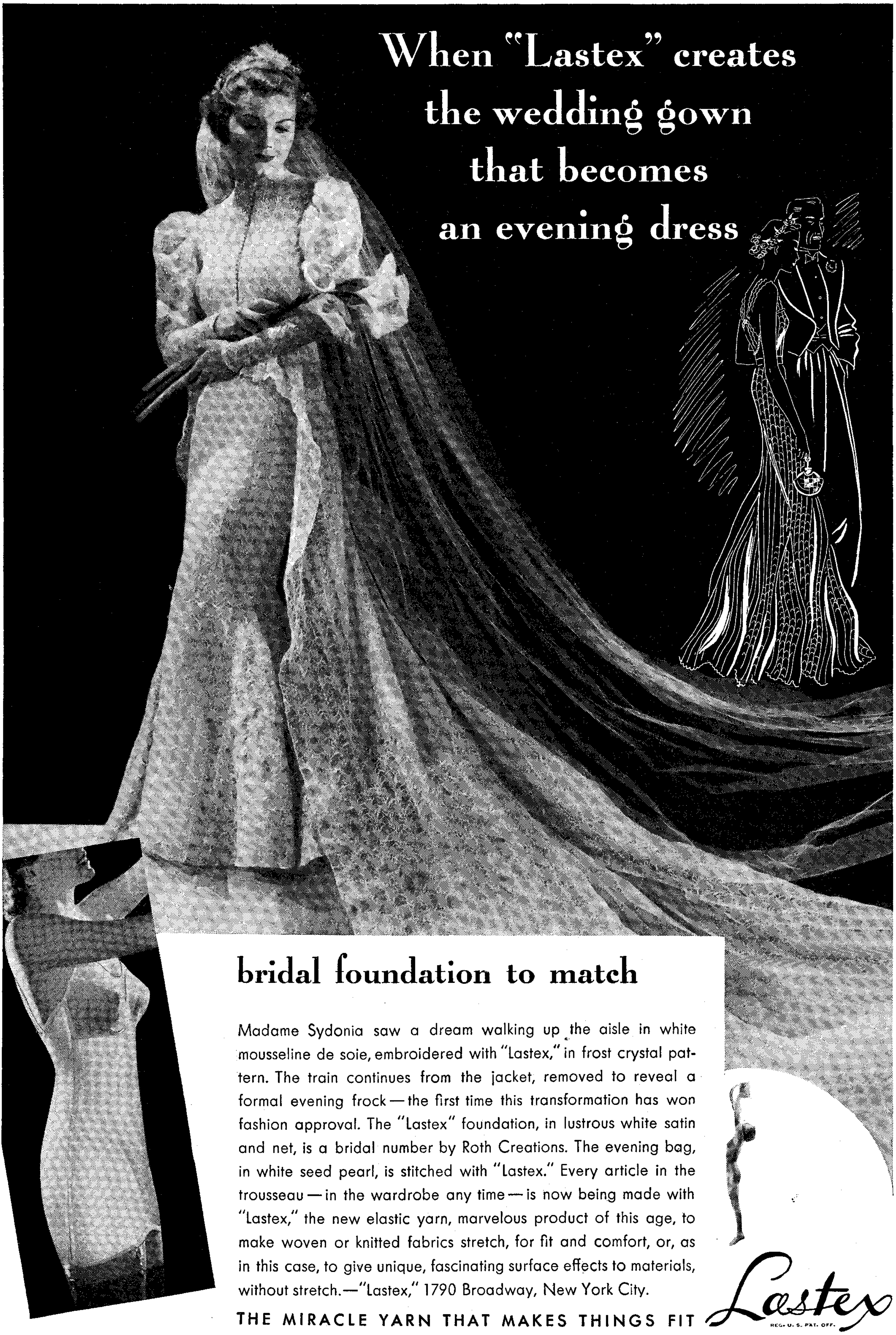

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bridal foundation to match

Madame Sydonia saw a dream walking up the aisle in white mousseline de soie, embroidered with "Lastex," in frost crystal pattern. The train continues from the jacket, removed to reveal a formal evening frock — the first time this transformation has won fashion approval. The "Lastex" foundation, in lustrous white satin and net, is a bridal number by Roth Creations. The evening bag, in white seed pearl, is stitched with "Lastex." Every article in the trousseau — in the wardrobe any time — is now being made with "Lastex," the new elastic yarn, marvelous product of this age, to make woven or knitted fabrics stretch, for fit and comfort, or, as in this case, to give unique, fascinating surface effects to materials, without stretch.—"Lastex," 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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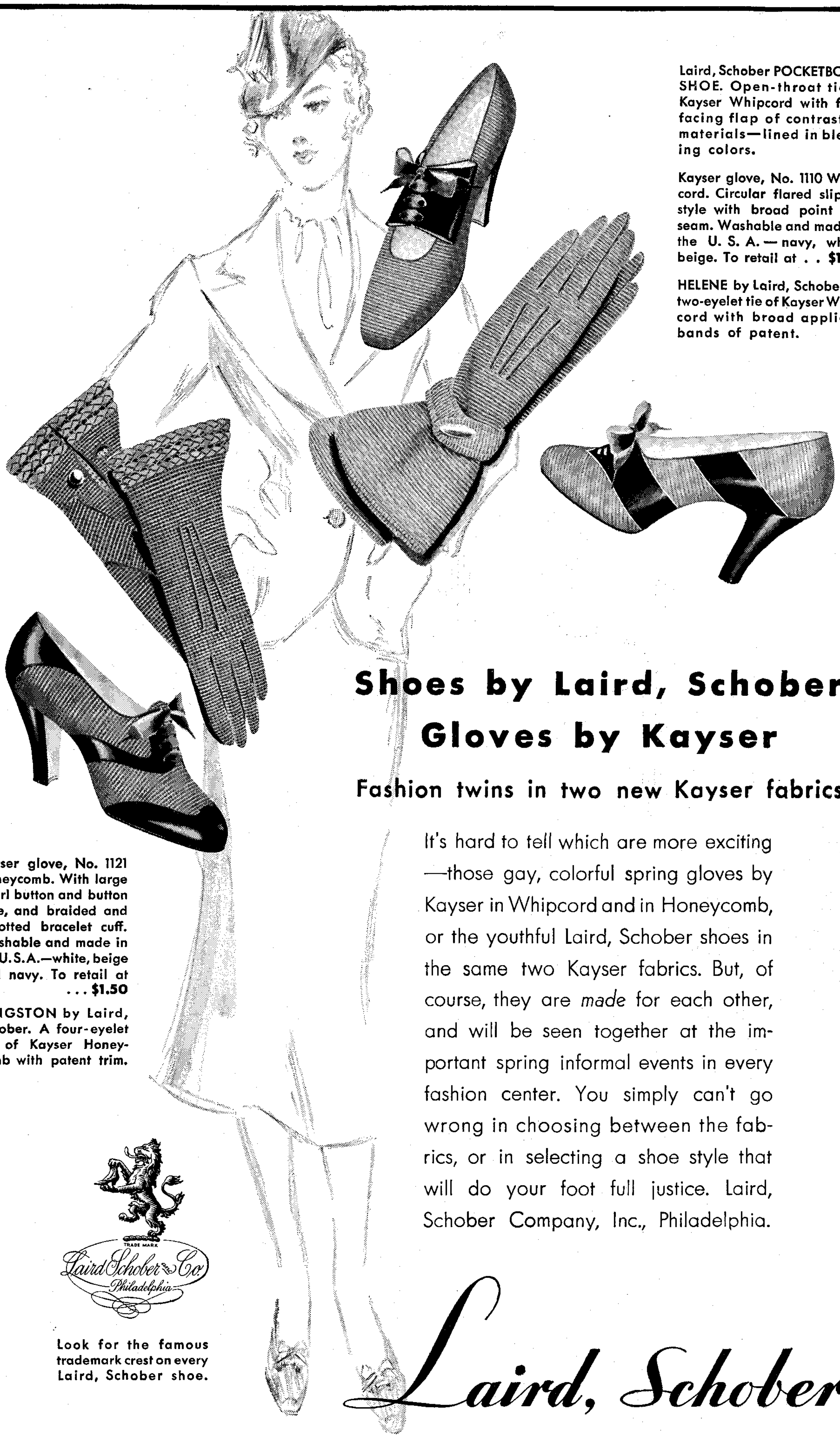

Laird, Schober POCKETBOOK SHOE. Open-throat tie of Kayser Whipcord with front facing flap of contrasting materials—lined in blending colors.

Kayser glove, No. 1110 Whipcord. Circular flared slip-on style with broad point Kipseam. Washable and made in the U. S. A. — navy, white, beige. To retail at . . **$1.50**

HELENE by Laird, Schober. A two-eyelet tie of Kayser Whipcord with broad applique bands of patent.

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Fashion twins in two new Kayser fabrics

It's hard to tell which are more exciting—those gay, colorful spring gloves by Kayser in Whipcord and in Honeycomb, or the youthful Laird, Schober shoes in the same two Kayser fabrics. But, of course, they are *made* for each other, and will be seen together at the important spring informal events in every fashion center. You simply can't go wrong in choosing between the fabrics, or in selecting a shoe style that will do your foot full justice. Laird, Schober Company, Inc., Philadelphia.

Kayser glove, No. 1121 Honeycomb. With large pearl button and button hole, and braided and fagotted bracelet cuff. Washable and made in the U.S.A.—white, beige and navy. To retail at . . . **$1.50**

KINGSTON by Laird, Schober. A four-eyelet tie of Kayser Honeycomb with patent trim.

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3 of a kind in smartness . . . but varied in moods as an April day! Frankly flirtatious, the peplumed model . . . Very "Margot" the puff shouldered fitted affair . . . Bravely nonchalant, the swaggerer! And, even minus their Jackets, —the dresses are irresistible and distinguished.

Bloomsburg's "WACO" is a Romaine texture woven with SERACETA and CROWN RAYON. The Crown Tag assures: Color Fastness, Dry Cleanability, Complete Wearing Satisfaction.

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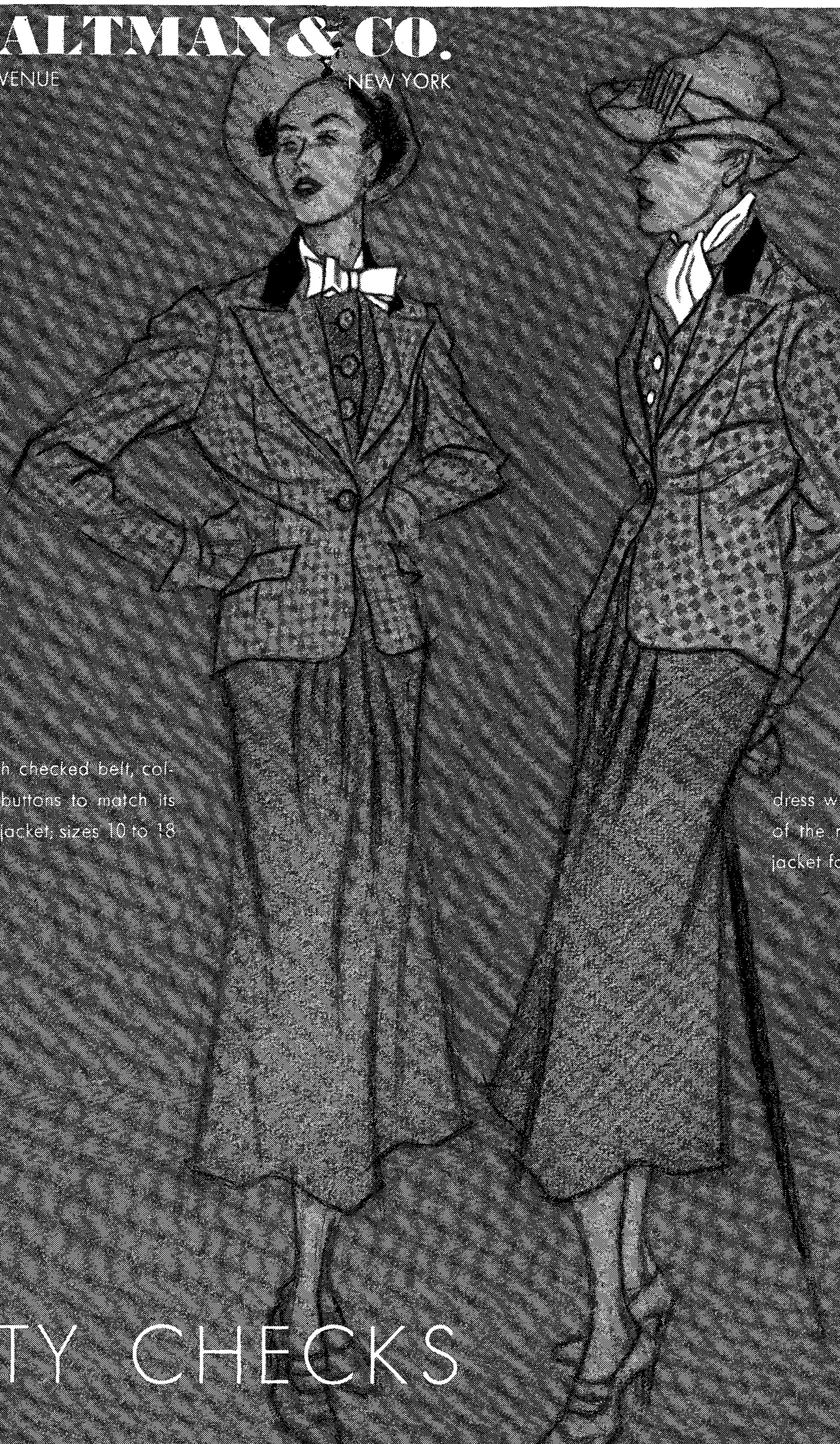

dress with checked belt, collar and buttons to match its checked jacket; sizes 10 to 18

dress with weskit top made of the reverse side of the jacket fabric; sizes 10 to 18

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39.75

the sheer silk dress with tailored jacket made of a new checked ribbon-fabric is the newest, youngest, most completely different version of the city suit. Pretty formal, too ... suitable for important luncheons and afternoon wear. daytime dresses—third floor

THE NEW YORKER

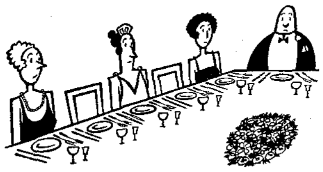
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

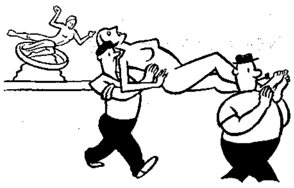
WITH the rivers rising and the waters sweeping away the towns and villages, the barber held up the mirror to the back of our head and waited for us to say something. For the thousandth time we were unable to think of an appropriate remark. Even in periods of widespread tranquillity, there is very little that a man can say about the nape of his own neck.

ONE wonders why New York City escapes floods as handily as it does. Here at the bottom of the Hudson Valley, the town sits as dry as a bone. Apparently our rivers are designed to carry an overload. If disaster overtakes this city, it will not be in the guise of floodwaters, it will be in the form of a meteor, or an earthquake, or a stranger in a brown overcoat with a velvet collar.

THE only flood victim we came in contact with was a man who phoned us one morning when streams were at their height and implored us to come to a dinner party at his house that night. In an anguished voice he told of having all his male guests marooned in Pittsburgh, leaving him with a board groaning with women. Would we please come, to add maleness to an unbalanced occasion? This pitiable host seemed as terror-struck as though he were sitting on the roof of his house, watching all his possessions being swept away. We had to decline, though, there being flood conditions in our own life—social freshets, impalpable but swirling.



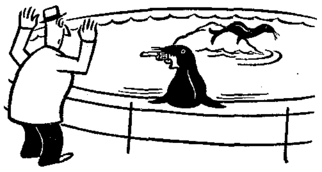
THE aesthetic restlessness which pervades Rockefeller Center has extended to the Manship fountain. We were walking by in the rain the other day and found workmen cautiously removing the two secondary figures which flanked Prometheus and received his heavenly fire. Anxious to know what was up, we made a few inquiries, first of the workmen themselves, who said they were just carrying out orders (although it was evident that they were also carrying out a big bronze woman); then of the information clerk, who referred us to the public-relations division on the forty-second floor; then of the public-relations division. At first nobody seemed inclined to hazard an opinion about the disappearance of the pieces of fountain, but after a bit we were told that Mr. Manship wanted to see how the fountain would look if some of it were taken away. "Are the elements gone for good?" we asked. "Well, yes," said the spokesman for the Center, "you might say they are, although they may turn up again, in a garden somewhere, maybe."



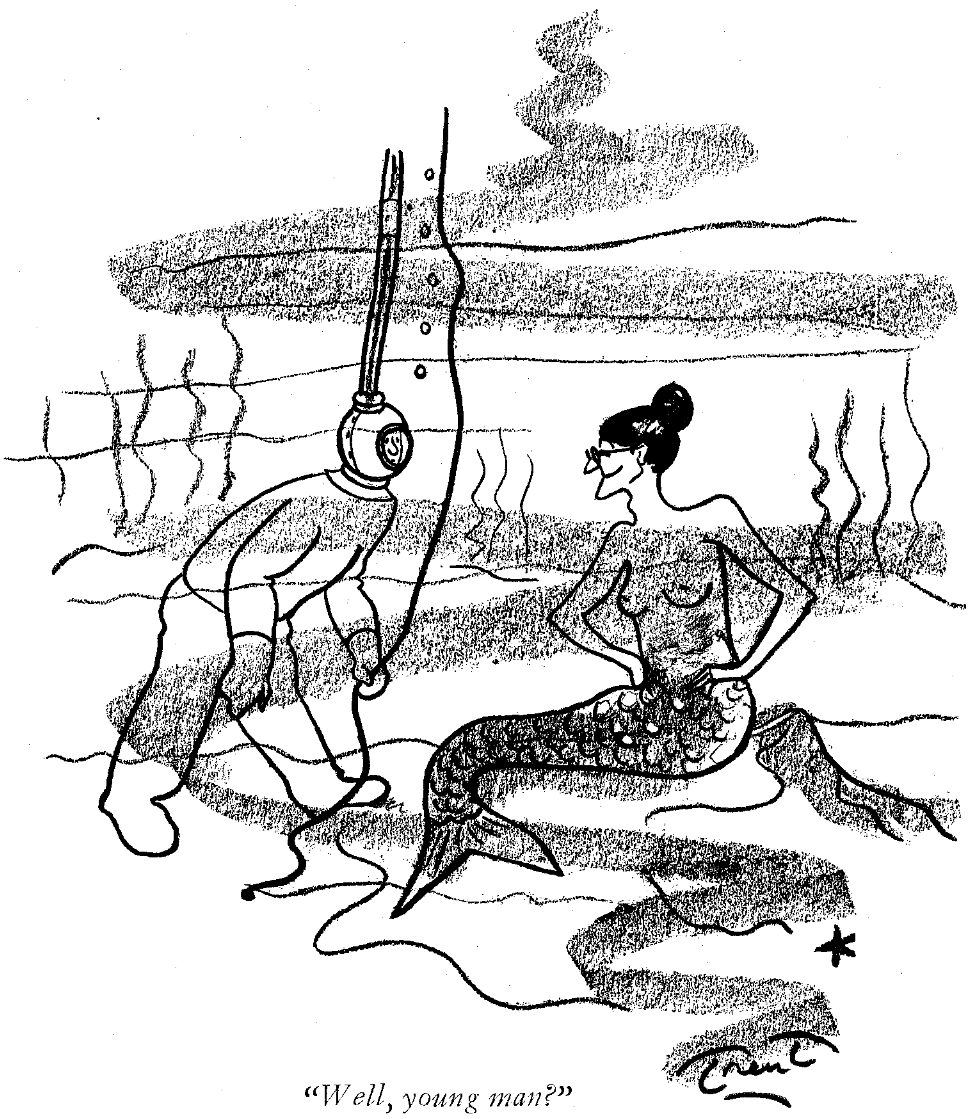
ONE possible explanation is that the Prometheus group has been thinned out to make way for some rabbits that are coming in to the Plaza in connection with Easter, a semi-religious festival which will be heralded by the release of balloons from the roof of the R.C.A. Building and by a fashion show. Flanking Prometheus, as the plans now shape up, will be rabbit hutches full of rabbits, many of them from the flood areas of Pennsylvania. In front of the rabbit hutches will be cherry trees, pink azaleas, and dogwood. The rabbits will be under a Mr. Henry Krakaur, known as the rabbit king of America, who has been selling rabbits (for food and for fur) for fifty-three years. There will be flower girls in Dutch costumes, and the judges of the rabbits will be persons whose nickname is Bunny. The floods will recede, the fountains will play, and the world will be reborn.

THE publishers of a forthcoming volume of poetry have advised us that by subscribing to it we can have our name "incorporated into the front matter of the book" along with the names of the other subscribers. This, of course, would immortalize us as a person who once read a book—or at any rate as a person who once *intended* to read a book. It is not the sort of immortality we crave, our feeling being that deathlessness should be arrived at in a more haphazard fashion. Loving fame as much as any man, we shall carve our initials in the shell of a tortoise and turn him loose in a peat bog.

MEAT particles from a mental stew: Zonite is advertised in the subway as the G-man antiseptic. One of the sea lions in the Central Park pool came to the surface the other day with a gun in his teeth. *Consumers' Research* writes us: "Dear Recently-Expired Subscriber," and we pinch our leg to make sure. Fortnum & Mason



sell only black caviar, no red. A pilot-reader, who flew the Andes route for a year and never lost a filling, lost one the other day in his fifth-floor apartment; it wasn't the altitude, it was his age. One of our subscribers has a German shepherd dog who chewed up a ten-dollar bill, leaving less than three-fifths; and the United States Treasury sent a check for five dollars and promised another five if the owner could provide a character reference, the character of the dog being left unchallenged. There is an unclaimed papier-mâché rock in the Grand Central parcel-room. Our alma mater is sending delegates to Heidelberg, which is a sad sight for any son. A grove of trees will be planted in Palestine in memory of Roxy, who loved, more than anything in life, an elaborate treatment of a rather simple theme. Army pilots, seeing trouble ahead, are planning to study aerial navigation in the Hayden Planetarium, where the stars can be shifted around almost at will. The Savoy Hotel invites us to come to London for the opera, the tennis, the races, the polo, and says there is a telephone in every bathroom. The elevator strike is still a living reality in the heart of one New York family, whose nursemaid wove it into a fairy tale for the children, and whose children love the story and want it over and over. Abercrombie will call for your skis and keep them for you till next year; or you can wrap them in a fur coat and send them to Jaeckel's.



"Well, young man?"

• •

Depression's End

FOR the benefit of all who have been worrying about it, we are pleased to report that the depression is due to come to an end this year, on the sixteenth of September. That's on the authority of a retired English army surgeon, Dr. A. E. Strath-Gordon, who drew his conclusions from a study of the Great Pyramid of Cheops at Gizeh, and announced the glad news, appropriately enough, at a luncheon at the Union League Club. The Doctor is a temperate, reasonable-looking man with a goatee and mustache. He served in the Boer War and the World War, and rose to the rank of major in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He is now winding up a series of Wednesday-evening Lenten lectures at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. We had a thought-provoking interview with him last week.

First of all, the Great Pyramid. It was built around 2170 B.C., and has always been sort of a mystery—nobody knows who the architect was or why it was built. It may have been designed for a tomb, but no body was found in it. (This is all on Dr. Strath-Gordon's authority. We're willing to leave Egyptology to him and Philo Vance.) The pyramid was first entered in 820 A.D., by one Al Mamoud, a treasure-hunter on the make. He found only an empty stone box. However, his workmen dislodged a stone and revealed a hidden passage leading to several upper galleries, and it's on the measurement of these that the depression prophecy is based. And a lot of other prophecies, for these galleries are supposed to have foretold the fateful happenings of the future. For instance, it was 1,486 inches from the outer wall of the pyramid, now gone, to the place where the stone was dislodged, and the Exodus from Egypt was 1486 B.C. By this same inch-to-the-year scale, the hidden passage brings you to the grand gallery at 4 B.C., the accepted date of the birth of Christ. The Grand Gallery is twenty-eight feet high and symbolizes the Christian era. This takes you to 1844 A.D., where you go up a step, and the scale changes from an inch to a year, becomes an inch to a month.

"This represents the speeding-up of modern life," Dr. Strath-Gordon told us, "the introduction of steam, the questioning of the Bible." The World War is represented by a block of stone jutting down into the passageway: August, 1914, to November, 1918. The passage then becomes roomier, and is known among pyramidists as the "Truce in Chaos Chamber." Everything is swell until you hit May 28th, 1928—another low passageway, the real beginning of the depression. "May 28th, 1928," we said, trying to remember. "If you look back in the files of your newspaper," said Dr. Strath-Gordon authoritatively, "you will find that that was a nervous day in the stock market, a beginning of actions in general that were to come to a head later." (We looked that up later in the *Times'* file, and found "Decline in Stocks. $15,000,000 Gold Shipment to England. US Steel Off 2⅞.") "After this depression passageway," Dr. Strath-Gordon told us, "is a roomy chamber—the King's Chamber." "Aha!" we said, thinking of Steel back around 200 and television in every home. "Let's hope it's a nice, long one." "No," the Doctor said. "It isn't very long. But it's nice until it ends." "Ends?" we said. "The prophetic passageway," he told us, "goes to October 18th, 1953. Then it ends in a beautifully polished blank wall."

Eugenic

THERE'S probably some abstruse horticultural explanation for this, and we'll be laughed at for even mentioning it, but we still feel you ought to know about the huge lemon exhibited at the Flower Show, labelled "Pollinated by the Exhibitor."

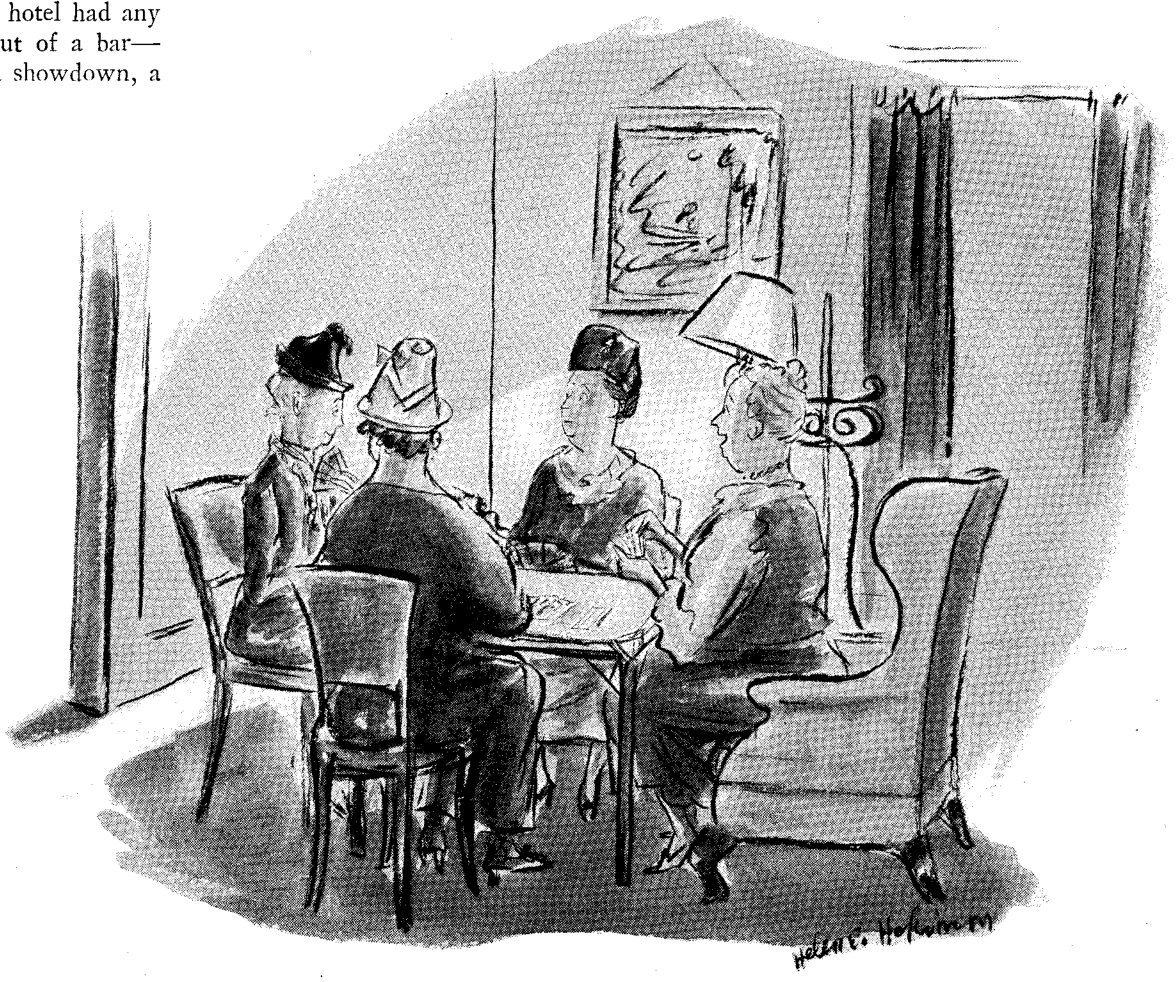
Bars

WE were out the other evening with a spirited little wench who said she didn't believe that a hotel had any right to keep women out of a bar—said that if it came to a showdown, a determined woman could get served in the men's bars of the Biltmore, the Ritz, or the Waldorf. This idea had a vaguely legal, reasonable ring to it, and the next day we had one of our operatives check up. The attorneys for the Hotel Association said that if a hotel is prepared to serve ladies elsewhere, they have no legal kick at being kept out of men's bars. This is all pure theory, though; no lady has ever raised the issue. We wondered if hotels had to specify in their application for a licence whether the bar is to be coeducational, and our man checked up on that, too. It turns out that the authorities aren't interested. You pay twelve hundred dollars a year for your hotel liquor licence, and do what you like about sex. But (and this is something you probably never knew) there can be only one stand-up bar on any licensed premises: table service is allowed in any number of rooms, but only one bar with a brass rail and potato chips. You could win a lot of money by betting your friends that they can't name a place with two stand-up bars.

The Gotham, shortly after repeal, tried out a ladies' lounge—no men allowed. It was a dismal flop, and the bar is now coed. The Belmont Grill, which occupied the site of the old Belmont Hotel and has lately been torn down, used to have the longest bar in town: a hundred and fifty feet, straightaway. Biggest one now is the Commodore's, which has a hundred and twenty-five feet of frontage. The Astor's, measuring a hundred and sixteen feet, has the specialized distinction of being the biggest on Broadway. The longest *straight* bar we got track of was in a Roth's Grill, on Broadway. There are only three for-men-only bars: Ritz, Biltmore, and Waldorf. Offhand, we can think of only a few bars with carpets: Ritz, Plaza, Barclay, Mayan (Rockefeller Center), and Longchamps (Lexington and Forty-second).

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, makers of bowling alleys, billiard tables, and bars, report a fine boom in all three. They kind of go together. During prohibition, B-B-C were stuck with thousands of lovely bars, and were finally reduced to offering them to grocers, for counters, and to barbers, for God only knows what. They never sold a single bar to a lawless night club. Mr. I. Arthur Ganger, of West Forty-fifth Street, on the other hand, sold thousands of bars to speakeasies during prohibition—he was the big bar man of his period—and told us that only once had he been cheated of his pay—one speakeasy owes him five hundred dollars. He's now in the portable-bar business, making bars for libraries and gamerooms. He even makes a fiendish little thing that looks like a fireplace. He says his business is booming, too. It's not as exciting as it was in the old days, though. "Sometimes a place would be smashed up overnight, and we'd refurnish it the next day," he said wistfully.

Winding up our survey, we came across an amazing little tale about the McAlpin bar. They had, before pro-



"Ladies, I ought to warn you about Mrs. Strawbridge. She's a wolf in sheep's clothing."

hibition, a rather famous horseshoe-shaped bar, and after repeal decided to include a bit of it in the construction of the new one. However, the only piece they were able to locate was in Beirut, Syria. They decided not to bother.

Summary

A YOUNG lady whose first name is Geraldine lost her dog under what she considered to be suspicious circumstances, so she went around to her precinct police station to report the matter. There she was introduced to a plain-clothes man, a keen-eyed Dashiell Hammett character, who asked for her name and address and questioned her at length about the missing dog. She was pretty much impressed by the whole business and thought that the dog was as good as found—until, as she was leaving the room, she got a glimpse of the detective's notes on the case, written in a firm, official hand on a desk pad: "Geraldine. Dog."

Spectacular

WE don't often print life stories of successful young businessmen, but we guess you ought to know about young Douglas Leigh (Inc.), who at the age of twenty-six is founder and president of a sign company that has erected half a million dollars' worth of electric signs on or near Broadway. This energetic lad is a native of Alabama. He wears bow ties, speaks in a low voice, always saying "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," and in general gives you the impression that he ought to be in the freshman class at Princeton. (He's really a University of Florida man.) However, for the past three years he has been wrestling with toughies from the steelworkers' union, the sheet-metal union, the painters' union, and the electricians' union, not to mention his competitors, and has to his credit five "spectacular" signs in midtown New York. A spectacular sign is one with more than two hundred feet of neon tubing, or the equivalent in electric bulbs; trade term for a large sign falling short of these specifications is "semi-spectacular."

Of the Leigh spectacular signs, the furthest north, in latitude and interest, is the Schenley sign over Columbus Circle. It's Mr. Leigh's *chef d'œuvre.* "It has *fourteen* animations," he told us. "That's more than any other sign in the world." There's a yellow star with orange rays, candles with flickering flames, eighty-foot parallel lines, and heaven knows what all. Schenley pays $2,400 a month rental, on a three-year contract; this takes care of everything—rental of the site, erection of the sign, electricity, inspection two or three times every night, and repairs. A crew of thirty puts up the Leigh signs and takes care of them. They had a little trouble when they erected the A. & P. coffee sign, to the south of the Schenley spectacular, with the cup of coffee that really steams; on the opening night, the steam condensed and rained on passersby. The sign uses up 50,000 pounds of steam monthly, for which the New York Steam Corporation charges sixty dollars. The other Leigh spectaculars are for Trommer's Beer, Coca-Cola, and Kool Cigarettes. The Kool sign has a penguin that winks 100,000 times every twenty-four hours; it's left on all day. The Coca-Cola sign is at Forty-second and Sixth Avenue. Leigh considers the Coca-Cola sign on Times Square the best-located in the world, but somebody had it all signed up years before he went into business.

Mr. Leigh is unmarried, and lives snugly in an apartment in the Hotel St. Moritz, using up a credit for a sign he put up for the hotel on Fordham Road. That was his first sign, and the only one for which he accepted payment in due bills—everything is cash now. Before he went into business for himself, he worked for one of the big local sign companies. He resigned when, in the midst of the depression, they cut his salary to thirty dollars a week. He gets ideas for signs by reading right through the Sunday *Times*, and by going every week to the Radio City Music Hall. And he has even thought of a use for the old Empire State Building: light up the dome as the glowing end of a cigarette, with the brand name on each of the four sides, just above the observation tower. It could be done for $30,000. He wrote Al Smith about the idea, and Al told him to see a Mr. Brown, who listened to the proposal. Mr. Brown was fascinated but, plainly, frightened. Mr. Leigh has an artist's sketch of the project on the wall of his office, and he studies it sorrowfully several times a day.

Lost

A GENTLEMAN who had been attending a funeral at Greenwood Cemetery, in Brooklyn, was standing at the cemetery gates when a cab pulled up before him and the driver asked, "You ain't goin' to New York, are you?" Our man said he was. "Well, if you know the way, I'll take you back free," the driver said. "I brought a party over here an hour ago, and I've been tryin' ever since to get back."

Streamlined

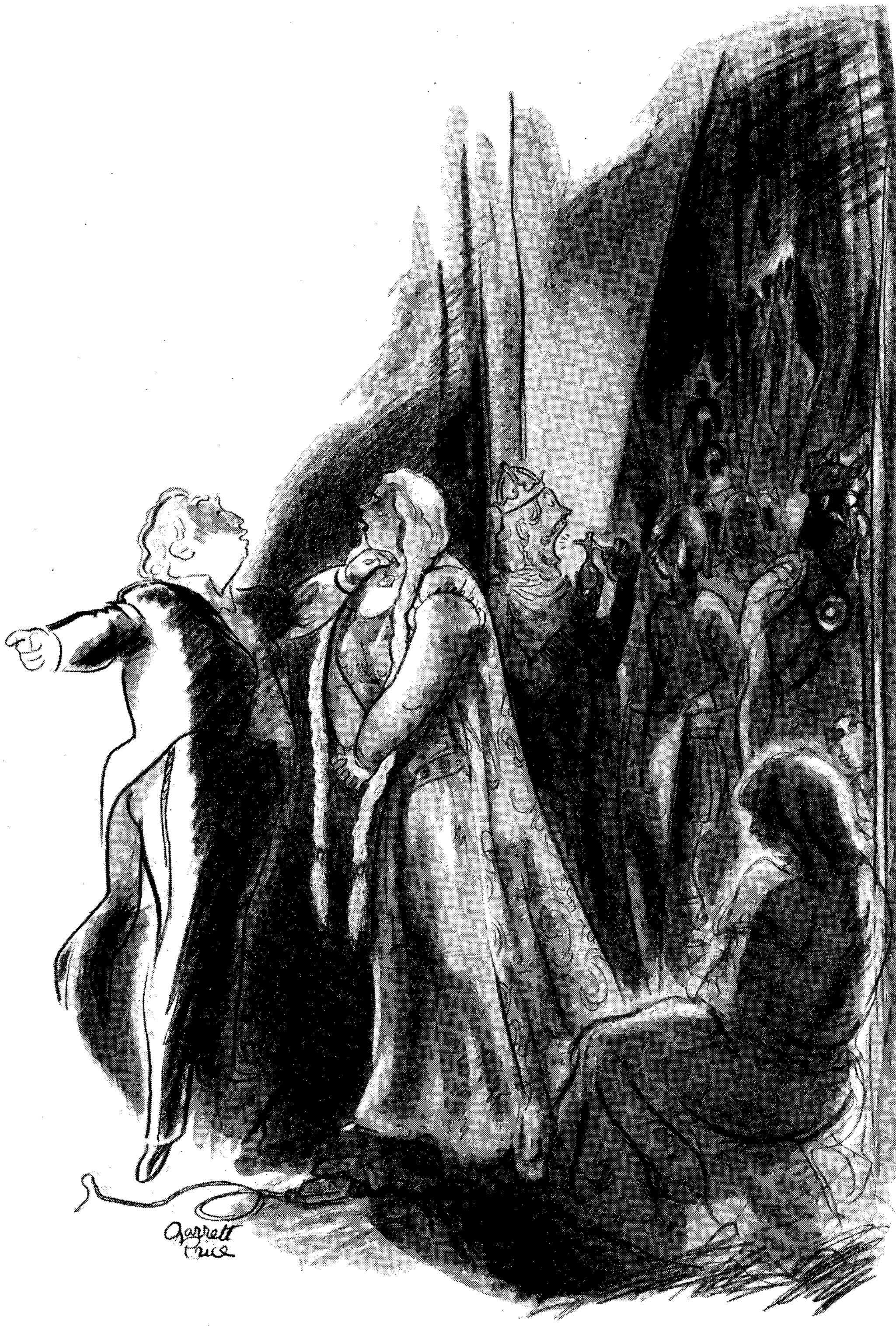
WE were more pleased than we could say at the recent discovery that the horse (*Equus caballus*) has actually begun to gain ground against the encroachments of the automobile. It turns out that this has been going on for a couple of years, underground, right in the teeth of floating power and wizard control. The Borden milk people have decided that all milk routes of twelve miles and under are to be taken away from trucks and turned over to small, silent wagons (so silent they have to have horns) drawn by small, triumphant horses (so small they cost much less to feed). Borden's had to evolve the streamlined horse more or less by themselves. In the first flush of their enthusiasm, they wrote to the Horse and Mule Association of America, in Chicago, asking about new wrinkles in horse-and-wagon operation and maintenance. The Association replied gloomily that there *weren't* any new wrinkles, as far as they knew—hadn't been any new ones for twenty years, and weren't likely to be any in the future. They were wrong, though. The Borden company set to work and found, or invented, *dozens* of new wrinkles.

In the first place, their new wagons are set on automobile wheels. This decreases their weight by three hundred pounds, and lowers the centre of gravity. They have ball-bearing axles, too. All this makes them easier to draw; hence the little horse, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 pounds, as against the old 1,700-pounder. The smaller horses have smaller appetites, and save five cents a day, or $18.25 a year, in food. This mounts up, as Borden's have two thousand horses in New York alone. The horses wear rubber-covered shoes that cost half as much, weigh half as much, and last twice as long as iron shoes. In winter, they wear shoes with a squeegee effect that gives a much better footing on ice than calks. The new horse is quiet as a mouse, too. "He is even more silent than automotive delivery," a Mr. Kearney of Borden's told us, in a hushed voice. "He doesn't have an engine running." However, he might kind of snort now and then, the way horses do; Borden's haven't eliminated that yet.

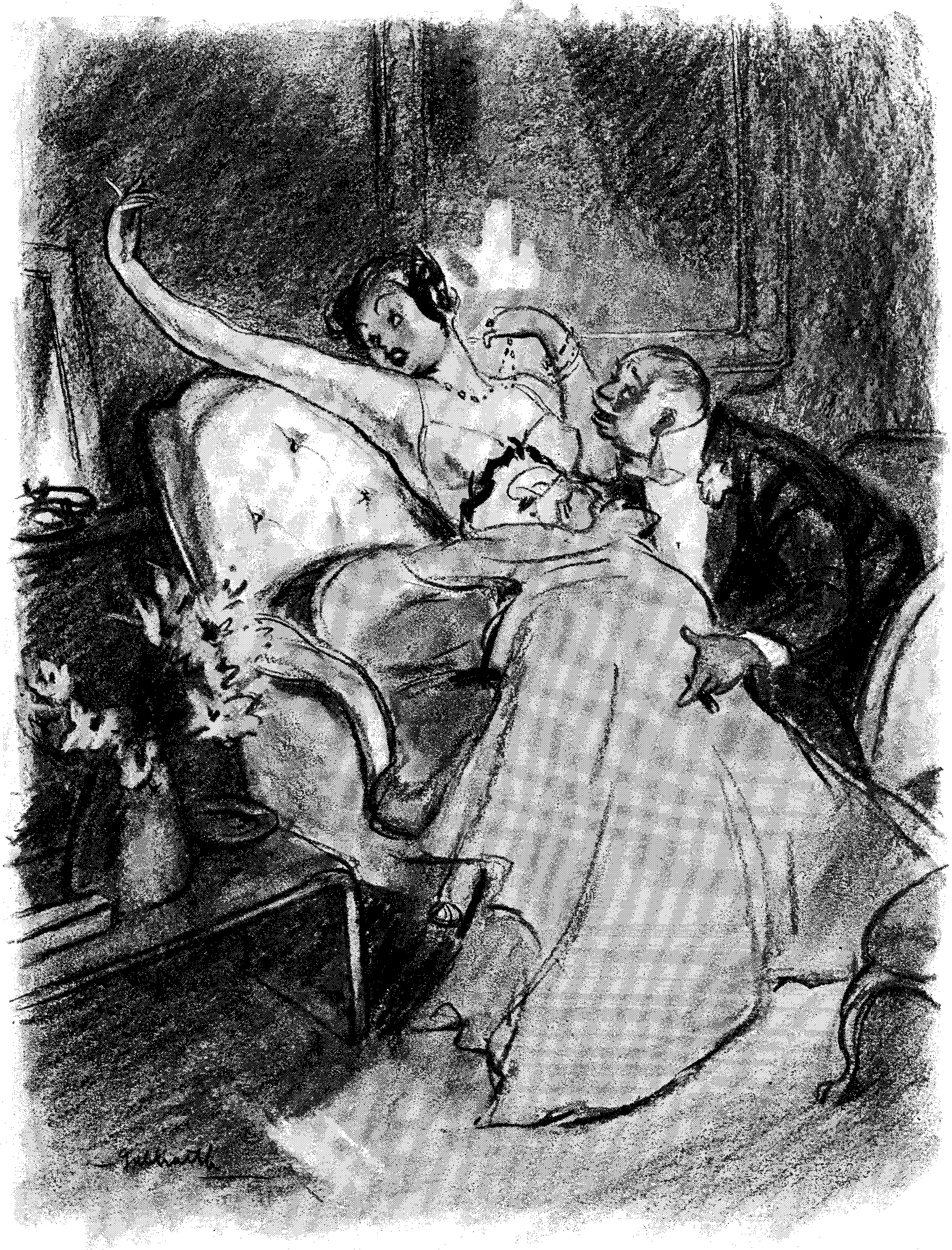
The wagons have second-hand retreaded tires (cost half as much) and contain a gutta-percha fluid that reduces puncture trouble. At a speed of six miles an hour, there's no real wear and tear on tires, and Mr. Kearney expects that they will rot before they wear out. He recited the new outfit's five great virtues: reduced draft; less wear and tear on the wagon spokes and tires; elimination of noise; lowering of the wagon step from 41 to 33 inches, decreasing the chance of accidents and making it easier to handle the merchandise; rubber-covered shoes prolonging the horse's usefulness two or three years. There are two hundred of these outfits in use in New York now, and they are being added at the rate of fifteen a week. It's all pretty serious to Borden's—they have forty-six hundred wagons here and there, and they're expecting the streamlined horse to effect great savings for them. For the time being they're going to stick to the old-fashioned, standard-sized milkman.

Paternal

TWO Yale lads who came to New York weekend before last on a visit to their families had a peculiar encounter with the New Haven Railroad. They arranged to meet at Grand Central a little before eight o'clock Sunday night and go back to college together. When they met, however, they both suddenly realized what a pity it would be to waste an evening that might be spent in New York, so they went over to the information booth and inquired about the last train back to New Haven. The information man seemed terribly concerned about this. "Why don't you go now, boys?" he said. "You'll feel much better tomorrow." He went on like this for some time, talking in a high moral vein about the foolishness of missing classes and leaving one's work undone on account of exhaustion and hangovers. The upshot of it was that the lads found themselves on the early train to New Haven. They had scarcely passed New Rochelle when they began to feel resentful, though.



*"Sing! Sing as you have never sung before!
A Kraft Cheese talent scout is out front tonight."*



"And if Roosevelt is not reëlected, perhaps even a villa in Newport, my dearest sweet."

BATEMAN COMES HOME

(WRITTEN AFTER READING SEVERAL RECENT NOVELS ABOUT THE DEEP SOUTH AND CONFUSING THEM A LITTLE—AS THE NOVELISTS THEMSELVES DO—WITH "TOBACCO ROAD" AND "GOD'S LITTLE ACRE.")

OLD Nate Birge sat on the rusted wreck of an ancient sewing machine in front of Hell Fire, which was what his shack was known as among the neighbors and to the police. He was chewing on a splinter of wood and watching the moon come up lazily out of the old cemetery in which nine of his daughters were lying, only two of whom were dead. He began to mutter to himself. "Bateman be comin' back any time now wid a thousan' dollas fo' his ol' pappy," said Birge. "Bateman ain' goin' let his ol' pappy starve nohow." A high, cracked voice spoke inside the house, in a toneless singsong. "Bateman see you in hell afore he do anything 'bout it," said the voice. "Who dat?" cried Birge, standing up. "Who dat sayin' callumy 'bout Bateman? Good gahd amighty!" He sat down quickly again. His feet hurt him, since he had gangrene in one of them and Bless-Yo-Soul, the cow, had stepped on the other one that morning in Hell Hole, the pasture behind Hell Fire. A woman came to the door with a skillet in her hand. Elviry Birge was thin and emaciated and dressed in a tattered old velvet evening gown. "You oughtn' speak thataway 'bout Bateman at thisatime," said Birge. "Bateman's a good boy. He go 'way in 1904 to make his pappy a thousan' dollas." "Thuh hell wuth thut," said Elviry, even more tonelessly than usual. "Bateman ain' goin' brang we-all no thousan' dollas. Bateman got hesef a place fo' dat thousan' dollas." She shambled back into the house. "Elviry's gone crazy," muttered Birge to himself.

A large woman with a heavy face walked into the littered yard, followed by a young man dressed in a tight blue suit. The woman carried two suitcases; the young man was smoking a cigarette and running a pocket comb through his hair. "Who dat?" demanded Birge, peering into the dark. "It's me, yore Sister Sairy," said the large woman. "An' tuckered as a truck horse." The young man threw his cigarette on the ground and spat at its burning end. "Mom shot a policeman in Chicago," he said, sulkily, "an' we hadda beat it." "Whut you shoot a policeman fo', Sairy?" demanded Birge, who had not seen his sister for twenty years. "Gahdam it, you cain' go 'round doin' that!" "That'll be one o' Ramsay's jokes," said Sairy. "Ramsay's a hand for jokes, he is. Seems like that's all he *is* a hand for." "Ah, shut yore trap before I slap it shut," said Ramsay. He had never been in the deep South before and he didn't like it. "When do we eat?" he asked. "Ev'body goin' 'round shootin' policemen," muttered Birge, hobbling about the yard. "Seem lak ev'body shootin' policeman 'cept Bateman. Bateman, he's a good boy." Elviry came to the door again, still carrying the skillet; as they had had no food since Coolidge's first term, she used it merely as a weapon. "Whut's ut?" she asked, frowning into the dark. The moon, grown tired, had sunk back into the cemetery again. "Come ahn out, cackle-puss, an' find out," said Ramsay. "Look heah, boy!" cried Birge. "I want me more rev'rence outa you, gahdam it!" "Hello, Elviry," said Sairy, sitting on one of her suitcases. "We come to visit you. Ain't you glad?" Elviry didn't move from the doorway.

"We-all thought you-all was in *Shecago*," said Elviry, in her toneless voice. "We-all was in all Chicago," said Ramsay, "but we-all is here all, now all." He spat. "Dam ef he ain' right, too," said Birge, chuckling. "Lawdy gahd! You bring me a thousan' dollas, boy?" he asked, suddenly. "I ain't brought nobody no thousand dollers," growled Ramsay. "Whine you make yerself a thousand dollers, you old buzzard?" "Don' lem call me buzzard, Elviry!" shouted Birge. "Cain' you hit him wid somethin'? Hit him wid dat skillet!" Elviry made for Ramsay with her skillet, but he wrested it away from her and struck her over the head with it. The impact made a low, dull sound, like *sponk*. Elviry fell unconscious, and Ramsay sat down on her, listlessly. "Hell va place ya got here," he said.

LOFT FOR RENT
MARTIN

At this juncture a young blonde girl, thin and emaciated but beautiful in the light of the moon (which had come up again), ran into the yard. "Wheah you bin, gal?" demanded Birge. "Faith is crazy," he said to the others, "an' they ain' nobody knows why, 'cause I give her a good Christian upbringin' ef evah a man did. Look heah, gal, yo' Aunt Sairy heah fo' a visit, gahdam it, an' nobody home to welcome her. All my daughters 'cept Prudence bin gone fo' two weeks now. Prudence, she bin gone fo' two yeahs." Faith sat down on the stoop. "Clay an' me bin settin' fire to the auditorium," she said. Birge began whittling at a stick. "Clay's her third husban'," he said. "'Pears lak she should pay some 'tention to her fifth husban', or leastwise her fo'th, but she don'. I don' understan' wimmin. Seem lak ev'body settin' fire to somethin' ev' time I turn my back. Wonder any buildin's standin' in the whole gahdam United States. You see anythin' o' Bateman, gal?" "I ain' seen anythin' o' anybody," said Faith. "Now that is a bald-face lie by a daughter I brought up in the feah o' hell fire," said Birge. "Look heah, gal, you cain' set fire to no buildin' 'thout you see somebody. Gahd's love give that truth to this world. Speak to yo' Aunt Sairy, gal. She jest kill hesef a *po*liceman in *Shecago*." "Did you kill a policeman, Aunt Sairy?" Faith asked her. Sairy didn't answer her, but she spoke to Ramsay. "You sit on this suitcase an' let me sit on Elviry a while," she said. "Do as yo' Motha tells you, boy," said Birge. "Ah, shut up!" said Ramsay, smoking.

Ben Turnip, a half-witted neighbor boy with double pneumonia, came into the yard, wearing only overalls. "Ah seed you-all was a-settin'," he said, bursting into high, toneless laughter. "Heah's Bateman! Heah's Bateman!" cried Birge, hobbling with many a painful gahdam over to the newcomer. "You bring me a thousan' dollas, Bateman?" Elviry came to, pushed Ramsay off her, and got up. "That ain' Bateman, you ol' buzzard," she said, scornfully. "That's only Ben Turnip an' him turned in the haid, too, lak his Motha afore him." "Go 'long, woman," said Birge. "I reckon I know moan son. You bring yo' ol' pappy a thousan' dollas, Bateman?" "Ah seed you-all was a-settin'," said Ben Turnip. Suddenly he became very excited, his voice rising to a high singsong. "He-settin', I-settin', you-settin', we-settin'," he screamed. "Deed-a-bye, deed-a-bye, deed-a-bye, die!" "Bateman done gone crazy," mumbled Birge. He went back and sat down on the sewing machine. "Seem lak ev'body gone crazy. Now, that's a pity," he said, sadly. "Nuts," said Ramsay.

"S'pose you-all *did* see me a-settin'," said Ben Turnip, belligerently. "Whut uv ut? Cain' Ah set?" "Sho, sho, set yosef, Bateman," said Birge. "I'll whang ovah his haid wid Elviry's skillet fust pusson say anything 'bout you settin'. Set yosef." Ben sat down on the ground and began digging with a stick. "I done brong you a thousan' dollas," said Ben. Birge leaped from his seat. "Glory gahd to Hallerlugie!" he shouted. "You heah de man, Elviry? Bateman done . . ."

If you keep on long enough, it turns into a novel. —JAMES THURBER

MR. MILLINER

EVERY day he expected to find in his mail an anonymous letter, beginning "It may interest you to know that your wife . . ." Always his eye was vigilant for flowers, candy, trinkets that she would have reason to secrete in the apartment. When he asked her where she had been or where she planned to go, he tried not to look at her, the better to concentrate on hearing some accent of guilt in her replies. When she was silent, he watched her closely, alert for some betraying expression. And it seemed to him that it had always been this way, that never throughout the fifteen months of their marriage had he been free from this torment.

Sometimes he regretted having manipulated their social life so that their friends were all married and of his own age. Other times he wished that his business did not tie them down to Ocean City; they should have moved, as she had once idly suggested, to New York. In a city that size, she would not trouble to be so discreet. Then he would know; then his torment would be ended.

Here he could watch and pry, but he discovered nothing. Yet he knew. He knew, looking at himself in the mirror, thinking: there's nothing in this face to hold her. I'm too short; fifteen years older. What did she marry me for in the first place? Throughout the day, he found himself visualizing the men she must have known before she married him. In the midst of comparing himself with these strangers who had wit or intellect or the faces of matinée idols, he would reach for the telephone and call her, half-fearful that she had left him, half-confident of surprising her into some damaging admission.

Today, at lunch, he had found it impossible to eat after the salesman from Philadelphia had told an anecdote revolving around marital infidelity. He hastened back to the office to call Madge. He had spoken to her in the middle of the morning; his voice would not be expected so soon again. If she was there.

He was almost chagrined to find her home. "This is Walter again," he said. "I just wondered if a special had come for me."

"No. No mail at all since you left."

"Odd," he said, crushing his ear against the receiver so that he would not miss the sound of any other voice in her room. "Maybe it'll come to me at the office, anyway."

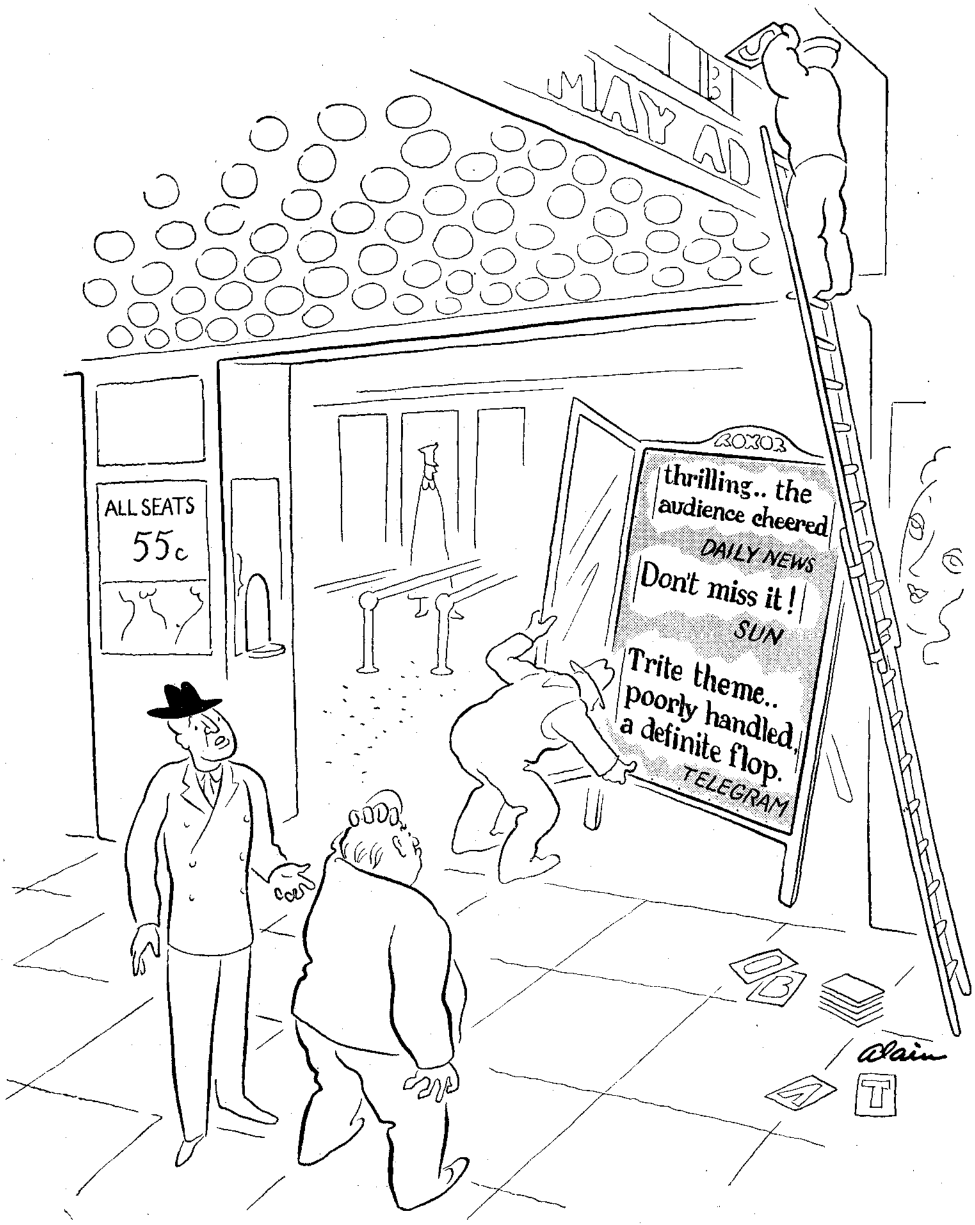
"If it comes here during the afternoon, shall I have the girl call you?"

"Yes. I'd forgotten you'd be out. I've forgotten where you said you were going."

"I was just leaving. Miss Helene has my hat ready."

"Oh, the milliner. Of course, I forgot the milliner."

He sat for a long time staring at the telephone. A hat, of course, a new hat. All women were absorbed in that sort of


MAY AD
ALL SEATS
55c
thrilling.. the audience cheered
DAILY NEWS
Don't miss it!!
SUN
Trite theme.. poorly handled, a definite flop.
TELEGRAM
Alain

"*Have to take the bad along with the good, you know, Mr. Goslar.*"

thing. Her old hats suited him. For whom was she buying a new hat? To what secret meeting would she go, wearing a new hat so that some man should warm her with his devouring stare? His heart began to hammer. Perhaps she was not going to the milliner at all. Perhaps she was with *him* now. Walter looked at his watch. Give her a little more time, he thought, and he waited, half-suffocated, for the minutes to pass.

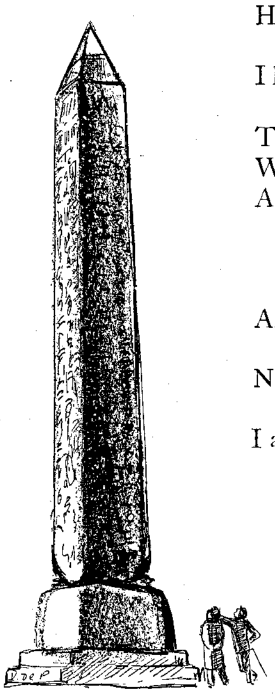
Presently he picked up the telephone and called Miss Helene. "This is Walter Remick," he said. "I wonder if I could speak to Mrs. Remick."

"I'm sorry. Mrs. Remick isn't here."

"You're expecting her soon?"

"Tomorrow. That's when her hat will be ready."

He had difficulty returning the telephone to its base. Then he stopped his mouth with a shaking hand. He would find them. He would search Ocean City; go from house to house, if necessary. Thank God for living in a small place. Stiffly he rose and marched out with no word of explanation to his secretary. At the corner he boarded a trolley car. He would ride to the street where the boardwalk ended, and walk back, rapidly over the part of the boardwalk where they could not be lurking in stores, slowly where stores or piers could conceal them. After that, he would rake the streets. He would find them. He had waited long enough.



STARTING at the far end of the boardwalk, where it was unprotected by buildings, he thrust his head forward against the bitter, salty wind. He held onto his hat with one hand, keeping the other, fisted, in his coat pocket. If he saw them, he would be the one to look ridiculous, he thought, a clumsy, quaking creature butting into the wind.

The farther he went the wilder to him appeared his notion that he would find them. Not many persons were on the boardwalk. His fingers seemed to be freezing despite his alternating hands in holding onto his hat. Slowing up, he paused before a shop window and, as he pretended to regard the display, considered whether to go on. When he turned from the shop window, he saw in the distance, coming toward him, Madge in step with a tall man.

Walter shut his eyes. Opening them, he found the pair still approaching him. Now he knew that no pain could be so convulsing as this. He moistened his lips, clutched his hat, and marched toward them. Soon Madge recognized him. She smiled. She has her lies prepared, he thought, so she can smile and start toward me, ready to place her false hand in mine. He hastened his steps and, without looking at them, walked past, calling out, "Good afternoon, Mr. *Milliner!*"

That has teeth in it, he thought, hurrying, his glazed eyes fixed ahead of them; that will bite them. *What did*

ABDICATION OF A JESTER

Once there was a man and he wasn't famous for his clothes,
He was famous for his bons mots.
Dinner parties waited hungrily if he didn't come in till late,
Because they could count on him to scintillate;
Just give him a cocktail or two to relax him
And you would be repaid with an epigram or a maxim;
He was invariably original,
And he did not have to depend for his effect on
the indelicate or sacriliginal;
He would peer forth from his shabby tuxedo,
And bludgeon his audience into mirth with a
polysyllabic pun or prick them with a phrase
as pointed as a rapier of Toledo;
Of quips and anecdotes he was a warehouse,
And everybody wanted him at their house.
Yes indeed, he was quite a wit,
And then one day he suddenly quit.
He seldom went out, and when he did go out he
seldom opened his mouth,
And when he did, it was only to remark on the
current blizzard or flood or drouth;
On scintillation he clamped down a total embargo,
And his most stimulating remark to a dinner partner in three months
was, So you're from Louisville. I used to know
some people named Perkins in Louisville, but
it seems to me I heard they'd moved to Chicago.
And at first everybody was patient, but at last their
brows grew darkling,
And they went to him and said, Look here, how
about a little sparkling?
And he said, Do you see these lips?
And they said they did, and he said, Well, they
shall never more be crossed by wanton wiles
and cranks and quips.
He said, I have spent my life studying
the fundamentals of wit and humor and table talk,
I have spent a fortune in time and effort to
master the art of stimulating and able talk;
To every aphorism of mine you ever quoted,
Why, years of experience were devoted,
And then, he said, and then the baby is told
to speak to Mr. Katz, the grocer, on the
telephone. Go ahead, Baby, speak to
Mr. Katz, and the baby says Meow,
And the spasms of mirth raised by Baby's
repartee still echo in my ears right now.
No, he said, hereafter count me not a wit,
count me simply a good neighbor.
I am too old and proud to compete with unskilled labor.

—Ogden Nash

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you tell him? Oh, I told him I was going to Miss Helene, the milliner. How they must have laughed together on that significant, intimate note partners in guilt share! And now what were they doing? Standing on the boardwalk, looking at each other with apprehensive eyes? *What will he do? We're caught. What shall we do?*

He stopped to cherish the picture of their dismayed faces. Stealthily he turned. As far as he could see down the walk, there was no sign of them. He walked to the railing to get a better perspective. They were not within sight. Where had they gone? What plans were they making? Walter took off his hat and wiped his forehead. Were they planning to run off together? Or was it only she, feeling wounded and disgraced, who was determined to leave him? Now he was cold with fear at the thought that she might abandon him.

You can't go. I forbid you. No, that wasn't the way to go about it. Suppose the man with her had been a cousin from some place out West who came East and dropped over to see her. Perhaps the husband of a girl with whom she had gone to school. Could even have been her brother, the black sheep of the family, someone she had been embarrassed to mention before. She had said to him, "You must stay over so that you can meet Walter." And Walter had walked past them, ignoring her outstretched hand. Good afternoon, Mr. *Milliner!* What woman would remain with her husband after such an injury? Wretched with shame and dread, he started on a half-run toward the apartment. He must prevent her. He must catch her before she had completed packing. He could explain, beg her forgiveness, promise never to suspect her again.

As he hurried on, he rehearsed what he would say to her. I was out of my mind. I was thinking of something else. Lie. Say the doctor thinks I'm in for a nervous breakdown. No, tell the truth. Tell her I love her beyond anything in the world. It's my love that does it to me. As for saying you were going to the milliner, everyone gets mixed up on appointments. You think it's today and it turns out it was for tomorrow. I do it all the time myself. I haven't a doubt. I never will doubt you again.

As he labored up the stairs, he had a feeling that he would encounter her just in time; perhaps at the door, with her overnight bag in her hand, her tear-swollen face averted. He let himself in the door and paused at the threshold of the living-room. It was empty. Before entering their bedroom, he cocked his head so that he might hear sounds of someone moving. She was not there. Flinging open the door of the closet, he could not discover any removal of her garments. The dressing table and bureau drawers appeared the same as usual. The maid, whom he would have questioned, was nowhere to be found.

Slowly he walked back to the living-room. She had not even troubled to seek him. At this moment, the two of them were probably together. He had been a fool not to stop, not to have learned that man's name or the name he chose to give. He should have insisted on accompanying them, going wherever they went, until they broke under the strain. Walter moved until he was beside the door, his back flush against the wall. When the door opened, she would be unable to see him before he said, softly and scornfully, "How is Mr. *Milliner?*"

For a while all he could hear was the ticking of the clock and his own sighing respiration. In the room, the shadows lengthened. Just as he was lighting a fresh cigarette from the one between his lips, he heard her footsteps on the stairs. What had he been going to say? The cigarette dropped out of his hand; as he stooped to retrieve it, the door opened. He could not move, he could not make a sound. He had never seen her look at him this way before; the repugnance in her face stupefied him.

"What do you want to do about it?" she said, her voice pitiless with hatred.

He stood staring at her. Even if he knew what to say, he would have to shout to be heard above the hammering in his heart. Then he saw her go resolutely toward the bedroom. She was going to leave. He must stop her. He ran beyond her and turned, with spread arms, to bar her passage.

"I didn't mean it," he said jerkily. "It was only one of my jokes."

As he spoke, he saw not only her lips, curling with contempt, but the spray of flowers pinned by a strange brooch to her coat.

"Can't you take a joke?" he cried out, his voice shrill with fear.

—LEANE ZUGSMITH

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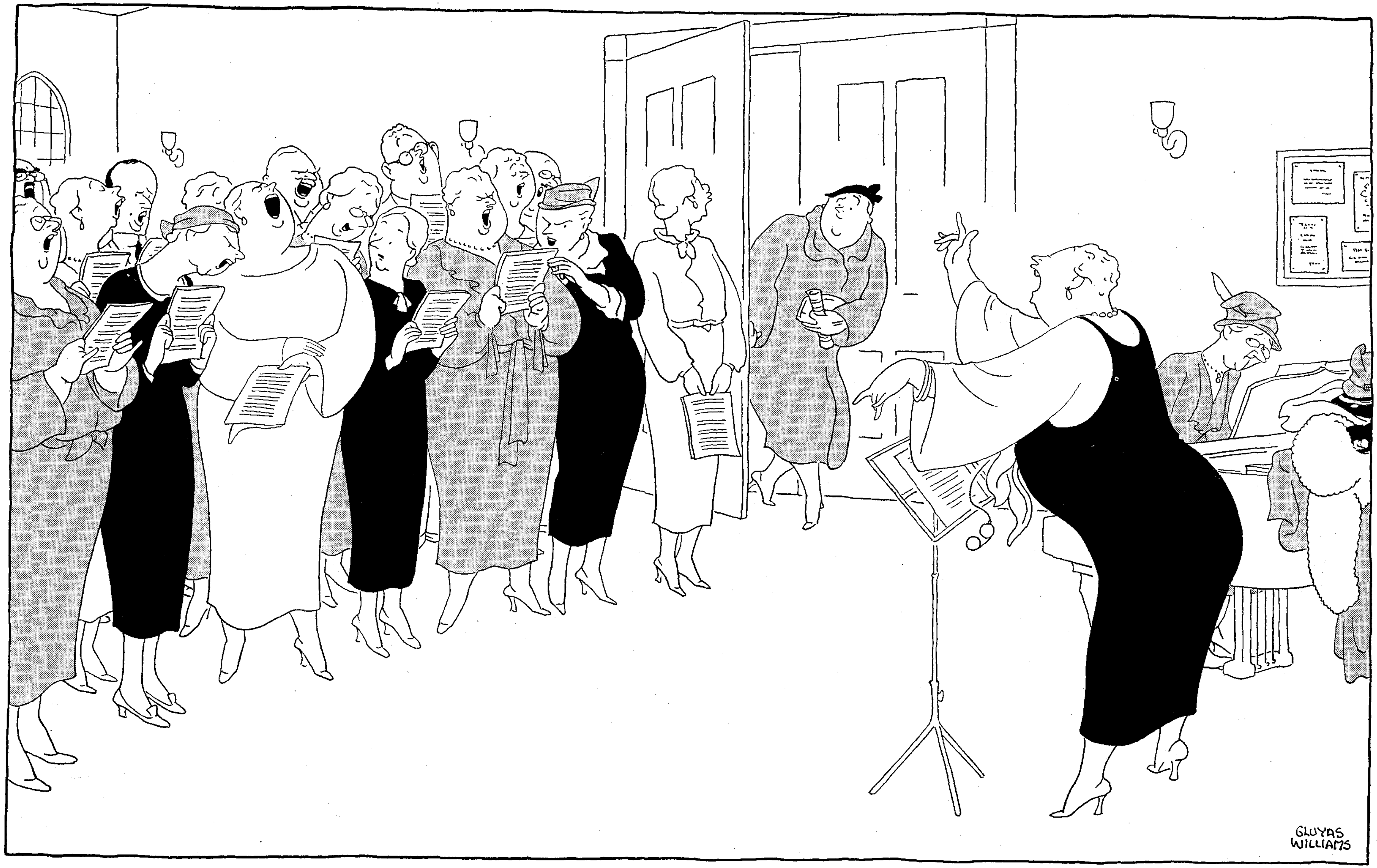
IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

A Listing of a Few of the Many Incredible Occurrences That Have Taken Place in the United States since the First of the Year

LOCALE	OCCURRENCE
Milwaukee	A bartender was discovered who spends his spare time in crocheting bedspreads.
San Diego	The Braille Club, an association of blind persons, protested a proposed nudist colony at the California Pacific International Exposition.
New Bern, North Carolina	Ninety-six-year-old George Hughes, who married a few years ago, announced he expected to become a father in May.
Fredericksburg, Virginia	The laborer who retrieved the silver dollar Walter Johnson threw over the Rappahannock refused an offer of two hundred dollars for it.
Oskaloosa, Kansas	A robber refused to sign his dictated confession until its grammatical errors were eliminated.
Creston, Iowa	A boys' sewing club was started at the Junior High School.
Washington	Arguing before the Supreme Court of the United States, California's Attorney General maintained that "sardines are in the same class as wild animals."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

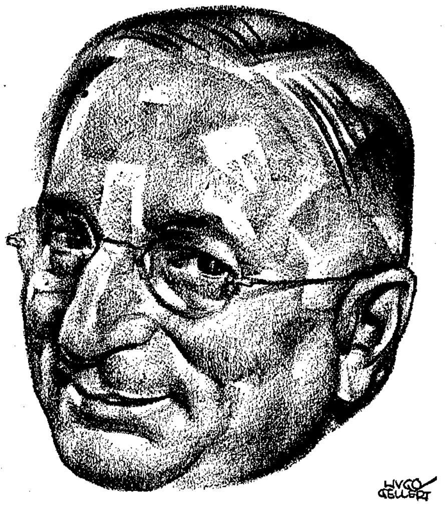

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

CLUB LIFE IN AMERICA

The Choral Society Polishes Up for the Spring Recital

PROFILES

YES, MR. MAYER—I



LOUIS B. MAYER, whose official post is First Vice-President in Charge of Production of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, is probably the best emotional actor on the vast, sprawling M-G-M lot at Culver City, California. A year or so ago some studio wit, fortunately unidentified, suggested that his initials, L. B., should stand for Lionel Barrymore. But this tribute to Mr. Mayer's histrionic gifts was an understatement. He lives his parts with a passionate belief that even the oldest member of the Barrymore family cannot achieve.

Extremely large honoraria for acting are common enough at a studio which has Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, and Clark Gable, among other stars, on its payroll. But no actor in the history of the motion picture has even approximated the returns which were piled up by Louis B. Mayer in less than an hour on March 8th, 1933. By an unprecedented outburst of emotion, on that occasion, the production head of M-G-M effected a saving estimated at $800,000. It went, of course, to the corporation and not to himself.

Mr. Mayer's triumph on March 8th was all the more notable because he faced an extremely cold house. This was the time of the national bank closings. Admissions to cinema theatres throughout the country had been dropping for several weeks for want of ready cash. So the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, an organization supposed to elevate the motion picture and benefit its workers but actually dominated by the producers, recommended that all stars, lesser actors, directors, writers, cameramen, and technicians accept a wage cut of fifty per cent for eight weeks. At M-G-M, as on all the other lots, mass meetings were held at which this gesture of loyalty to the industry was demanded. The better-paid employees were under contract and the cuts could not be made without their consent.

Not a few of the top-flight workers were openly cynical as Mr. Mayer began his address at the M-G-M rally. Rumors were current that he had received more than $400,000 in salary, dividends, and fees during the previous year. It was also reported that Loew's, Inc., the parent of M-G-M, had cash reserves of $5,000,000. But much of the cynicism vanished as a plea for self-sacrifice fell from the lips of Louis B. Mayer. He said that every studio in Hollywood would close its doors immediately if the cut was not accepted. He pictured a world without sound stages, without movie queens or handsome leading men, without Wallace Beery. He told of the thousands of innocent extras and clerks who would be thrown out of work, and then he wept openly and unashamedly. Some of the audience sobbed, too, and soon many were clamoring to save M-G-M by agreeing to the cut. An actor's agent, who did not belong to the M-G-M family at all and who had slipped into the meeting unobserved, was among the minority which scoffed.

"That performance," he said, "should get the award of the Academy for the best acting of 1933."

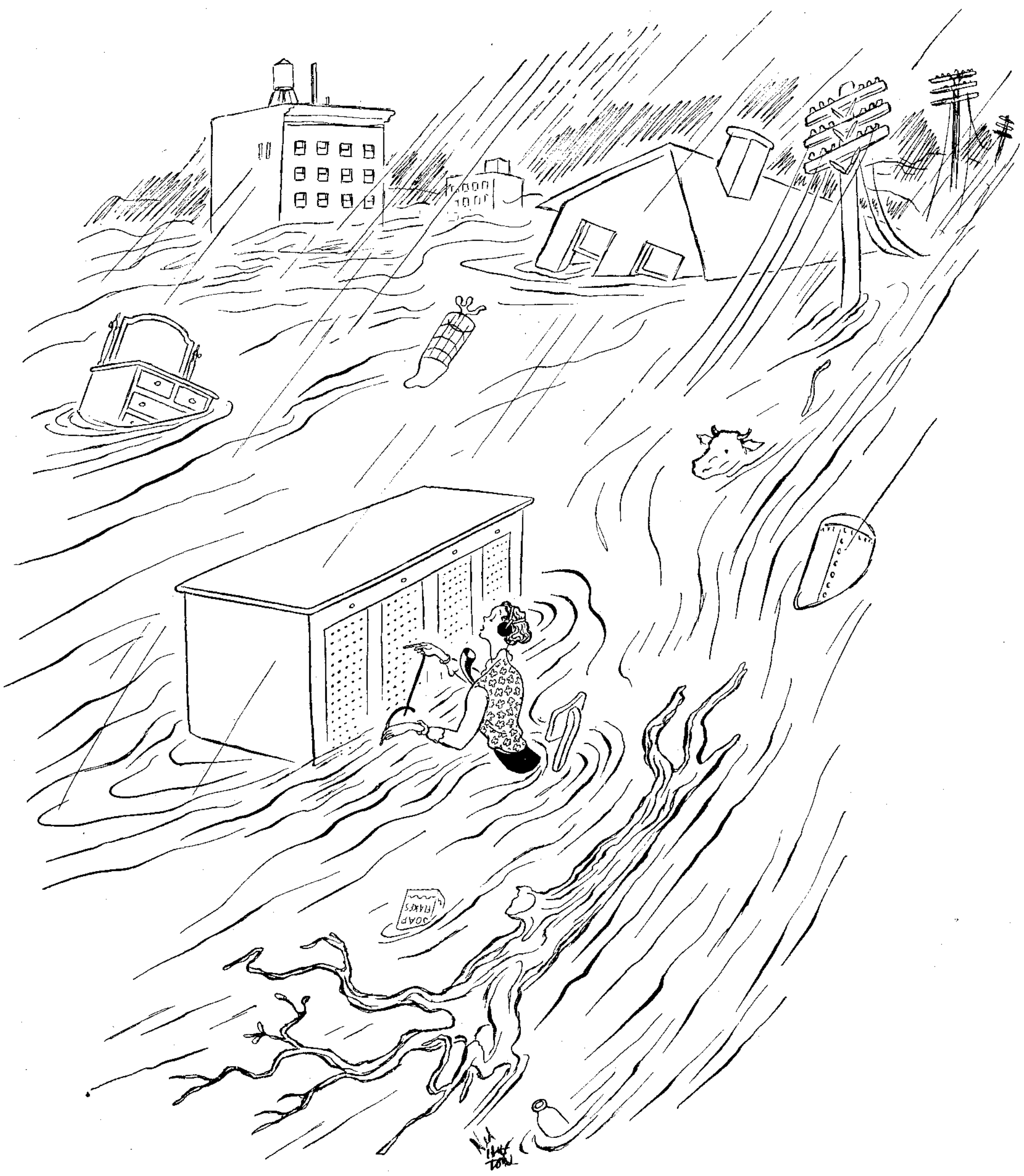
The screen players and writers, being artistic folk and therefore easily moved, were the ones who hastened to save good old M-G-M, it is true. The hard-boiled unions of electricians and carpenters flatly refused, three days later, to take any cut at all. They were followed by the cameramen. And the soft-headed artists had to endure considerable joshing from the crude technicians when, at the end of that quarter, Loew's, Inc., paid a dividend. It was smaller than usual, but a dividend, nonetheless. The estimated saving of $800,000, achieved through the salary cut, was not used for overhead or even interest on bonds. It went into the coffers of Loew's, Inc., and became part of the 1933 profits.

THIS is only one example of Mayer's ability as a Thespian. He uses his great talents almost daily. In the palatial waiting-room which adjoins his even more palatial office may often be seen lovely ladies of the screen. Nearly always they have come to make a complaint. Sparks shoot from their expensive eyes as they recall some slight, imagined or real, from an M-G-M producer or director. They tap the floor impatiently with their exquisitely shod toes or drum crimsoned fingernails on the table. Sometimes a particularly angry beauty will barge through the waiting-room without an appointment and crash into Mayer's presence forthwith. For a moment, the high-pitched tones of an angry lady issue forth. They soon die down, to be replaced by the dulcet voice of Louis Mayer. Almost invariably the indignant actress emerges smiling, tosses bouquets of "darling"s at the secretaries, and vanishes. Not until she gets home does she realize that her employer has merely anointed her with praise and that her specific grievance has been ignored.

Mr. Mayer often dominates these sessions by playing on the loyalty theme, just as he did at the salary-cut mass meeting. Joan Crawford, for instance, was weary three or four years ago of being cast as a dancing daughter. She repeatedly requested parts in which she had a chance to show whether or not she was an actress. But Mayer, when she appealed to him, nearly always held forth on the fact that she had been virtually unknown when good, kind M-G-M had given her a job, that the studio had built her to stardom and would always do right by its Joan. For a long time, following such sessions, Miss Crawford left Mayer with a sense of guilt, with a feeling that she had been less than filial. This meekness wore off in the end. Miss Crawford fought it out till she had achieved at least a partial victory.

Mr. Mayer's real opinion of his actors and actresses may be deduced, perhaps, from the fact that the glittering boys and girls of the screen are only rarely invited to the Mayer homestead on Ocean Front in Santa Monica. He prefers, for his friends, bankers, lawyers, industrialists, and politicians—particularly politicians.

AT fifty—a gentleman of great shrewdness and terrific energy—Louis B. Mayer is the directing head of



"Will you dial the number again, please?"

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the largest motion-picture factory in the world. His weekly payroll is about $250,000. The M-G-M lot covers more than seventy acres. It has twenty-five enormous sound stages. On them are turned out fifty full-length features a year and innumerable comedies and other shorts. That Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the most important movie production company in the United States cannot be seriously questioned. It has, by and large, the stars with the best box-office records. Its pictures, though they may not often add to the development of movies as an art, please the customers and make money. Mayer sits on a towering, if somewhat shaky, throne and tells his fellow motion-picture barons what they must do. He is President of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, which fights, among other things, the actors' union. He is the spokesman for the industry on such issues as purity of the films, taxation, Upton Sinclair, and the menace of the New Deal. It is Mr. Mayer who gives the gaudy luncheons at which George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and Einstein—flanked by Jean Harlow and Mae West on the dais—are feted.

But all this comes far from being enough for Mayer. For the last ten years he has been active in politics, too, and he now hopes, with the aid of William Randolph Hearst, to pick the Republican Presidential nominee for 1936. He is vice-chairman of the California Republican State Central Committee. Only when it comes to the Big Shots of the New Deal is Mayer at all handicapped. Then it is recalled that he was a Hoover Republican. Jack Warner, of Warner Brothers, who is a tried-and-true Democrat, is the official host to the Postmaster-General and other administration leaders. But Mr. Mayer is confident that this situation will be remedied next November.

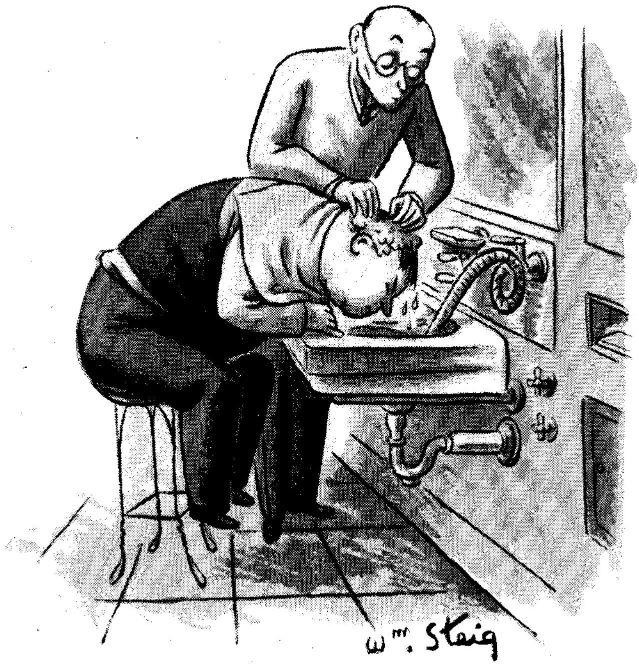
Mayer's power in Hollywood is partly due to a talent for talking faster than the other producers. He can, for the most part, think more rapidly, too. They may dislike him, but they fear him. Quite apart from his talents and vigor, Mr. Mayer is in a position to dominate. His Hollywood domain is a veritable principality with retainers, shock troops, aides-de-camp, marriages of state, and other international alliances. The tapestry of his kingdom is complex. David O. Selznick, for instance, is married to one of Mr. Mayer's daughters, and is, incidentally, an independent producer affiliated with United Artists. A second son-in-law, William Goetz, has a high executive post with Twentieth Century-Fox. Joseph Schenck, who was formerly in United Artists, is now the chairman of the board of Twentieth Century-Fox, and is the brother of Nicholas Schenck, who is President of Loew's, Inc. Thus California's motion-picture industry, aside from Warner Brothers and Paramount and some independent companies, is rather a family affair. Even the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, which roars amiably as a prologue to every M-G-M picture, is, in his way, a relative. He woofed at one of Mr. Mayer's daughters in a Los Angeles zoo some fifteen years ago, was remembered, and was adopted as a trademark.

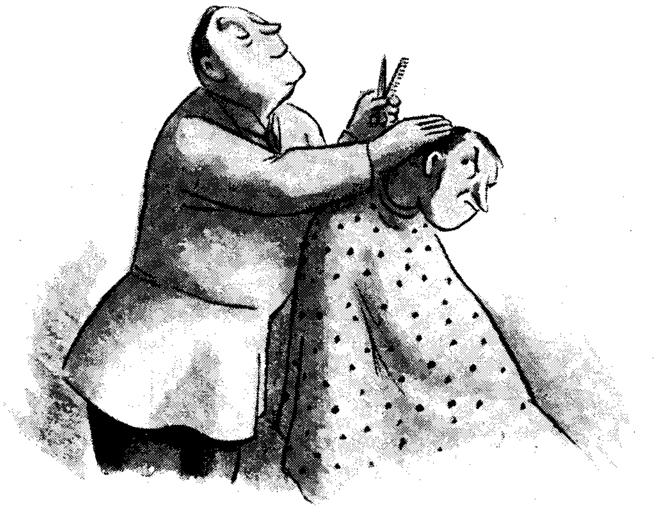
Although Louis Mayer is a monarch, his power is not absolute. The movie moguls have at least one thing in common with the inmates of an insane asylum—they do violent things individually, but they find it very difficult to combine for a common, violent purpose. Adjoining Mr. Mayer's office at M-G-M is a magnificent directors' room, with gray leather walls and ten or twelve crimson seats around a table. Here are held the meetings of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, at which Mr. Mayer presides and offers lengthy discourses on the virtues of brotherly coöperation. The producers really do work in harmony when some such alarming crisis as Sinclair or the threat of a tax on motion-picture film comes up. But when things are relatively calm each of them has a long and gleaming knife up his sleeve. Each itches to cut the throat of his neighbor, and relationship by blood or marriage is only a minor deterrent.

One of Mr. Mayer's basic grievances is that the producers simply will not get together and do something about the salaries paid to ungrateful stars. There is, of course, an agreement that no producer will stage raids upon the talents of his fellows. They have agreed, too, that they will not offer employment to a disgruntled cutie who has quarrelled with her beneficent boss and broken a contract. But Mr. Mayer once remarked plaintively that it would do no good even if all the major studios bound themselves not to pay some star more than $800 a week. A wicked independent would promptly offer $1,000.

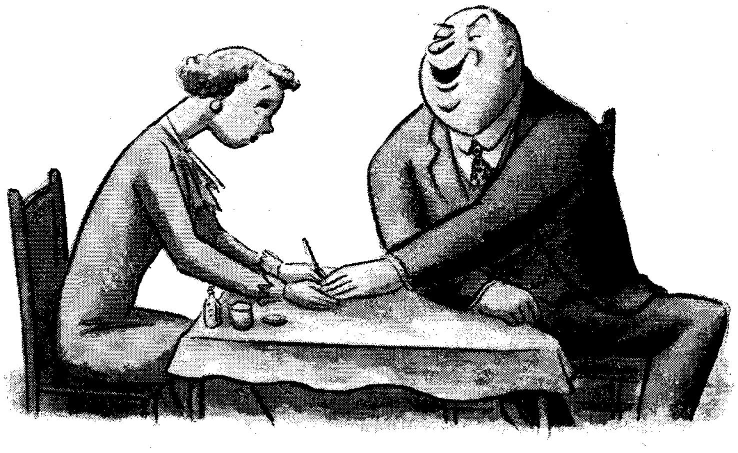
"Besides," he added frankly, "it would be illegal."

Sometimes even Mr. Mayer fails to coöperate. Early last year Jesse L. Lasky was planning a picture for Nino Martini, the radio tenor. Ernest Pascal and Arthur Richman wrote the script and had the clever notion of engaging Ernestine Schumann-Heink for a minor part. The old lady proved to be a tremendous hit when the film was previewed. Memories of the late Marie Dressler and her box-office rec-

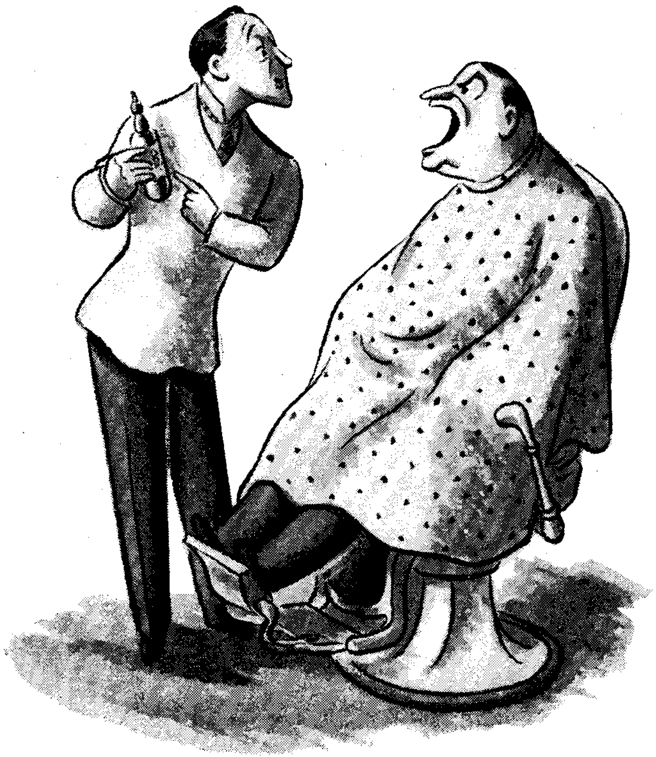




The Heavy Hand



Rascal



Strong Sales Resistance

ords flashed through the minds of rival producers who attended the showing, so Mr. Lasky telegraphed a contract to the diva. He announced that he would make one film based on her life, and two other pictures. Then he boarded a train for Chicago, where Madame Schumann-Heink was living. Somewhere en route, however, a plane soared eastward over the train. When he arrived, Mr. Lasky discovered that an agent for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had already obtained a three-year contract from his prize. He filed a protest with Will Hays, so-called czar of the screen, on the ground that M-G-M had violated the producers' code of ethics.

LOUIS MAYER's present position is a far cry from the lowly estate which marked the beginning of his career. Rather curiously, he does not like to talk about the first chapter or two of his life, possibly because so many jokes have been made at the expense of movie magnates who began life as pants-pressers and button manufacturers. He followed neither of these trades, though. He was born at Minsk, Russia, on July 4th, 1885. When he was three years old, his parents, Jacob and Sarah Mayer, emigrated to St. John, New Brunswick, and started a rather futile struggle for success. The boy was educated, more or less, in the St. John public schools. At fourteen he was already at work in his father's ship-salvaging concern. (Mayer's enemies like to refer to it as a junk business.) The M-G-M press agents tell graphic stories of young Louis, often wearing a diving outfit, at work on the bottom of the cold Atlantic bossing the raising of old hulks for Jacob Mayer & Son. The costs must have been high, though, because the Mayers remained poor.

From time to time, as he grew older, Louis made trips to Boston and its environs to sell the scrap iron which he had brought to the surface. Soon after he turned twenty-one he concluded that the theatre business was preferable to this. Fond of the theatre, he had looked into its profits. So he scouted about to see where he could find a theatre, and in 1907, for a down payment of $600, he acquired a dilapidated structure at Haverhill, Massachusetts, near Boston. It was a very ancient temple of the arts and had been used for burlesque for years. The ladies of Haverhill crossed to the other side of the street

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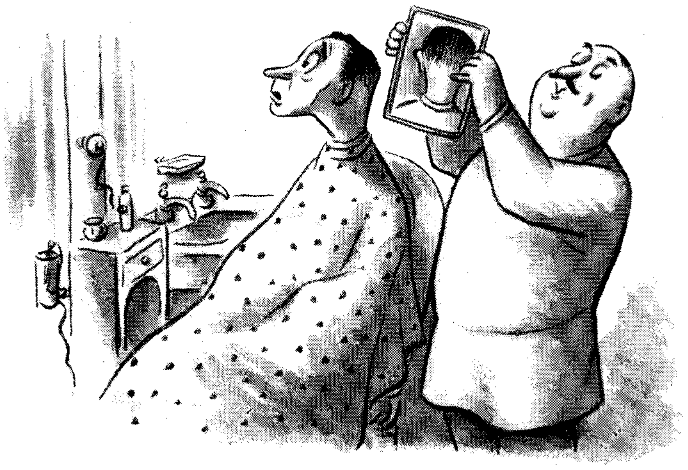

Fait Accompli

THE BARBER SHOP

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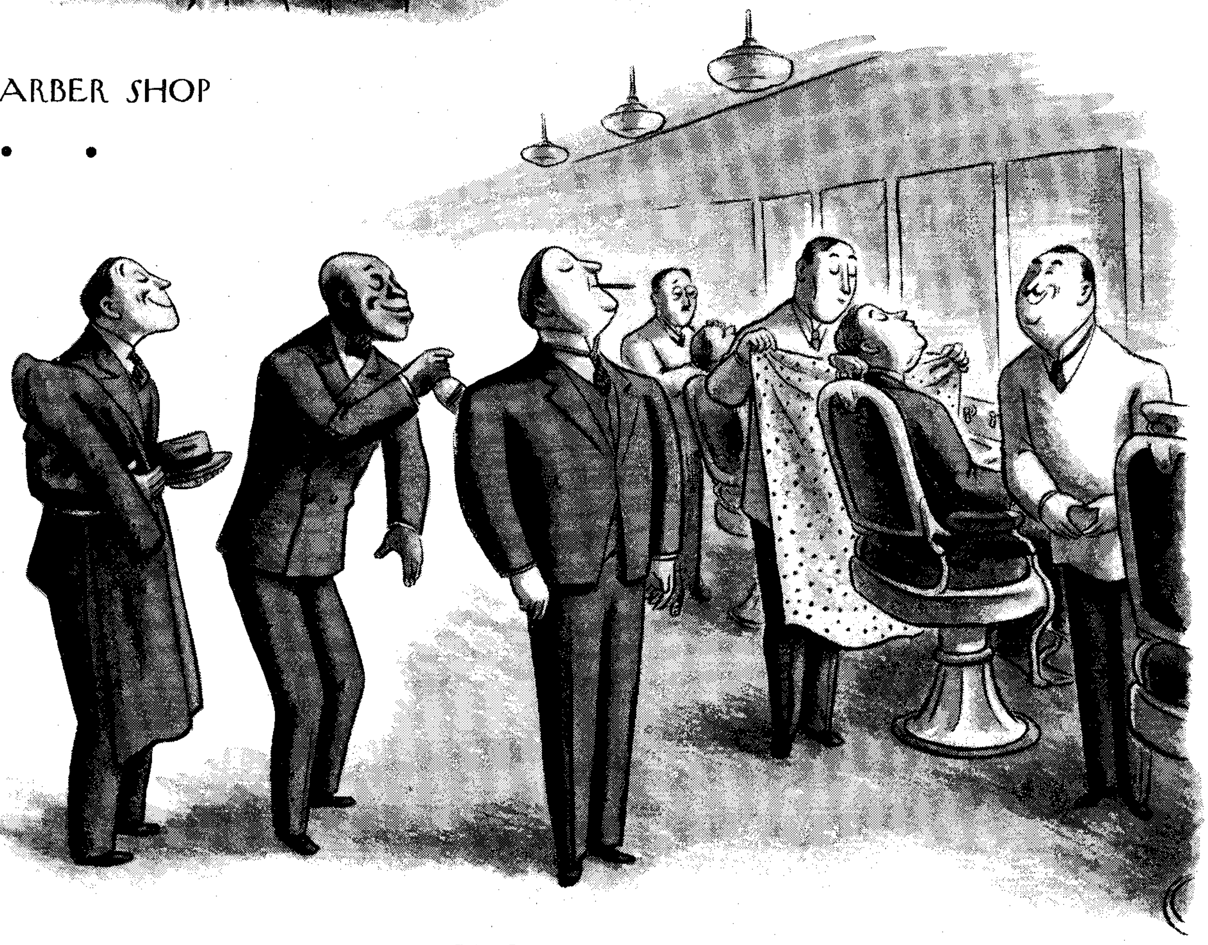


Big Tipper

when they approached it, so that they would not be sullied by the posters of hussies in tights. Louis changed all that. He renovated the auditorium physically with whitewash. He renovated it spiritually by organizing a female orchestra into which he contrived to lure several Haverhill ladies of blue blood. Then for his first showing he chose a religious epic, "From the Manger to the Cross."

The best people of the town soon decided that Louis Mayer was an influence for good, and patronized his theatre. He brought fairly decent stock and an itinerant opera or two to Haverhill. He later presented Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" and William Farnum in the lachrymose "Littlest Rebel." Soon the wages of virtue enabled him to buy the five other playhouses in the city. Within a few years, in affiliation with Nat Gordon, another theatre-owner, he acquired a string of theatres in New England. But Mayer had his eyes on a new stream of gold, which was beginning to run at flood. This came from the production, distribution, and exhibition of motion pictures. He had some theatres in which to show the films. He organized a distributing agency, with headquarters in Boston, so that these profits would be his, too. In 1914 he made his first killing. Some scout informed him that D. W. Griffith had made a really great picture, and Mayer—without seeing it—scraped together $25,000 for the New England rights to "The Birth of a Nation." At the time this was an enormous sum for a single film, but the net profit to Louis Mayer was more than $100,000.

At this point the success theme grows monotonous. Mayer was aware that the greatest profits of all lay in the production of films, and he went to Hollywood and organized the Louis B. Mayer Pictures Corporation. He ground out his own celluloid dramas. He made some money—almost any film, however bad, returned its cost in those silent and happy days—but his success was not striking for four or five years. He accomplished one coup which smacked of genius: he weaned the very youthful Irving Thalberg away from old Papa Carl Laemmle of Universal Pictures and established him as his production head. Meanwhile he had organized, too, the Metro Pictures Corporation, which was a distribution agency.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation was formed in 1924 under the leadership of Marcus Loew, the theatre magnate, and it was at this time that Mayer talked himself into his fortune. Louis Mayer's two companies went into the merger, as did Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, which had been formed by the Selwyn brothers and Samuel Goldwyn. Loew's, Inc., which owned many theatres, was the corporate father of the new concern, and by means of this set-up every cent of profit—from production, distribution, and exhibition—went into one chest. Louis Mayer's fortune was derived from the fact that he demanded, and obtained, in addition to his salary and stock dividends, a direct share of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production earnings. After the company has paid the full dividend on the preferred stock and has set aside the equivalent of $2 a share on the common stock, Mayer, Thalberg, and J. Robert Rubin, the legal brains of M-G-M, get twenty per cent of the first $2,500,000 excess profits and fifteen per cent of everything above that. This they share equally. From 1929 through 1932 the trio split more than $8,000,000 among themselves. L. B. Mayer's salary, which he promised to slash along with his actors in 1933, is now a trivial $130,000 a year.

After the merger Mayer was as happy as he was busy. His first official appearance was at a sales convention in New York, where he talked for two hours and left his auditors in a state of never-say-die exultation and collapse. This was followed by a grand tour of the nation's important cities, at which exhibitors and salesmen were convened for similar emotional orgies. Mayer was the personification of showmanship and coöperation on this tour. He rode on fire engines, visited orphan asylums, shook hands with mayors, and performed any other stunt which would bring headlines. The local exhibitors adored him.

THEY still do, and this is of inestimable value to M-G-M. Even today, in some such outpost as Terre Haute, a theatre-owner remembers his visit of a decade ago.

"Does Looie say it's hot?" he will ask when a salesman offers the latest cavortings of Jean Harlow. The answer is, of course, in the affirmative, whether the salesman has any notion of Mr. Mayer's reaction or not. But the chances are large that the salesman is right. Mayer has slight interest in motion pictures as an art. He was once an exhibitor himself. His critical judgment is guided by a mental picture of the queue outside the box offices of Kansas City and San Antonio. A good movie, to Mayer, is one which forces some deliriously happy exhibitor to elbow a path through milling crowds under the marquee and order his cashier to halt the sale of tickets.

Thalberg may be more skilled in such matters as story, treatment, and acting, but Mayer has an almost uncanny flair for personalities, and the fact that most M-G-M stars are pleasant, beautiful, or vital personalities rather than great artists may be traced to his influence. His most famous triumph, of course, was Greta Garbo. Mayer was solely re-

---

IT'S SPRING, SPRING IN PITTSFIELD, MASS.

It's spring, spring in Pittsfield, Mass.,
  Track and slide go bare;
It's raining hard in many a pass,
  And balmy blows the air.

The thaw has come to Pinkham Notch,
  It's forty-nine in Stowe;
Up, crocus, up! Come, slip, come, vetch!
  We'll sprout before we go.

It's slush, slush in Intervale,
  The ski is on the rack,
The snow train threads the greening dale
  With sun upon its back.

It's spring, spring in Montreal,
  Laurentian lads are hot;
Old winter on his knees shall crawl.
  I say, "Why not, why NOT?"

—E. B. W.

• •

sponsible for bringing her to the United States. He was traveling in Europe, happened to see some photographs of her, and hired her forthwith. There was, he has since explained, something about her face.

A couple of years ago Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer summoned to Hollywood one of the current radio stars, a baritone named Nelson Eddy. Nobody knew quite how to cast Mr. Eddy and he was left, although on the payroll, doing nothing for almost a year. But when it was suggested that Eddy might well be returned to the broadcasting studios, Mayer began to push buttons. He ordered him cast as the leading man to Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta." He said that Eddy was peculiarly suited to extremely virile parts; that he was, in short, an operatic Clark Gable. He should be made up with that ideal in view. Mayer's instructions were followed. "Naughty Marietta" was produced. The fan mail began to arrive and M-G-M had, in the Hollywood parlance for actors who draw the crowds, "another nice piece of property."

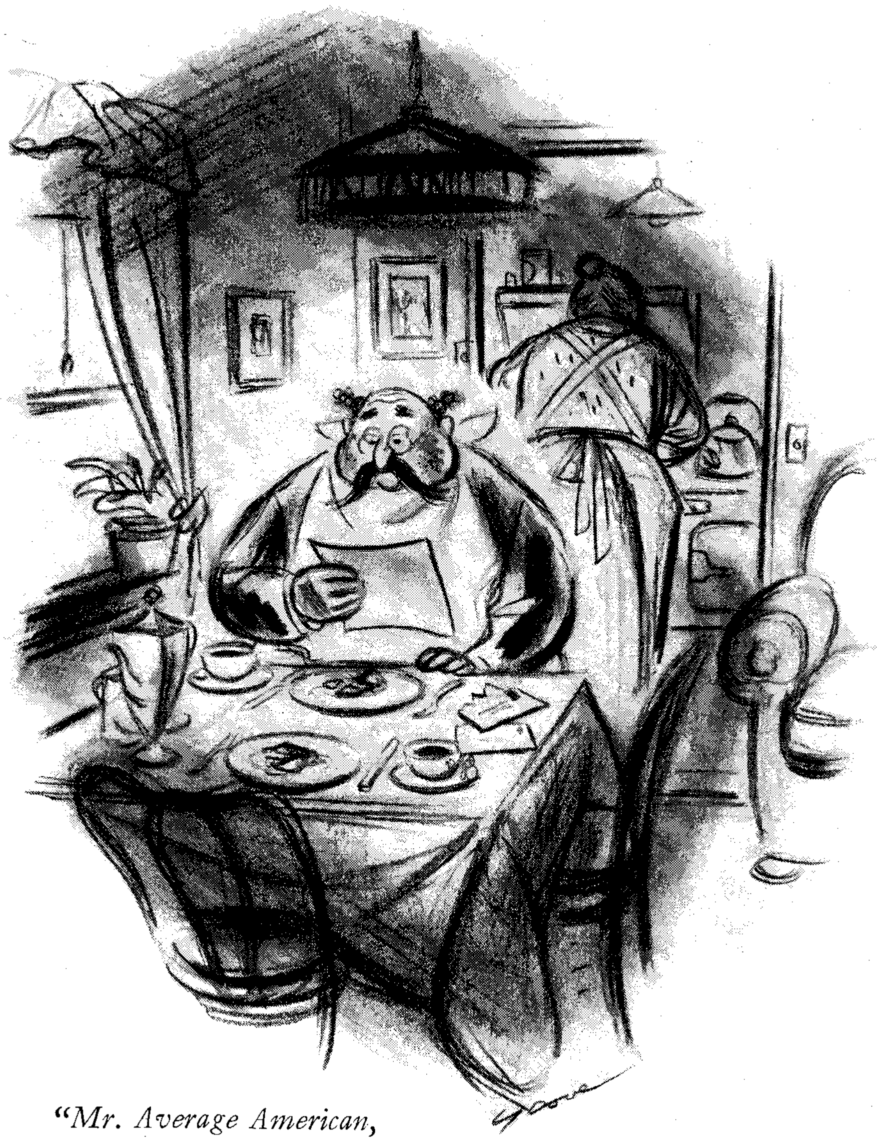
Mr. Mayer's flair for developing personalities can take on more subtle shadings. Just prior to the shooting of this same picture, Miss MacDonald was being criticized by her devoted public for being a degree cold. This, the experts believed, had cut the earnings of "The Merry Widow," in which she had just appeared. So Mr. Mayer summoned her to his presence and said that this was not her true self; she must be warm, warm.

"You must sing like *this*," he said, and, to her astonishment, he began to intone one of the sadder Victor Herbert melodies. His voice rose to a crescendo as he finished. Emotion overcame him and tears stood in his eyes.

"Sing," he commanded, "as though you were singing 'Eïli! Eïli!' "

—Henry F. Pringle

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Mayer.*)



"Mr. Average American, Dear Sir: . . ."

OF ALL THINGS

THE March income-tax receipts are quite encouraging, but the Treasury has not given us any report on how the various brackets turned out. We judge from what our friends tell us that all this money has come from people who haven't any.

•

When the country gets dried out, it will, of course, make a comprehensive program for flood control. These great plans will be carried out in the traditional American way—in wastebaskets.

•

The Veterans of Future Wars, started by Princeton jokers, now have posts in some sixty colleges. About May, look out for the parade of the would-be soldiers.

•

The realty owners and employees composed most of their little differences, but New York's peace was short-lived. As soon as the elevator strike was settled, violent fighting broke out on the George White-Rudy Vallée front.

•

Professor Josephine L. Rathbone of Teachers College thinks people ought to relax more, and one of her rules is: "Delegate as much of your office work and worries as possible to your subordinates." But what if they relax right back at you?

•

The six Congressmen who shared a house with a utilities lobbyist say they did not know the nature of his business. Probably that is true, and probably Brooklyn will win the National League pennant.

•

That raid on a house near Riverside Drive disclosed enough lethal weapons to start a war. The police suspect that the boys and girls there were planning a unilateral infringement upon somebody.

•

The publication of that famous telegram may have been a blow at a free press, but it did clear up one matter. Editorials in the Hearst papers do not occur by spontaneous combustion.

—Howard Brubaker

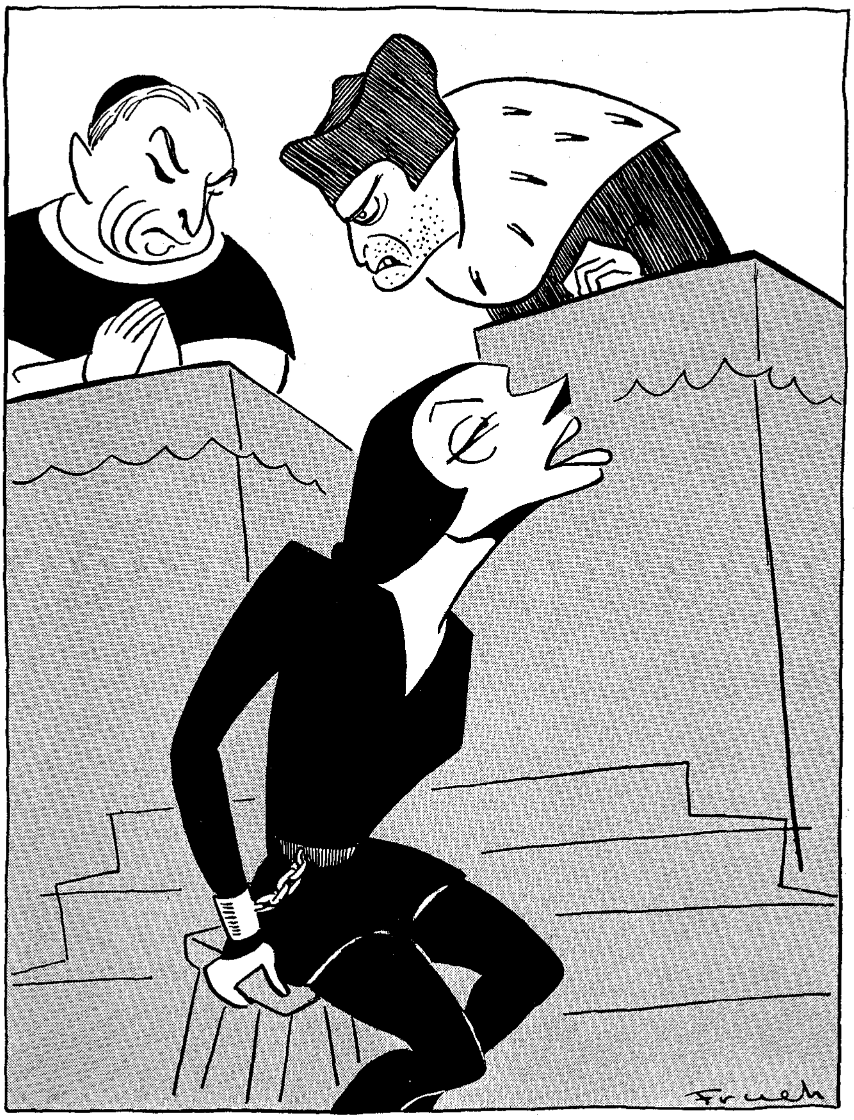
THE THEATRE

THE GOVERNMENT TAKES A HAND

A NEW, and rather exciting, element has crept into the New York theatrical season, just as it was plucking at the coverlet and taking great whiffs of anesthetic spring air. All over town, from Harlem down to Macdougal Street, little groups of hitherto unemployed actors, musicians, and technicians are putting on shows of their own, under the auspices of the federal government, and darned good shows, too, some of them. The five that I have seen have all been definitely worth doing, which is more than you could say for five consecutive shows on Broadway.

The most ambitious, and also the best, of the Federal Theatre offerings so far is "Murder in the Cathedral," the poetic drama by T. S. Eliot, which had already been given an unprofessional performance at Yale. Here, at the Manhattan Theatre, is a production of which any commercial manager would be proud, although probably no commercial manager would undertake it. You can't blame the commercial managers, but you can be glad that the Federal Theatre has come along to give us plays that otherwise we might not see.

Dealing with the murder of Thomas à Becket in the cathedral at Canterbury in 1170, this long dramatic (and it is dramatic) poem of Mr. Eliot's marches at a surprising pace under the direction of Halsted Welles, and, helped considerably by the dignified and persuasive acting of Harry Irvine as the Archbishop and the scenery and costuming of Tom Adrian Cracraft, it turns out to be a valuable contribution to the season and a great credit to the Project.



"SAINT JOAN"

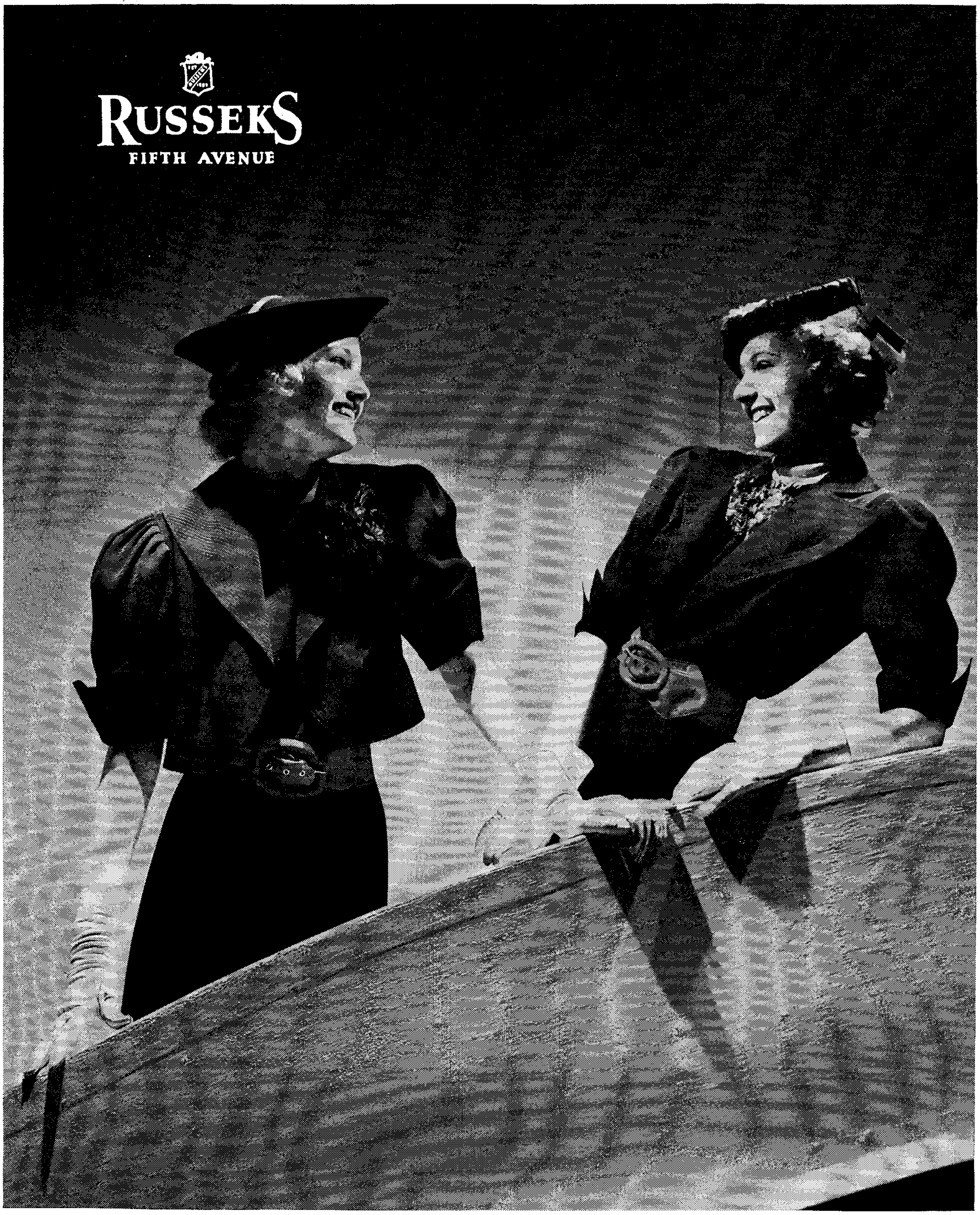
Arthur Byron and Eduardo Ciannelli are really doing their best to save Katharine Cornell, although they may not look it.

Not the least important (in fact, to my mind the most important) feature of "Murder in the Cathedral" is its surprising switch toward the end to first-class modern satire, when the four murderers, in the most approved form of Liberty League after-dinner speaking, step to the footlights and justify their violent act in short, impromptu *apologiae*. Sinclair Lewis himself never did a better, or more scathing, job of Fascist kidding, and to one who was unable to follow Mr. Eliot through his "Waste Land" and who has always held him to be without much humor, this veritable masterpiece of parody comes as, shall we say, a thunderbolt, but a thunderbolt calling for loud huzzas.

On the opening night it did get applause, but in one quarter, at least, under a slight misapprehension. A little nest of ardent proletarians, all set to applaud any reference to the Cause, heard one of the speakers say that "under certain circumstances, violence is permissible," and, forgetting that it was *Fascist* violence that was being excused (if they ever understood it), burst into ecstatic handclapping. We must all be very careful to listen to just what cause is being advocated before we applaud a phrase which might apply to several. In fact, these little groups of applauders constitute one of the main nuisances of the Federal Theatre Project.

"CHALK DUST," another of the experimental-theatre productions, is also a play worthy of your attention. You will have to go up to Sixty-third Street to see it, but if you are interested in the problems which confront teachers and educational institutions, or even if you just like to see a good play, it will be worth the trip. Harold Clarke and Maxwell Nurnberg have written of the politics and intrigues which infest a city high school, and they have done it apparently from the heart. The cast is large, as is the cast of every Federal Theatre production, but the cause is good, and God knows the price is low. (Fifty-five cents.) When, in addition to this, the show is good, not much more could be asked.

For some strange reason, the WPA



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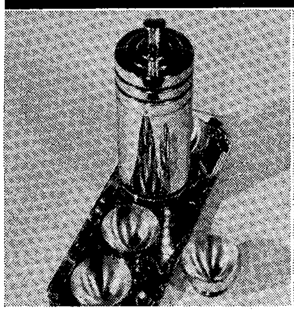
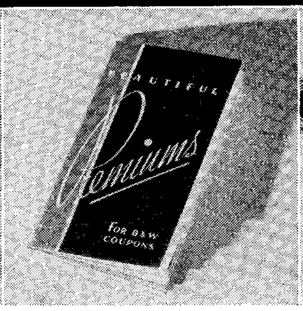


Chase Cocktail Set—Shaker, 300 coupons; 4 cups, 175; tray, 200; set, 650



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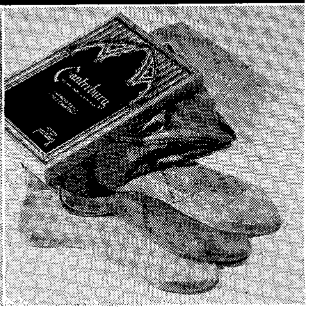

Sheer Silk Hosiery—Full length. Run-stop band. Newer shades, 125 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Theatre Project is not allowed to advertise (we must economize *somewhere*), so the good plays are dependent on word-of-mouth advertising. In the list of attractions in the front of this magazine, you will find the necessary information as to addresses, telephone numbers, and hours of these worthy entertainments.

One of the disadvantages of dealing with WPA productions in a weekly magazine is the short term of their stay. Two or three weeks is usually the limit, although "Chalk Dust," because of its obvious merits, has been granted an indefinite extension, and I hope that "Murder in the Cathedral" will be allowed to continue beyond the date set (March 31st). "Triple-A Plowed Under" may be gone before this notice appears, but if it is not, you will be interested in seeing, in this edition of the "Living Newspaper" at the Biltmore Theatre, how a subject as statistical as wheat production can be put on the stage with considerable excitement and dramatic value.

AN unfortunate feature of governmental control of one of the arts seems to be a tendency to factional snarlings and bad-blood spilling. Heads may be in the clouds, but chips are on every shoulder. The lobby of the Biltmore Theatre during the run of "Triple-A Plowed Under" has the tense atmosphere of a high-school foyer on the eve of an inter-sorority debate, and resignations, criminations, and recriminations fly through the air with each production. The letter that I received from Mr. Pierre Loving of the Experimental Theatre, presumably designed to induce me to go and see "Chalk Dust" (which I had already seen), is typical of the jumpy attitude which seems to prevail in government theatrical circles.

"I do not know," writes Mr. Loving, "whether it is a fixed policy with you to avoid Federal Theatre plays. . . . You may not like Sixty-third Street nor the idea of an experimental theatre, since you are, as the whole world knows, committed to Broadway and a little tight corner of Hollywood."

Now, Mr. Loving had no reason to be cross with me. I was merely waiting until I had seen enough of the Federal Theatre plays to make up a page like this about them. And, as the tramp said when thrown off the golf course by the chairman of the membership committee, "That's no way to get new members."

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

FANCY KID

GOOGY SNELL could run backward faster than any other boy on the block. He liked to do things backward and was continually introducing variations into our games. A group of us was once trying to see who could jump farthest up the steps of my stoop from a standing position. Googy stood by with his hands in his pockets and watched us disdainfully.

"Even duh goils do dat," he remarked. "Dere's nuttin' to it. Try it backward—den you'll be doin' sumpm hard."

"I *knew* he'd come out wit' one of his dopy tricks," said one kid. "Yaah, y'oughta be in a circus."

"G'wan," said Googy, "you're afraid to try it. Watch *me!*"

He turned his back to the stoop, took a sudden, convulsive leap, and was looking triumphantly down at us from the fourth step. Of course we all had to try it after that, but the best any of us could do was three steps. He had us beat all hollow at skating backward, too, and could do more on roller skates than anybody you ever saw.

We respected him for his queer accomplishments but doubted that talent alone could account for them. He must have practiced in secret. The ability to run rapidly backward certainly didn't come naturally to him. Nor did walking on his hands, which, besides being unnatural, was astonishing mechanically, for he was skinny and anemic-looking, and it was hard to understand how those matchstick arms of his could carry the body, frail though it was. And he could chin the bar twenty-five times! True, it took all the go out of him, so that he wasn't much good for anything for an hour or so afterward, but he did it, and that was all that counted. He started with a rapid, pistonlike motion that gradually slowed down, and when he got to the eighteenth pull-up his body would begin vibrating. It was painful to see him snake his way slowly, agonizingly up to the bar and thrust his chin over it. Our gym instructor used to watch with a worried look, as though he were afraid that one of Googy's vital parts might snap under the strain. But it never did, and the instructor never ceased to marvel at it. Eight or ten pull-ups was considered good for grammar-school boys; sometimes one came along who could do fifteen, but twenty-five! It was unheard of.

Exophthalmic eyes had earned him the nickname "Googy," but he was sometimes called "Fancy" because of his fanciful ways. He threw a ball in the orthodox manner only when the outcome of a game might depend upon it. Otherwise he would throw it under his leg or around his back or with his left hand. It always went where he wanted it to go, and with fair speed, too. He was as graceful as a cat. There was something personal and beautiful even about the way he caught a ball. He never moved an inch more than was necessary; just stuck out his hand and the ball would always plop right into the centre of his glove. He knew exactly where it was going the instant it left the thrower's hand, and didn't have to watch it at all. When it arrived, he would often be looking in another direction.

His mother called to him from her fourth-story window one afternoon, thinking he needed refreshment after running about in the hot sun.

"Come on up. I got a nice, big pear for you."

"T'row it down, Mom. I can't come up now. T'row it down to me."

Mrs. Snell didn't want to risk it, but Googy insisted and she finally dropped the pear. Googy waited for it with one hand behind his back and the other extended with the palm up, like an acrobat after a stunt. A pear can pick up a lot of speed in a drop of forty feet, and this one, being very ripe, couldn't stand the impact. When it hit Googy's palm, it disintegrated and splashed all over him. It gave us all a laugh, but it was a pretty catch anyhow.

I REMEMBER Googy mostly, however, for his skill in the petty gambling games that were so important a part of our lives. The stakes were tops, marbles, beer-bottle covers, the front flaps of paper-match packets (we called them "match tickets"), flooring tiles, and the many series of colored pictures of movie actors, animals, and baseball-players that came with penny candies. The candy manufacturers offered a prize for any complete set, and then saw to it that we had to buy a lot of candy to win the prize, perhaps a ten-cent baseball bat. But that didn't worry Googy. *We* bought the candy and he, in the end, got most of the pictures.

Googy had a tremendous collection of precious junk. Soap boxes full of parts of roller skates, bits of tools of all sorts, and tops and marbles. Most of us were careless about our possessions, and many of them disappeared from season to season. Our mothers were partly responsible for that. They didn't appreciate the value of beer-bottle caps and match tickets, and didn't like them cluttering up the house. But Googy managed to hold on to everything. He was an only child and his mother humored him.

It was he who determined, usually, whether it was going to be top time, marble time, or match-ticket time. If things were getting dull, he would look over his hoardings, decide he would like to play tops, and, picking a few out of his collection, go down to the street and begin spinning them idly on the sidewalk. He knew instinctively just when to revive a fad. One by one the other boys would go for their tops, and it was soon top time all over the neighborhood.

A circle, about a foot in diameter, was drawn in chalk on the pavement and each of us placed a top inside it. We stood around it with wound-up tops in our hands, and at a given signal threw them, one at a time, at those in the circle, the object being to knock as many as possible out of it. But the thrown tops had to spin and end up outside the circle. Otherwise they, too, became targets. All the tops you knocked out of the circle were yours, and if you managed to crack one, its previous owner had to give you two for it. That was Googy's specialty, cracking tops into halves. He'd stick his tongue out of the corner of his mouth, shut one eye, and *zip*—tops would fly in all directions.

But marbles were his passion. He had a prize collection of "immies," glass marbles whose worth depended upon size and color, especially size. Ordinary clay marbles were valued only as a means of winning immies. The owner of an immy would place it on one of the grooves which marked the pavement into squares and sit, legs outstretched, behind it. The other players would roll marbles at it from a distance determined by the value of the immy. Thus a "three-flagger" immy was shot at from a distance of three squares. The one who hit the immy became its owner and had the choice of putting it up again or using another, more or less valuable, one. When a boy ran out of marbles, he could trade an immy for at least twenty marbles, and if he had no more immies he was through.

ONE day, during marble time, Googy appeared with an empty old coffeepot and a handful of marbles.

"I'm puttin' up dis ten-flagger," he

Flick a finger..

The *new* way to drive... easier, safer... and a *clear* floor in front! That's the magic of Hudson's Electric Hand!

Reading time... 3 min., 45 sec.! Learning time... no time at all! Enjoyment time... unlimited! That's the story of the Electric Hand, by clock and calendar.

And if you knew how highly New York owners think of Electric Hand magic, you'd hurry to the nearest Hudson showroom and put *your* hands in this picture.

Good-bye to "Gearshift-itis"

In the kind of traffic *you're* used to, eyes really belong on the road... and hands on the wheel. You can keep them there, if you drive with the Electric Hand. While a finger flick shifts your gears... surely, smoothly, silently.

Of course, you *can* have the regular gear shift in a Hudson, lever and all. The Electric Hand is optional, at small extra cost. But once you've tried this newer, better way, you will say good-bye with a smile to old-fashioned shifting... and the levers you used to stumble over. How Hudson owners do enjoy that clear floor space in front, with *leg* room, as well as *seat* room, for three!

But Hudson's Electric Hand will be only an introduction to other Hudson magic that is just as delightful. The magic of Hudson performance. Power that makes molehills out of mountains ...and flows as smoothly as cream from a pitcher. One of the quietest spots in New York, under that Hudson hood!

22.86 Miles per Gallon

A motor built as this one is will never tire itself... or you. It has the stuff that *mileage* is made of... and totals of 150,000, 200,000 and over are common with Hudson owners.

And just a few weeks ago a 1936 Hudson Eight Sedan took three passengers and their baggage over the 352 mountain miles of the Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run... averaging 22.86 *officially certified* miles per gallon of gasoline, with *no coasting allowed*. So much for economy.

Take A *Discovery* Drive!

A Hudson Eight will introduce you to a new kind of comfort, too, in the biggest, roomiest cars ever priced so low. And a new kind of safety... in bodies *all* of steel, with solid roof of seamless steel. Plus many, many other important new features no other Eight can give you.

Why not make *your* discovery trip today? Get acquainted with "the greatest Eight of them all" ... via the Electric Hand.

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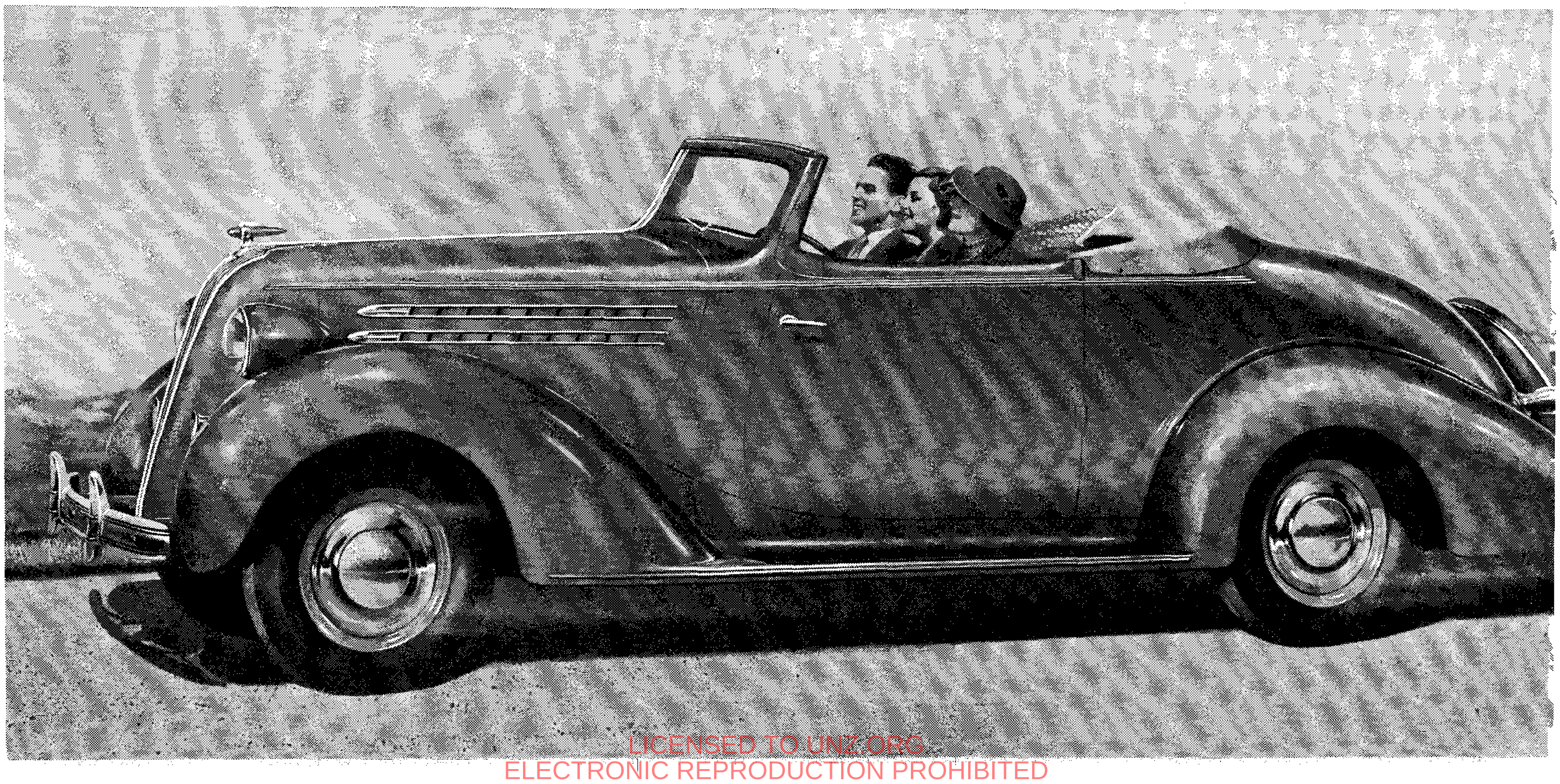
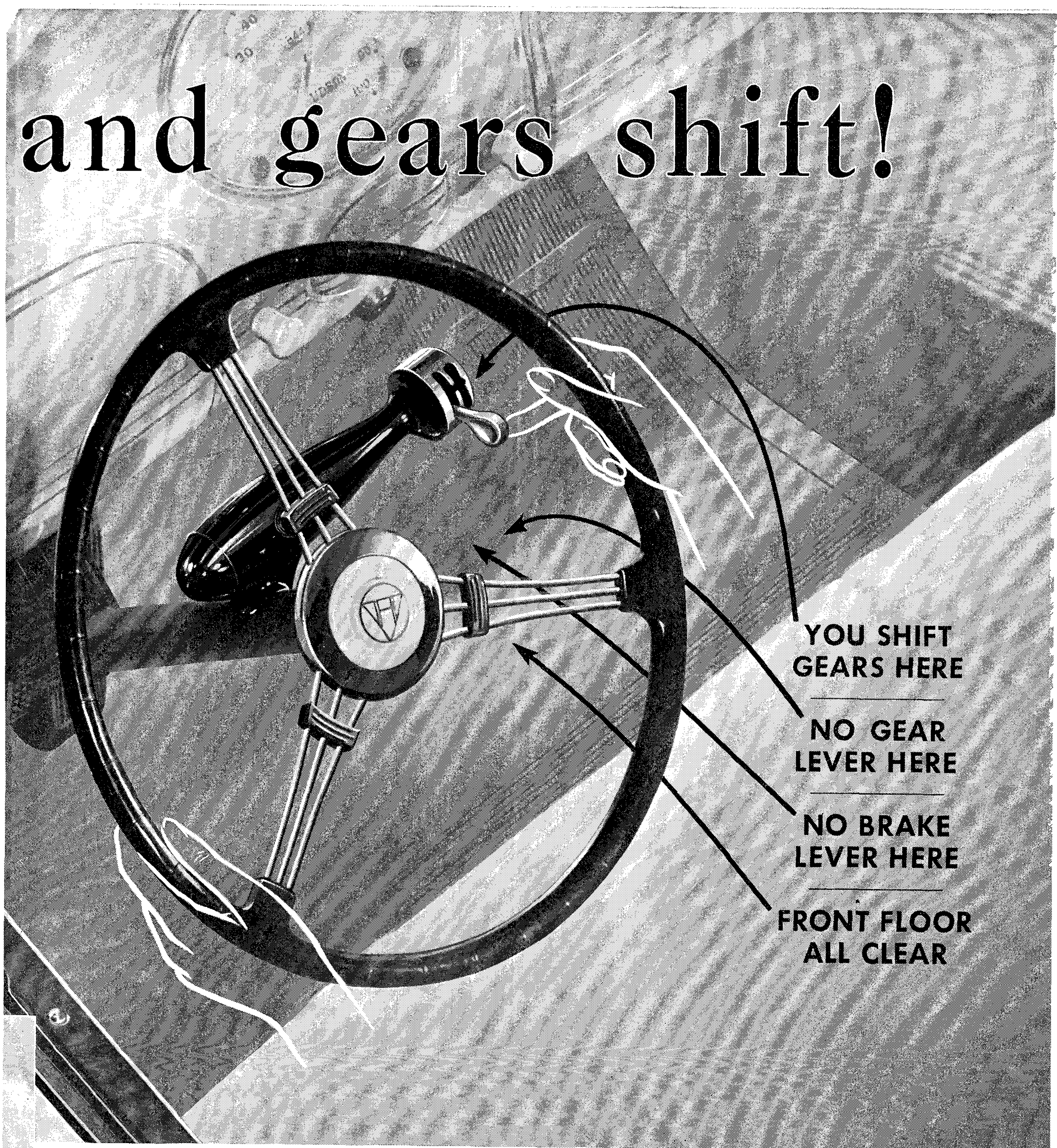
Here's the leader of this year's Easter style parade... the Hudson Eight Convertible (pictured below) with 113 or 124 smooth horsepower underneath its bonnet. Swankier than the raciest-looking foreign importations... the result of Hudson's years of specializing in convertible designs. • Like all Hudson models, it has all these important... exclusive... 1936 features: Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes (patent applied for). Radial Safety Control (patent applied for). Tru-Line Steering. The Rhythmic Ride. And many another that you'll discover for yourself on your first visit to a Hudson showroom.





The Electric Hand is mounted conveniently under the steering wheel. There you see the same familiar gear positions in their regular order. But instead of pushing and pulling a long, unwieldy lever set in the floor, you shift with a finger touch on the Electric Hand . . . as easily as flicking the ash from a cigarette. Nothing to *unlearn*, and nothing new to learn.

Just press your clutch, and move the lever to the gear you want. The Electric Hand does the shifting . . . smoothly, instantly, without effort. That's all there is to driving with the Electric Hand. So simple and dependable is this method of shifting that the same principle is now in use on big inter-city buses . . . under the severest driving conditions, in which gears must be shifted hundreds of times on every trip.

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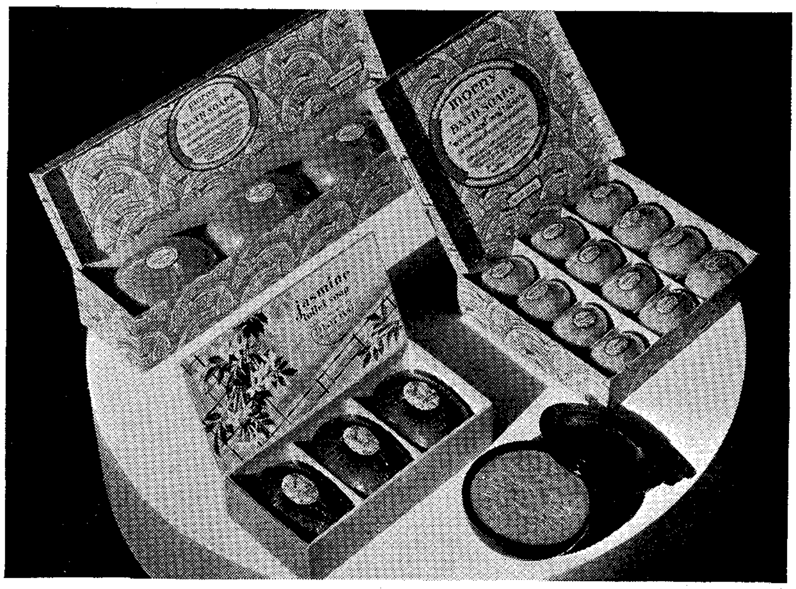
and up for Eights, 113 or 124 H. P. For a Hudson Six, with 93 or 100 H. P. . . . $710 and up, f. o. b. Detroit. Standard group of accessories extra. Longer wheelbases, up to 127 inches.



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BLACK BEAN SOUP
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RICH . . . AND Delicious!

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☐ Can of Underwood Black Bean Soup (20 cents)
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SEND 20 cents

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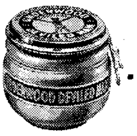
UNDERWOOD
BLACK BEAN SOUP



said, holding up a huge immy, and he sat down on the sidewalk.

"Ten-flagger me grandmudder!" said one of the kids. "It ain't got no colors in it."

"Dat's just it. You never even seen one like it before. Look!" said Googy, holding the immy up to the light. "It's clear as a crystal. And lookit duh size of it! Y'oughta be able to hit it f'om twenny boxes away. I'm lettin' you off easy."

It was a whopper, but ten squares was an awfully long distance to shoot, and we decided that it was an eight-flagger. Googy, after some haggling, had to accept our appraisal of it.

We played for that immy all afternoon. Whenever Googy was behind it, he gathered in a lot of marbles, except when one of us made a lucky shot. It was luck with us, but with him it was almost entirely marksmanship, for he usually hit it before his fifth try. His coffeepot steadily filled up, and by the time it began to get dark he had us all cleaned out. He dropped his last winnings into the pot, picked up the big immy, and kissed it.

"No more marbles?" he asked. "Well, I guess duh game's over."

We stood around him and covetously eyed the coffeepot. Something about that immy he was fondling suddenly made me suspicious.

"That's a lucky immy, all right," I said, taking it from him. I looked at it closely and the truth struck me.

"It's not an immy at all," I announced. "It's only a glass ball from the leg of a piano stool!"

"It ain' not!" said Googy. "Anyhow, it don't make no difference."

But we all felt that he had been unethical, and when Augie Taylor, unable to restrain himself any longer, knocked the pot out of Googy's hand, we considered it a justifiable act. There was a mad scramble all over the street. Googy managed to retrieve only a few of the marbles. He called us a lot of dirty names and went upstairs on the point of tears.

I don't know why he should have been so upset about it. We all knew that he would win them back very soon, and he did. —HENRY ANTON

•

DESERT SONG

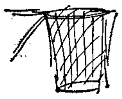
The desert flowers bloom brightly
To wake the heart in spring,
But love among the cacti
Must be a bitter thing.
—CHARMÉ SEEDS

THINGS I SHALL NEVER UNDERSTAND ABOUT NEW YORK

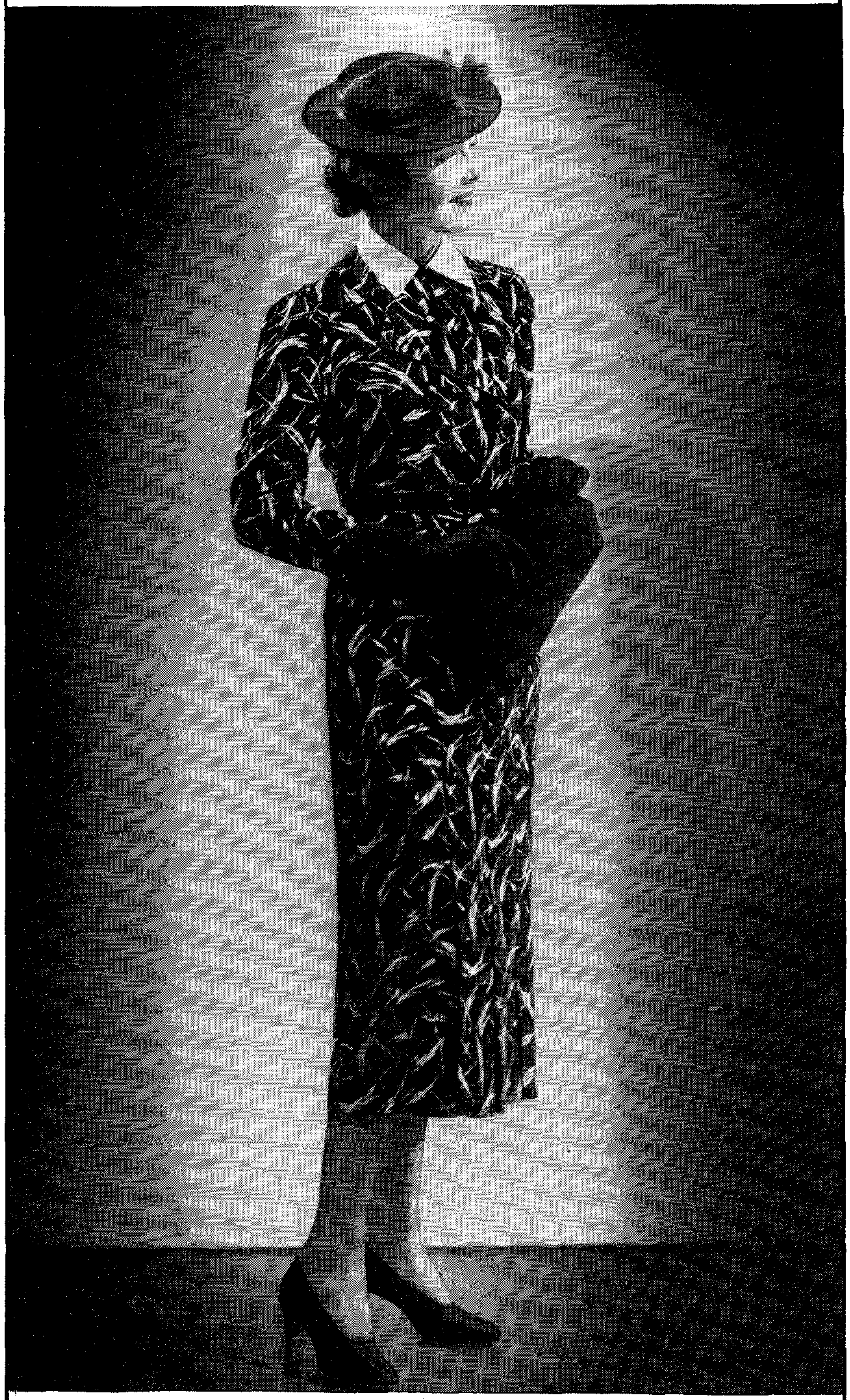
BICYCLE races. The bad manners of the best people. The Persian cat that a man leads on a leash on Madison Avenue on Sunday afternoons in pleasant weather. The frequency with which ambulances are seen going empty for patients, compared to the infrequency with which they are seen returning, laden. The whereabouts of Tin Pan Alley. The incredible longevity of window-washers. What to do if your car gets stuck on the Queensboro Bridge.

Radio comics. The new prosperity. The incomparable verdure of the Longchamps vegetables. The high wind at the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, and the permanent hurricane in the doorway of the Bank of Manhattan Building. The Austrian skiing costumes that bloom on the boulevards of the Bronx. The pretzels that are sold on the Long Island roads on parching summer days. The strip of some other kind of material on the under side of the collar of a man's business suit. The origin and history of the people who show up at dance recitals. The crowds at the Hayden Planetarium, and the hour or two of shuffling waiting that it takes you to get in. The book "Europa."

The people whose votes are won by singers on trucks with amplifiers. The people who go to Harlem and get mad at what they went to see. The fact that the costliest night clubs have the fewest entertainers. The fact that the popular male jazz voice is almost feminine, whereas the popular female jazz voice might belong to a stevedore. The



MAURICE FREED



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THE SCOTCH THAT CIRCLES THE GLOBE

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McCallum's Perfection is always the same whether you meet it in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, or right here in the U. S. A. This famous Scotch is backed by distilling traditions that date from 1807. Through the years, McCallum's has been made by one Edinburgh family. It comes rightly by its individuality and its uniformity in every corner of the world. Every drop of McCallum's Perfection is eight years old. Imported only in taped, sealed, tamper-proof, oval bottles with a handy jigger top.

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Onyx Club. The air-conditioning at the opera, resulting all too frequently in three-day sieges of the common cold. The fondness of the fattest women for the shortest dresses.

The facial beauty of all transport pilots leaving from the Newark Airport. The magazine put out by Arthur Murray's dancing school. The optimism of the boys who leap upon your running board and rub your shining morning windshield with the grubbiest of rags. The tone of positive pride in which people to whom you have called something from another room call back to say they cannot hear you. The revival of the glassy eye in restaurant headwaiters. The dearth of innkeepers with sense enough to sell wine by the glass. Our positively tropical helplessness whenever we have a blizzard. The fact that if you ask a taxi-driver for a match, he always has exactly two in a Bromo-Seltzer folder.

—KATHARINE BRUSH

•

QUESTIONS

ON A WIDE RANGE OF TOPICS—AND ANSWERS

1. What was Boulder dam originally called?
2. Who was elected National Commander of the American Legion at its recent meeting in Saint Louis?
3. What two ball clubs met in the World's Series?
4. What is meant by the term ticket scalper?

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5. By what name is the Chicago base ball team known?
6. By what name is the Detroit ball club known?
7. What town is noted for the ease with which a divorce may be received there?
8. What well known comedian died recently at Kansas City, Missouri?
9. What poem did he make famous through his skill of presentation?
10. What is the meaning of the title "Il Duce" as applied to Mussolini?

ANSWERS

1. Saint Louis.
2. Joe Louis and Max Baer.
3. At Ossining New York.
4. Henry Morgenthau.
5. September 17.
6. Hay-lee Sell-ah-see, with accent on the hay and accent on the ah.
7. Geneva, Switzerland.
8. This refers to the occasion on which a number of those who opposed Hitler's attitude toward the Jews tore the German flag from the German ship Bremen, on the occasion of its docking in New York harbor recently.
9.
10. Redwood.—*Southwestern Oregon News.*

Think you can remember all that?

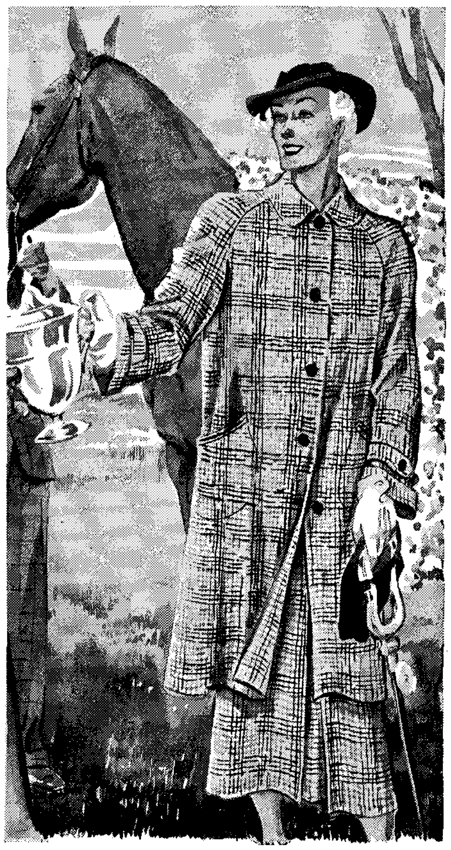
PARIS LETTER

OWING to the international importance of Parisian news just now, a Paris letter could be written from any big city in the world—could, and, indeed, is being written daily on all big cities' front pages. Hong Kong, via Pacific cables, knows nearly as much about the Paris crises as Parisians do, via the grapevine method; by transatlantic phone, New York knows probably more about what is in Herr Hitler's Austrian mind than do German subscribers to his Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter*. But none of the townspeople by any method, anywhere, or on any day can find out what is going to happen on both sides of the Rhine tomorrow. In search of news, everybody in Paris consumes the evening papers with dinner, has nightmares afterward, and wakes up to gobble another front page for breakfast. The only special sight in Paris which could honestly be reported as unusual has been the dense, anxious crowds gathered around the newspaper kiosks, morning, noon, and night, waiting for the three incoming regular editions. Three times a day all kiosks are raided; young men shout, the old kiosk women squeal, *sous* are tossed in a barrage, papers wave like white flags. Perhaps something should also be reported about the strange sight—and sound—made by the famous market women of the Halles booing some conscript soldiers as they were being marched past the vegetable section to the Gare de l'Est, en route for the distant Rhine. No editorial explanation was forthcoming about these boos, though the market ladies' political opinions in times past have been held important; as a guild, the beldames once walked to Versailles to scold Marie-Antoinette; later, as a corporate body, with their knitting they sat by the guillotine, dropping coarse stitches as fine heads fell. Their recent scolding of the soldiery was equally stern and strange criticism. Probably the hurrying *poilus* seemed to symbolize the recent weakness of French diplomacy, the strong possibility of future war, and, above all, the immediate fury at the fix which Herr Hitler has put all Europe, and especially France, in.

Whether war or peace comes from the present international diplomatic efforts, a crop of uncertain new alliances is already one sure result. Though France loathes Communism, she will in future be bound by treatied friendship with Marxian Russia against a Nazi Germany which hates Bolshevism more than the Banque de France ever could. Though England, after founding a big empire by conquest, disapproved Italy's late effort to found a little one in Ethiopia, London will in future omit economic-sanctions talk against Rome if Signor Mussolini will help Mr. Eden to help Monsieur Flandin squelch Herr Hitler's equality complex. Revolutionary Spain will be omitted from these strange new friendships, since she is too busy quarrelling with herself. Poland will continue to sit on the fence which is her Corridor until, perforce, she falls onto the more favorable side, taking with her her famous cavalry, until recently trained with the help of French francs. Greece should be important enough to be offered some nice new foreign entangling alliances; brave little Belgium will, as usual, be protected with fresh treaties by everybody who is glad she is brave but wishes she were bigger. Since Hitler's Pan-Germanization map of Europe includes annexing certain ancient Teutonic holdings in Holland and Switzerland, Princess Juliana and the city of Geneva may also be offered some pleasant promissory notes—if they will first sign on the dotted lines. Certainly Geneva would enjoy being offered something besides the League of Nations' eternal sittings in it.

No one now knows what will happen among European nations or whether whatever it is will be written in ink or in blood. It is certain only that some new version of what is called Continental history is again in the making. There has already been a surfeit.

IN the meantime, Paris is grateful not to have to stay at home and think. One of the best recent reasons for going out was the Opéra's brave presentation of the new Gustave Samazeuilh French libretto for Richard Wagner's rare complete scoring of "Tristan und Isolde." The work, if it seemed no shorter than usual, certainly seemed no longer, doubtless owing to the superb performance, vocally, emotionally, dramatically, of Madame Germaine Lubin, the Opéra's shining star. Madame Lubin is the handsomest opera singer in Europe, with one of the loveliest voices; her Isolde was remarkable, even in her unusual career. At the austere Comédie-Française was



Raglan in the country

What other coat has the jaunty smartness of the Raglan? Especially when we have built out the shoulders a little so that even a slender woman can wear it and find it exceptionally becoming!

This particular coat is made of Linton—the most luxurious of all tweeds—and the colors were copied from the countryside.

LINTON TWEED RAGLAN	**$65.00**
Brown, blue or green overplaids	
SKIRT TO MATCH	**$25.00**
HAT	**$14.75**

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A&F

EATERS DIGEST

SOUP STYLIST

Says Josephine Gibson, gastronome-stylist for the 57 Varieties, in HARPER'S BAZAAR: "Never, never water Heinz soup—but as you'd pin Parma violets to your frock, you may add toasted almond halves to Heinz cream of green pea soup, or pistachio nuts to the delicate cream of celery. Clove-studded slices of lime or orange may well adorn the topaz-colored consommé Madrilène and croutons of puff paste are rightly added to the aristocratic mock turtle."

GOOD AND CRABBY

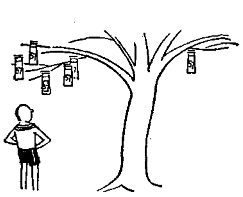
R. C. of Plymouth, Pa., a distinguished amateur chef and still a bachelor, says: "To the contents of two cans Heinz macaroni and cheese I add one can of crab meat and season to taste with a dash of sherry. Heat well. Serve in square toasted bread cups. Why should I marry?"

BUTTE-IFUL

A hostess, conceded astute,
Could feed the whole city of Butte
In the blink of an eye!
When asked how, she said, "I
Owe to Heinz my distinguished repute!"

—which all goes to prove that a complete Quick-Feast Shelf of all of the 57 Varieties might even win you immortality in verse—if that's your ambition. At any rate, a cupboard-full of good things to eat from the House of Heinz will do a lot towards solving your unexpected-guests problem!

J. G. H., Butte, Montana



PICKLED ONIONS—SWEET AND SOUR

"I remember thinking in the days of my childhood that pickled onions grew on a tree," wrote Dickens in MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, but nowadays, says F. S., Mendocino, Calif., my children are convinced that they grow in a glass jar with a 57 label on it.

$5 REWARD If you have any smart, original recipes or interesting facts about the 57 Varieties, let Demi Tasse in on your discoveries. You'll get a check for five dollars if your contribution is printed. Mail to Demi Tasse, c/o The House of Heinz, Dept. N, Pittsburgh.

(*Advertisement*)

presented Jules Supervielle's new historical play, "Bolivar," with incidental modern jazz, rumbas, and Hawaiian saw music by Darius Milhaud, which, incidentally, caused a scandal. There has been a fine show of new paintings by Maurice Utrillo, all made since his recent marriage; the post-nuptial canvases are so giddy as to discourage collectors of his celibate sad period. Paris has almost had a taxi strike; there is threatened a new theatre, movie, cabaret, dance, and concert-hall strike against the government's old postwar ten-per-cent poor tax. Amusement managers feel the state should reduce the last war's taxes before a possible new war and its impossible taxes set in.

WHICH brings us back to Herr Hitler again. On complaint of the German Embassy in Paris, citing that section of the law which deals with "an offence committed publicly against the chief of a foreign state, and complicity," Parisian police, at five-thirty in the morning, seized the complete edition of *Le Journal Magazine* containing some silly and spurious "amorous dreams and revelations" about the Führer's private life, including a chapter devoted to his supposed passion for Miss Greta Garbo. An afternoon edition of the magazine appeared without, by the German Embassy's orders, "an article commencing with the words 'Amorous reserve pleases women' and ending with 'The image of the gentle Greta has never deserted the closed heart of the Reichsführer.'" Since French journals were founded, and since this press law was drawn up, this is the first instance of its being applied to protect a foreign chief of state. It would seem as if Herr Hitler had won another little victory. It would also seem as if now is no time for mischievous French journalism.

What few tourists there are in France also think it's a good time to sail for home.

—GENÊT

•

Please tell me the name of the shrub from which the inclosed leaf was taken.

MRS. GEORGE MACD.

As your letter reached me without the leaf, I cannot identify your shrub.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

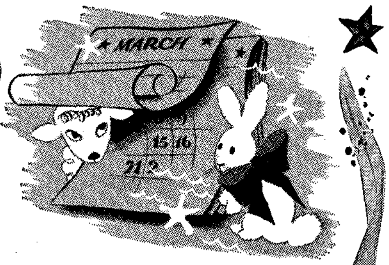
Come on, give a guess!

•

FIELDER'S CHOICE

[*From the Boston American*]

Fireman Harold Andrews risked his wife to dash into the room of one of the guests to save $25,000 worth of jewelry.



OUT LIKE A LAMB, IN LIKE AN

Easter Bunny!

DON'T be fooled by the first of April this year. Here beside the sea it is marked by the advent of Spring and by preparations for a happy Easter. Already, the Palm Sunday Fashion Parade has started. It will continue unabated, like the holiday attractions at these genial beachfront hotels. $7.50 up at Chalfonte, $8 up at Haddon Hall, single, American Plan. $5 up at Haddon Hall, single, European Plan. Special weekly rates.

Leeds and Lippincott Company

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall

ATLANTIC CITY

Where New Yorkers Meet at

Easter

All America, it seems, comes to the Boardwalk. Almost as many come Palm Sunday and stay the week — and longer — to enjoy the full benefits of the famous spring season.

There's plenty of room—and something to do—for everyone. You can rest or romp—you're on your own—and live inexpensively in your choice of the many magnificent hotels and comfortable boarding houses.

Convenient by road and rail.

ATLANTIC CITY

THE WORLD'S PREMIER HEALTH & PLEASURE RESORT

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM—II

HAVING established economic independence through the successful operation of their industries, the communists at Oneida turned their minds toward a social development that would bless not only themselves but their posterity.

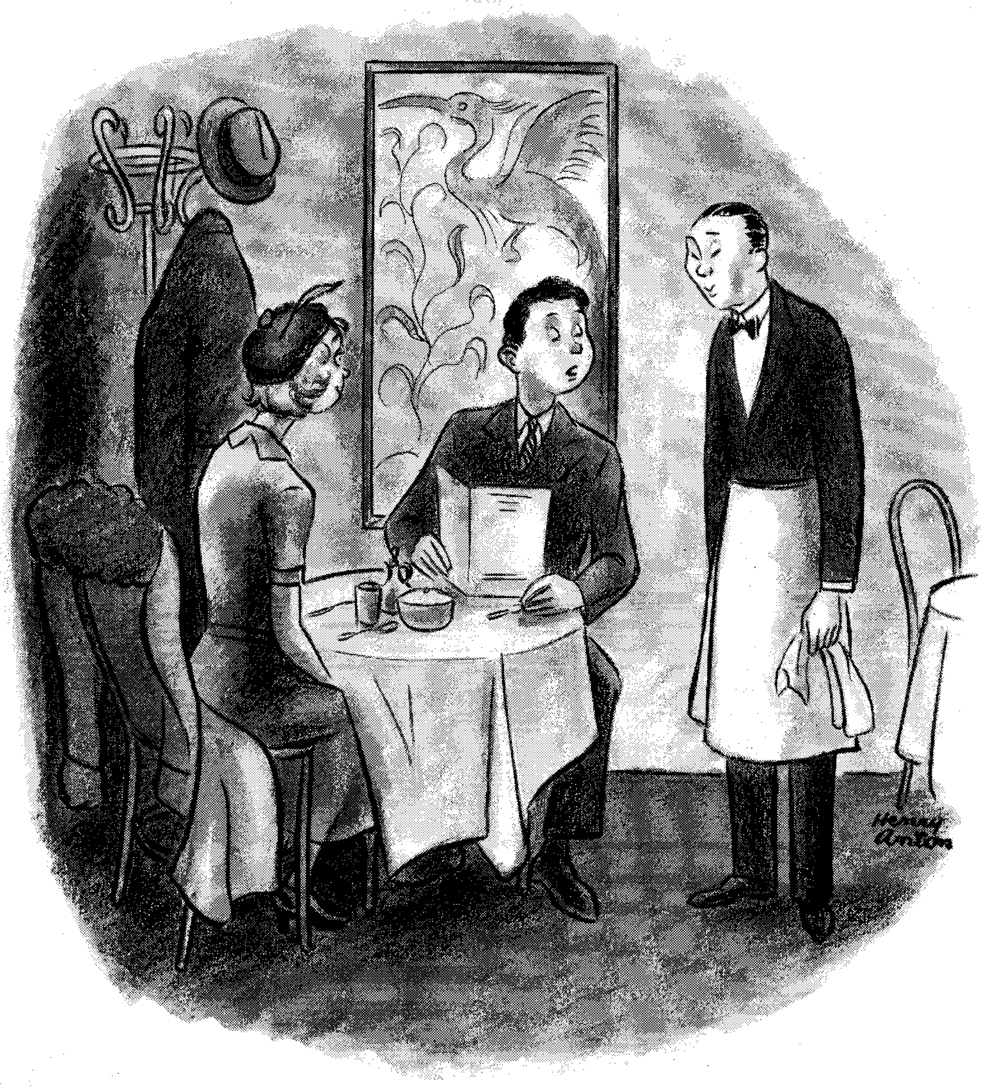
Sexual intercourse in the Community was divided (as mankind has always divided it, although rarely admitting the distinction) into acts for a propagative purpose and acts for social pleasure. All sexual activities were supervised by the Central Committee, of which Dr. Theodore Noyes, the founder's eldest son and a graduate of Yale Medical School, was an important member. If any man of the Community wished to share the joys of the flesh with any woman of the group, merely for the sake of those joys, he applied to the Central Committee. The Committee were lenient enough with such requests, usually acting as a go-between, sometimes saving the man the embarrassment of receiving a refusal in person. Or a woman might make such a proposal to a man through the Committee. The consent of the man or woman chosen was necessary—and the approval of the Committee. These obtained, the man presented himself at the woman's door at bedtime.

Naturally, if the eugenic experiment was to be successful, contraceptive methods were necessary to prevent those merely social unions from bearing fruit. The system used by the communists, and ardently recommended and defended by John Humphrey Noyes, is defined by the term by which it is usually technically described—"male continence." That this method was successful seems proved by the record of only four "unplanned" births out of a total of fifty-eight. It was attacked by contemporary scientists on the grounds that it tended to make men nervous and endangered their health, but Dr. Theodore Noyes, in a surprisingly frank and seemingly unbiassed report, stated that of all the men in the Community he had found but two who might possibly have been adversely affected by it.

If, however, a man or a woman wished to have a child by a chosen partner and made application to the Committee, the matter was taken under more serious advisement. The Committee investigated the background and heredity of each of the proposed parents, weighed their physical and mental attributes, discussed their dispositions and talents. If the conclusions were that the offspring of the projected union would be a superior child, the Committee approved the application. During fifteen months when the stirpicultural experiment was at its height (a time coincidental with the establishment of financial prosperity), nine applications for parenthood were vetoed by the Committee, forty-two approved. In some cases, the Committee on their own initiative recommended the mating of couples who they thought had complementary qualities which would be highly desirable in offspring.

Naturally, the one defection most feared in the Oneida reproductive scheme was falling in love. "Special Love," the communists called it, and it was considered one of the more heinous sins, denying the theory of equal love for everybody, and interfering with the eugenic program. There is a powerful tragedy in the still-remembered story of the young man and young woman who were most loved of all the Community, most often pointed out as models of religious demeanor and social conduct. The diphtheria epidemic took them from the world within a few days of each other, and their grieving friends, disposing of their effects, found two diaries in which their guilt of Special Love was all too pathetically betrayed. The offending portions of the diary were forthwith read before the evening assembly amid a profound hush. The shock and sorrow caused by the secret sin affected the whole Community for a long time.

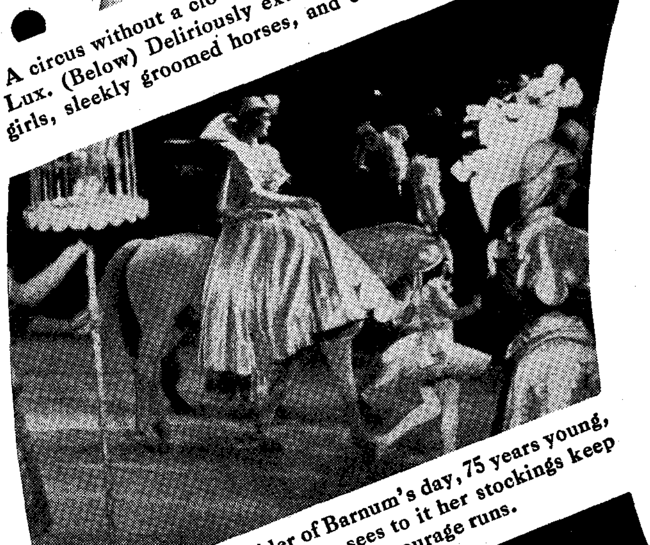
The Community had a very sensible way of dealing with the problem of Special Love. One of the more well-to-do communists had been a farmer at



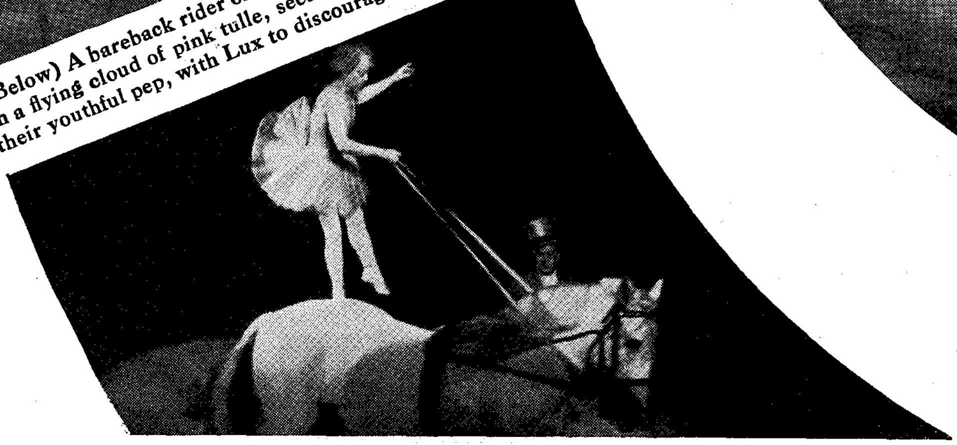
"Chun Far Chow Mein with almonds, water chestnuts, and bamboo shoots—for two."

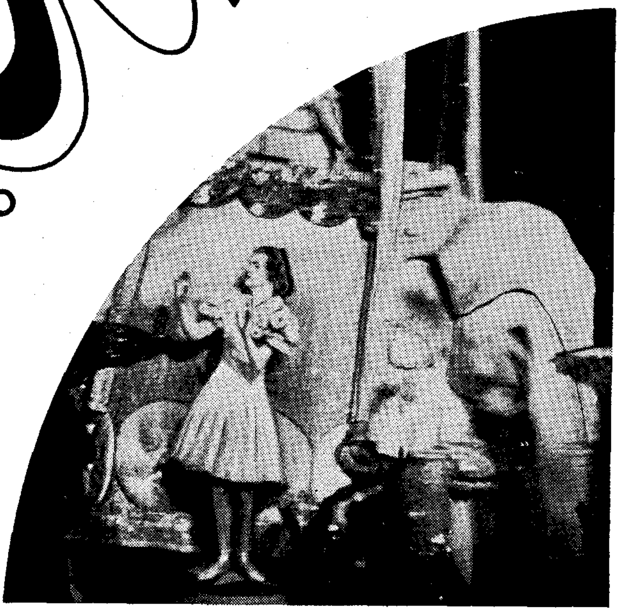
... JUMBO THE . .

A circus without a clown would be as forlorn as a Broadway hit without Lux. (Below) Deliriously extravagant pageant of gorgeously costumed girls, sleekly groomed horses, and caged white cockatoos.



(Below) A bareback rider of Barnum's day, 75 years young, in a flying cloud of pink tulle, sees to it her stockings keep their youthful pep, with Lux to discourage runs.





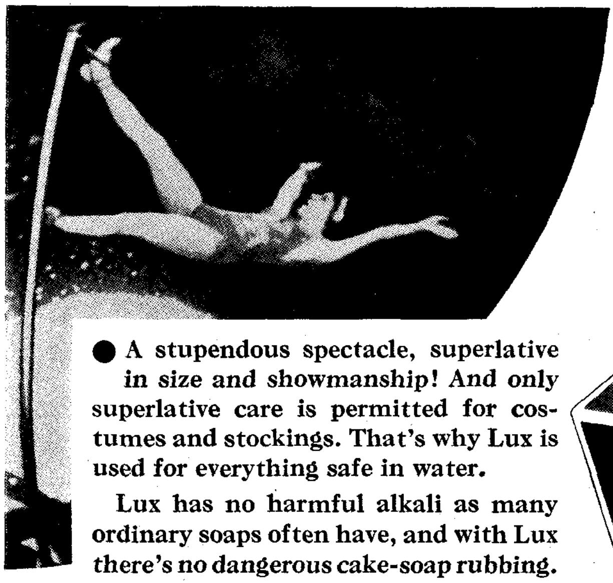
(Above) The ultimate in finales from ring to tent top, with "Jumbo" in the candid camera's range. (Below) Girls lovely to look at are in this amazing amalgam, too. "I use Lux for all their washable costumes," says Clara Shuman, wardrobe mistress.

COLOSSAL THE MAGNIFICENT

insists on Lux for thrifty costume care

(Above) That peerless pachyderm "Jumbo," in private life "Big Rosie," returns with Lux from foraging in the direction of the wardrobe room. It's the pet costume care of this prodigal jamboree. "And a big economy!" declares Billy Rose, its famous producer.

(Above) The Circus Wedding—the most romantic gesture in captivity—moves the organ pipes to the ring, makes aerialists of the bride and groom. (Below) Acrobats put a mighty strain on stockings. Thanks to Lux, they take it in their stride.



(Above) Gloria Grafton, dusky-voiced feminine heart interest, singing "Little Girl Blue." "I stick to Lux!" she says.

● A stupendous spectacle, superlative in size and showmanship! And only superlative care is permitted for costumes and stockings. That's why Lux is used for everything safe in water.

Lux has no harmful alkali as many ordinary soaps often have, and with Lux there's no dangerous cake-soap rubbing. It's such simple care, any girl can keep her own things lovely as new the Lux way . . . a clever bit of economy!

Wallingford, Connecticut, before being admitted at Oneida. Noyes had seen the value of keeping his lands for Community use, and they were never employed to greater advantage, from his point of view, than when they served as a land of exile, a kind of Devil's Island, for one of a pair of sinful lovers. Many a growing romance suddenly found itself stunted by the edict that the young man's services were needed immediately on the farms at Wallingford, over two hundred miles away. One proud fellow committed the double sin of loving one girl too much and another too little. Since his feelings were obvious from his conduct, the young man one day learned that his loved one was in Wallingford and that the Committee recommended, as a sort of punishment for his sin, that he become a father by the girl whom he did not like. So strong were the sanctions of the Committee that the young man did not demur, and he and the unloved one became the forebears of some of the most attractive residents of Kenwood.

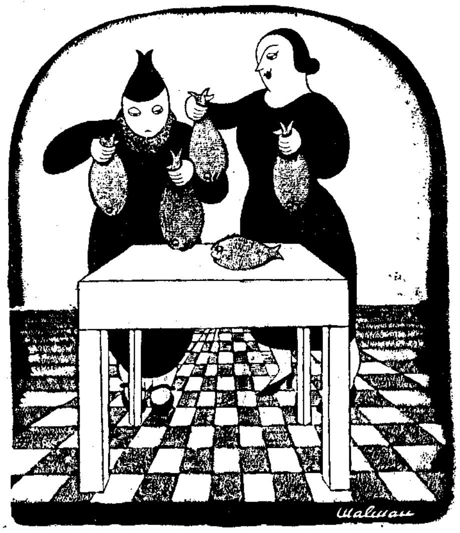
The Community also sought to avoid the sin of Special Love as applied to children. As soon as a child could walk, he was sent to the Children's House, where he lived and where, under the tutelage of expert teachers, his education was begun. The children, though they took the names of their fathers, were considered to be the charge of the entire Community and were not to receive special favors from the man and woman who gave them physical birth. The whole Community took an enthusiastic interest in their welfare, perhaps unconsciously trying to make up to them for the lack of the usual parental demonstrativeness. An extraordinary affection for children still characterizes life at Kenwood, where golf foursomes and tea parties are made up, without condescension on anybody's part, of people ranging in age from twelve to seventy.

"We children had a happy time of it," said P. B. Noyes, "and we did not miss family life as you know it. Nor, as I remember it, did our parents. I didn't have any special feeling for my father. He was a distant, dignified figure, the leader of us all. With my mother it was different. I'm afraid she was guilty of Special Love once in a while, for she used to get me into her room and give me things to eat and do little things to please me. I felt a strong affection for her."

The Children's House at Kenwood not only anticipated the kindergarten in America, it was a forerunner of much that is now good in modern teaching. Sometimes when the children presented themselves for class instruction to their teacher, the good Mr. Warne, they were overjoyed to hear him announce that today would be Walking School. Then off they would troop through glens and hills, and suddenly Mr. Warne would stoop and pick up a rock or a fossil and talk about the earth and what it was made of and how it came to its present state. Or he would point out a bird and tell them of the state from which it migrated each spring, or pluck an ear of corn and tell how the land feeds its people.

Later, when the children were ready for higher education, the communists sent their boys to the master of the wardrobe to be fitted out for college. Yale was the most frequent choice, and that institution later contributed in no small degree to the ultimate dissolution and abandonment of the communal experiments. The girls were occasionally sent to New York to be instructed in "accomplishments"—singing, playing the piano, painting.

By the time the older children were of college age, however, York State moralists were in full cry. Though the Community may seem to have given opportunity for licentiousness, every evidence proves that the great majority of its members lived in it idealistically with moderation and discipline and decorum. It is surprising that in a group of its size there should have been so few exceptions to the general rule. What divagations there were, however, were seized upon by the avid orthodox. Dirtier and dirtier grew the stories about the goings-on behind the walls of The Mansion. More and more outraged became the good church people of the Central New York cities. The spear point of the attack was one Professor John W. Mears of Hamilton College. Up and down the state he stamped, exposing, denouncing, vilifying, demanding that the state legislature wipe out this blot of immorality and licentiousness.



"In the Children's House we learned to hate Judas Iscariot, Benedict Arnold, and Professor Mears as the great triumvirate of evil," said P. B.

While outside pressure was growing constantly stronger, the young men began coming back from Yale. Noyes and his associates were no cowards, and they might have fought off Mears and those he represented indefinitely. But a more deadly enemy was at work. The college boys had drunk of the springs of Darwin and Spencer and Huxley. They could no longer believe in their fathers' Perfectionism. And questioning that, they came to question, too, the right of the Community to deny them the privilege of falling in love, or to insist on what they regarded as indiscriminate mating.

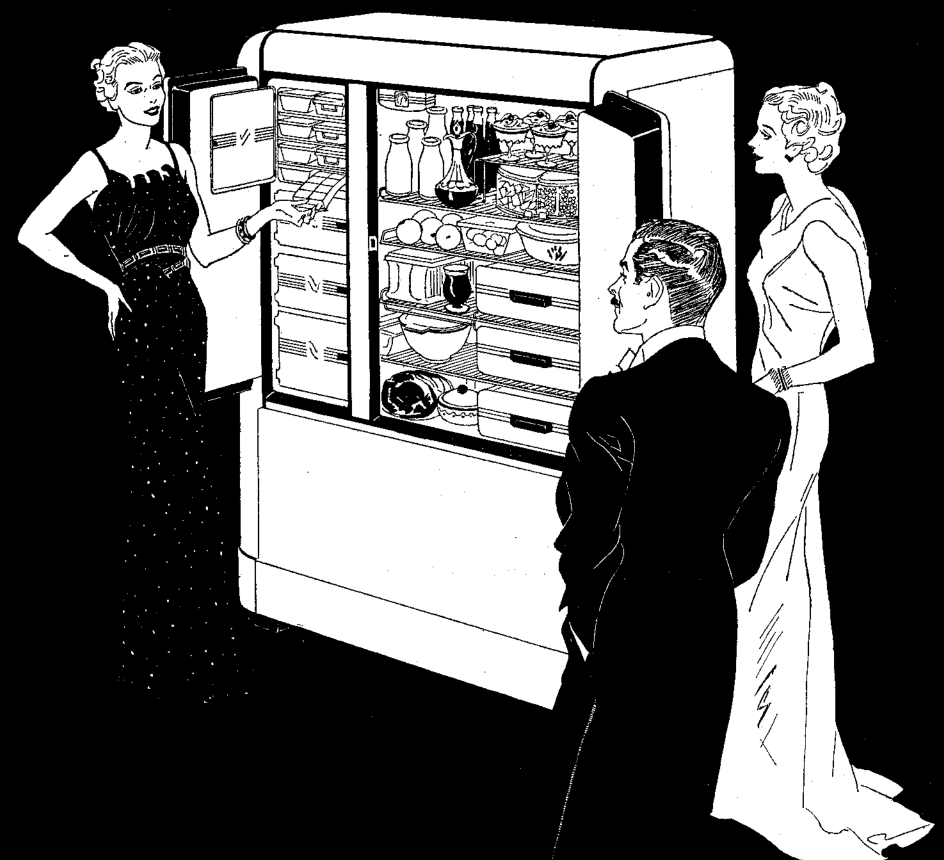
With his prophetic insight, Noyes knew that the end was at hand, and with his intelligence and wisdom, he knew what to do. On the twenty-sixth of August, 1880, he spoke to the assembled communists:

> "I propose that we give up the practice of complex marriage, not as renouncing belief in the principles and prospective finality of that institution, but in deference to the public sentiment. . . . For my part I think we have great cause to be thankful for the toleration which has so long been accorded our audacious experiment. . . . Especially are we indebted to the authorities and people of our immediate neighborhood for kindness and protection. It will be a good and gracious thing for us to relieve them at last of the burden of our unpopularity and show the world that Christian Communism has self-control and flexibility enough to live and flourish without complex marriage."

By the end of that year it had been decided to give up nearly all phases of the communistic experiment. Conventional marriages were effected, with purpose of advantage to the children held uppermost. The communal property was divided as evenly as possible among the two hundred and twenty-five members. The businesses conducted by the Community were put in control of a stock company, the stock also justly divided. And all these changes were accomplished with so much honesty and impartiality that there has never been a lawsuit by a member or even a complaint as to the fairness of the procedure. Probably this was due in part to the fact that only two members

AGE CANNOT WITHER

Oh yes it can!



Because . . . even while you read this advertisement . . . something is beginning to wither right in your own kitchen. We mean your electric refrigerator.

For years it has been delivering refrigeration . . . dependable enough, in truth, but refrigeration without a thrill. And now it is a refrigerator for which you will have lost all pride of ownership.

What has aged it? Why are you suddenly being told that the old "box" is ready for the second-hand man? Because, with the 1936 DeLuxe Kelvinator, household refrigeration has taken a long stride forward.

You have never before heard of a refrigerator with a written Certificate of Low Cost of Operation.

You never saw a refrigerator that kept its food compartment constantly and automatically at a perfect temperature . . . that had a thermometer *built in,* to prove its perfection . . . that purified the air in the food compartment, circulated it to every corner of the cabinet, and kept its interior absolutely odorless.

And then . . . another Kelvinator development moistens the air to the dew point so that fresh vegetables are revived and revitalized.

There's speed-freezing in every ice tray . . . the Kelvinator kind of ice trays that can't stick fast. And from *every* tray, ice cubes pop out of flexible rubber molds, when and where you want them.

For freezing and storing such things as game and fish and frozen desserts . . . special, roomy compartments are provided.

As a lover of beauty, you'll like, too, Kelvinator's idea of calling in Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky to aid in designing the cabinet itself.

But these are just the high spots. You must see the new DeLuxe Kelvinator. But . . . don't saunter into a dealer's store with the idea of just looking. The old pioneer spirit that made you buy your present refrigerator is bound to descend on you again. It's irresistible. And so is the 1936 Kelvinator.

• • •

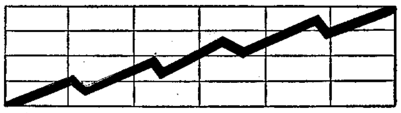
Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.

Kelvinator De Luxe **BUILT FOR CONNOISSEURS OF REFRIGERATION**

"First trip, eh?"

Colonel Chipperhale is generously sharing his wide experience with a less-travelled acquaintance. "My dear chap, when you're in Philadelphia, you'll find the hotel Warwick simply top-hole! Nice, big rooms . . . I never had better food than their George Lamaze cuisine anywhere, 'though I've knocked around the world a bit. You'll enjoy stopping there."

The hotel Warwick
THE PLACE TO STAY IN
Philadelphia



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Have you discovered the HOT hors d'oeuvre we serve with cocktails every afternoon? . .

SEVENTY
PARK AVENUE
Cor. 38th Street

of the Community got from it at the time of the Break-Up less than they put into it. These were Noyes himself and the former owner of the Wallingford farms. Disappointed but bravely adhering to his beliefs, John Humphrey Noyes left Oneida with a few followers and took residence at Niagara Falls in Canada. His life ended in 1886, and his body was brought back to Kenwood to lie beside those who had died believing in him.

"And when did the last member of the original Community die?" I asked P. B. Noyes.

"They aren't all dead yet," he said. "One man and seven women are still alive. Their ages range from seventy-six to ninety-two. I've been trying to get Auntie Norton, who was a member of the Central Committee, to say she'd talk to you. She'll see you tomorrow."

"She's still living here?"

"Lived in The Mansion practically all of her life. She won't tell you much about it, though. She is one of the women who, as they got older, were convinced that my father was wrong and that they had been martyred in a fanatical experiment."

"They didn't think so when it was going on," said Dr. Hilda Noyes decisively. "There is basis for the belief that at least some of the women welcomed the variety of lovers."

"And what about the offspring?" I said, turning to her. "Eugenically speaking, was the experiment successful?"

"Unfortunately, the records of fifty-eight children don't prove any general conclusions," she said. "Fifty-eight are too few specific cases. But, whether it's eugenic heredity or environment or chance, we children don't die—there are forty-seven of us still alive after the fifty-five years since the Break-Up—we don't have diseases, we're big and we're vigorous. Compare our record with the normal expectancy of death in New York State calculated by the insurance companies, and we're almost incredibly healthy and long-lived."

"Well," I said, "of course you had a good business left to take care of you." They all smiled.

"Not exactly," said P. B. "After my father died, a group of spiritualist members of the Community controlled the company. They said they were in daily conference with my father and that he was directing them in the administration of the business. I was selling silver in New York then and making occasional visits up here. I heard complaints. One old stockholder summarized them all when he said, 'Spiritualism can't can corn.' So, with the minority, I put up a fight for the control of the company. It was a narrow squeak. I thought I'd lost when I went to bed the evening the stockholders voted. But one woman who voted her dead father's stock against us because he hadn't liked me voted her own stock for us, and we won. Since then we've been getting along."

"Did the communistic idea go out completely with the establishment of the stock company?" I said.

"Not exactly. We've had a liberal, perhaps I should say radical, tradition to uphold. The idea here has been to pay the bosses more than the employees—but only a little more. We have depressed top wages in order to raise those at the bottom. During the war and immediately after, when the cost of living was increasing rapidly, we instituted a High Cost of Living wage paid in a separate envelope. Whenever Bradstreet's Index showed a twenty-point advance in prices, the worker received a one-per-cent increase in his weekly wage."

"What happened when the war boom ended?"

"We had to give up the idea, but we established instead a method of profit-sharing called the 'contingent wage.' We turned over to our employees each year half the earnings of the company after all obligations, including seven-per-cent dividends on common stock and surplus, had been fulfilled. One year, 1923, the workers got almost a half-million dollars. We paid a service wage, too, giving automatic increases with increasing length of employment. But all that was wiped out by the depression, and now we've got to start over again."

"And you're really going to start over again?"

"Certainly. Once the effect of the depression is over, we shall have profits to share with our workers, and we will share them. Why shouldn't we? Before the depression, we had paid seven per cent on our common stock for twenty-five years, besides several stock dividends which amounted in all to over three hundred per cent. It pays to share profits, pays everybody."

"How many of your present workers are descended from the members of the Community?" I asked.

"Practically none, except in the executive positions. But most of them have been with us a long time. We've helped them buy homes in Sherrill, just across the creek. We've owned the land, and so we've been able to protect them from unscrupulous merchants who would like to start stores there. But we have welcomed honest merchants. There are, too, many recreational clubs, under the general title of Community Associated Clubs, in Sherrill. And in addition to taxes in Sherrill we've contributed until they have as fine a school as you'll find in this section. We've got every worker covered with group insurance until he's sixty-five. Then he gets an annuity. I think you'll find that our workers have a good deal of faith in us. During the depression I finally had to tell them that every worker's pay must be cut a third. They greeted the announcement with a storm of applause."

MY visit with ninety-two-year-old Auntie Norton the next day was almost as fruitless as prophesied. The little white-haired, blue-eyed lady who had once been on the Central Committee looked at me shrewdly, told me she would be glad to tell me anything I wanted to know about the old days, then skillfully evaded answering my questions.

"Life then was well ordered," she said finally. "We worked hard and on a schedule. Mr. Noyes was a distant man and he was quite strict. I never saw him laugh much. He saw to it that the place ran smoothly. I guess it was a little *too* well arranged—but then in a community like ours it *would* be, wouldn't it?"

I said it would.

"And life here was fanatic, too," she said, eying me severely. "It would be that, too, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," I said.

"I'll tell you one story about it, and then I'll have to go to bed, because I've been working hard today.

"There was a nice young man—I'll not tell you his name—and he was guilty of Special Love—for me. He used to try to see me and make love to me when no one was around. They found out about it and sent him to Wallingford. He was gone a long time—as much as two years, I guess. Then, when he came back, we were afraid to be seen together, and we hardly spoke when we came upon each other, but walked on quickly, looking straight ahead. One afternoon I was in the cellar, going toward the laundry, and in a long, narrow hallway we met. He stopped, and I took one look and hurried by him as fast as I could. But as I passed him, he suddenly grabbed my hand. I tried to move on, but he kept hold—and he took my hand in both of his and raised it to his lips and kissed it. Then we both walked away—very fast.

"And now, young man, if you'll excuse me, I'll go on to bed. I enjoyed talking with you."

BEFORE I left Kenwood, I walked with a friend past The Mansion and down across the railroad tracks and finally up a winding little road to the Community Cemetery. From the outside it looks like any other graveyard. The usual uninspired designs of the monument-makers record such data as are found on gravestones. But inside the circle of more recent marble balls and urns and crosses stands a sturdy phalanx of white stones, an army of thick-shouldered little slabs, not quite two feet high, each one identical with its neighbors save for the carving on it.

"They didn't care any more for death than they did for man-made conventions," said the man who was with me. "It was not important to them. And since every man living the Perfect Life in the Kingdom of God was of equal importance, they didn't believe in any fancy business about tombstones. Look at the names. You may find one you know, the name of a man who organized the living of over two hundred and fifty people so well that for thirty-eight years there was no scandal, no divorce, no prostitution, no illegitimacy."

In the middle of a row, I came finally upon a stone, undistinguished from the rest in any way, which bore the name "John Humphrey Noyes."

—CARL CARMER

(*This is the second of two articles on the Oneida Community.*)

•

Later, when a bridge table was broken up "G." Whitney came and sat near us, and as a lover of fine fabrics I could but admire the exquisite weave and dye of the heavenly blue satin gown she wore. I asked permission to touch it, just to learn if it was as good as it looked.—*Harry Worcester Smith in Country Life.*

We assume you were gloved, sir!

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

The dignified street in which he lived was almost vacant, and the lamps stood like placid sentinels awaiting some procession which tarried along.—*"The Well-Beloved," by Thomas Hardy.*

. . . vacant thoroughfare, where the lamps stood like sentinels waiting for some procession to go by.—*"The Son's Veto," by Thomas Hardy.*

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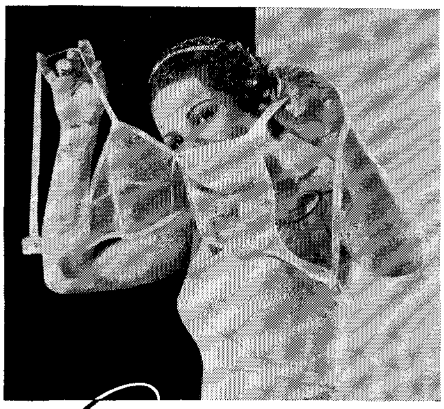

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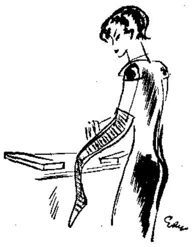
GAUZETTE By Mme. Poix

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

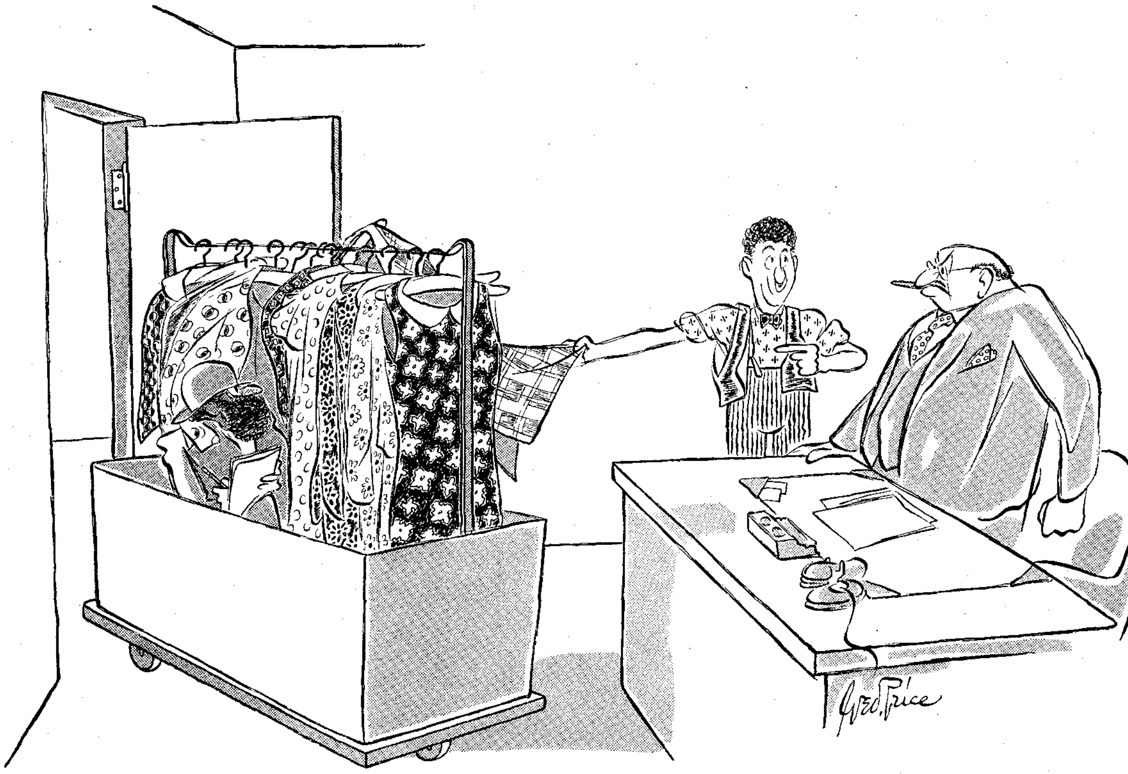


YOU needn't think that the sensational rush of good designing is confined to the temperamental French on the far side of the Atlantic. There seems to be something hurtling through the air that has aroused the imagination of designers living in the most stolid and matter-of-fact sections of New York. For instance, the talent of Elizabeth Hawes has reached unprecedented heights in her newest collection; seeing it makes you realize how rare a treat is the combination of gaiety and elegance. She has always adored slim waistlines and flat-diaphragm effects; this year, her skirts are incredibly full to make your middle section appear even more fragile. And she always unearths marvellous fabrics, many designed exclusively for her.

I had heard of bombazine, naturally, but I had never seen any. It's like sheer alpaca, and makes a black dress with a skimpy, round-necked, collarless top, and a skirt that is all pleated gores, getting wider toward the hemline. The resulting overlapping effect so delighted Miss H. that she used it again on a green-shot taffeta dress for evening. Then there is a peasanty dress with a hug-me-tight top and a gathered skirt fashioned of Pola Stout's gray homespun. A Bianchini pure silk, which looks for all the world like a heavy, burlapy linen, makes a black day dress, full-skirted and high-waisted. A satin-backed shantung, with the texture of mousse, is used for all kinds of day and evening dresses. For instance, in a sulphur yellow, it makes a sleeveless, tight-waisted jacket that descends to a point in back and is worn over a dress of beige print, with mauve and sulphur patterns upon it. Starting a grim campaign to make chess take the place of skiing, there is an ankle-length dress that would also do nicely for beach and garden—natural linen with buttons shaped like pawns, black sleeves, and inserts on the chest to carry out the chessboard idea. Her Sarah Bernhardt is an outstanding suit of beige gabardine with a fitted jacket flaring slightly to a point just above the knees, and an embroidered batiste blouse terminating in a little fall-over ruffle around the neck. This paragraph—in case you are wondering—has a hit-or-miss tone about it because there were so many highlights among the models that I had to close my eyes and pick among them almost at random. That happens so seldom it all but bowled me over.

MADAME FRANCES is showing clothes with a sparkle, elegance, and worldliness second to none in town. She has always had a very specialized talent for black dresses, both for day and evening, that breathe luxury because of the artful detail. Only here would anyone have thought of making a tailored white yoke covered with white pearl buttons used like paillettes. Or a square yoke that is all little net ruffles shooting upward to the round collar. Or shredded chiffon in petal formations creating a heart-shaped neckline. There are lots of costumes made of black sheers—dresses and fingertip jackets that are smart for town, yet infinitely cool and uncrushable. On these, Madame Frances likes stick-out edgings, achieved in various ways, which outline the edges of the jacket and the hems as well as the necklines of the dresses. One of my pets was a simple black dress with black ciré ribbons crisscrossing on the chest and encircling the waistline. The ciré ribbon, in jagged spikes, appears on the cuffs of the cape-back jacket, and also encircles the tiny hat worn with it. If you want to be tailored, there are simple double-breasted suits, made feminine by pastel handkerchief-linen linings that match the blouses.

Also, Madame Frances has a new idea for cocktail time and on-into-the-night occasions, and I am not yet sure whether I like it. It's sort of a surprise. Morocco has a black crêpe skirt, just above ankle length; a barbarous embroidered red-and-green sash; and a crisp white piqué monkey jacket. I went overboard, though, about a fringed evening affair of black sheer, with the fringe giving a pulled-up-in-back look



"Look, Mr. Cohen! A Goldfarb & Finkelstein spy!"

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to the skirt and trailing wearily from the scarf and from the ends of the string shoulder-straps. You may prefer her pale-green taffeta, full-skirted, with flesh-colored net giving it the most precarious neckline in town. Or a black lace with great chenille dots over taffeta. Or printed dresses with cascades of plain tulle suddenly emerging below the hips.

As you must know, all the clothes at Hawes and Frances are custom-made.

FORTNUM & MASON have a good group of two-piece tweed costumes, made of fabrics so soft and spongy that they are equally adapted for use as suits or as jumper dresses. There are all kinds, belted, buttoned, and very youthful, for your selection. Also, they love the expert matching job that the Linton tweed people worked out in plain tweeds combined with checked ones. There is a golf skirt, buttoned up one side, in a darkish cocoa color; the beiges and cocoas and odd pinky-brown shades of the checked jacket are a delight to the eye. And they are proud of their three-piece costume for $85. It comes in a gay plaid, with a sleeveless vest and a fitted jacket that has a diagonal panel through the ribs which is carried down in the skirt. And this is the place for mannish tweed topcoats, which are so much smarter than polo coats for country wear. They are on balmacaan lines, with deep-pointed collars, three or four hunk buttons on the chest, and great patch pockets. There are also more citified tweed coats, with wide revers, tight and double-breasted waistlines, and hip pockets; they have a year-after-year kind of swank. And, for fun, look at the new Tyrolian belts. They are wide, colorful, and extremely gay, with applied patches of leather, cutouts to show giddy glimpses of colored felt, and other such goings-on.

EASTER is upon us, and it is my annual custom to remind all and sundry of the Matchabelli Easter eggs, containing three tiny crown bottles of the most popular Matchabelli perfumes, and costing $3. . . . Not to be outdone by anybody, the De Vilbiss people come marching forth with a china Easter bunny. There is a little atomizer hidden beneath him, and room for half an ounce of perfume in the base. He costs $1.50, and you'll love him. . . . The amazing Parfums Weil, not content with the unceasing popularity of Zibeline, have brought out a new perfume, called Cassandra. It's an exquisite floral blend of such voluptuousness that no girl has any business adding to the spring unrest by using it. Don't say I didn't warn you. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Sauces, at Home and Abroad

NOTHING in the nation's life has resisted the melting pot so successfully as the sauce which our Anglo-Saxon forebears brought over with them. To this very day our tea shoppes' cream sauce is pretty much the same as that thick, resisting substance in which is dished up the vegetable marrow of the British Isles. No good going into the uses this *might* be put to, but it certainly should not be our national sauce.

Lehmann Brothers, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), have come out as the guardian angel of the better—at least the better-flavored—life by offering in half-pint bottles those wines generally used in sauce-making. The assortment includes a Chablis that is dry without being sour, very decent claret and Burgundy, and a sherry good enough even for a calves'-head soup. Most economical, as you don't have your wine going bad on you between sauces, nor do you have to take any back talk from the keeper of the family cellar for borrowing a cupful or so of the 1920 Haut-Brion for a rabbit stew.

More and more markets are carrying fresh herbs, so now you can find tarragon and chervil at places where a year or so ago they were never heard tell of. Shaffer's Market, at 673 Madison Avenue (61st), has these herbs all the year round, of course, as does Samuel Johnson, 1225 Third Avenue (71st), Bliss & Brothers, 711 Madison Avenue (63rd), and pretty nearly all the first-class places.

As a matter of fact, well-flavored dried herbs are more difficult to find than the fresh ones. The dried herbs sold by most of the herbalists are no more help to a sauce than so many dried twigs. A step forward in our sauce-making, however, ought to be the herb chests which are on sale at Charles, the Vendôme, Maison Glass, and the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th). These practical kitchen aids contain little packets of imported dried basil, rosemary, thyme, chervil, marjoram, and tarragon, with a chart giving very intelligent directions for their use. Most of the herbs in the assortment are the freshest I have run across, but they

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aren't perfection yet, and I shan't be content until there is a clearinghouse for the garden output of our amateur herb-growers, so that we can flavor winter stews and sauces with marjoram and tarragon and dill grown and dried in Connecticut and Long Island, not in France or Germany, heaven knows how many months ago.

You will make a mistake if you reserve your Spanish saffron just for bouillabaisse, as it greatly improves a number of strong (usually garlicky) sauces. Maybe, though, you haven't any Spanish saffron to reserve, as, oddly enough, it isn't kept in American grocery shops—not even in the best of them. You will find it, however, in every little Italian hole in the wall along First Avenue and Ninth Avenue, and on Bleecker Street, and wherever there are nostalgic South Europeans. The little five-cent packages of the herbs (usually decorated with the picture of a handsome black-mustached gentleman) hold just enough to season one sauce. In the Italian shops you can also get dried mushrooms, not to be considered a substitute for the fresh vegetable, but something quite different, richer and more succulent in certain highly seasoned dishes, notably in a Bolognese sauce.

If Nassau is where you went this winter, you may want to make a pepper pot, same as you ate down there, and find yourself balked by not being able to get any cassareep to go into it. You have to be very, very clever to find cassareep in New York (even I almost wasn't clever enough), and you must be clever, too, to know that it's this sticky juice of the cassava which gives to West Indian pepper pot its distinctive flavor. But perhaps you went to Pinehurst, and aren't interested in what they eat in the West Indies. Anyway, the cassareep can be found at Smith's grocery shop, 200 West 141st Street. Mr. Smith is a member of Father Divine's

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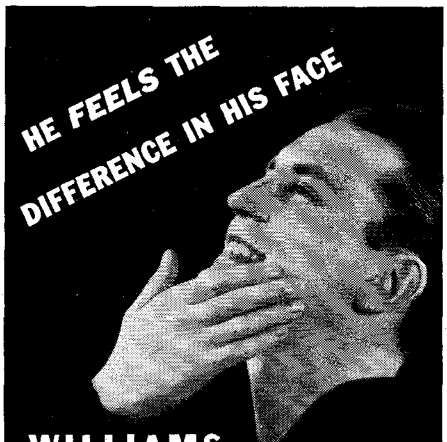
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congregation, although certainly this is no place to bring that up.

Casa Victori, at 164 Pearl Street, and Moneo's, 218 West 14th Street, have everything needed for Spanish and Mexican dishes—highly flavored chile powder, for one thing, which gets you off to a good start in making a sauce for chiles rellenos. Both these shops have mole powder in tins, and ranchera sauce, which is an ordeal by fire, but fine if you survive it; and achiote, which has no particular flavor, but is used for coloring Mexican beans. They also have paprika, but I prefer the sort you get along First Avenue, in the shops where spices of all kinds are sold in great open-mouthed sacks on the sidewalk. Try Storch's, at 201 First Avenue (12th), or the Great Italian Stores, 181 First Avenue (11th).

For those who hate to make a sauce as deeply as their friends hate to have them do it, Charles and Fortnum & Mason provide a powder sort of thing which seasons and thickens at the same time. It's pretty good, especially for cooks who think the important part of dinner is having it on time. Fortnum & Mason keep rock salt, which you have been hunting for your salt mill, and which should be used more often in cooking, I think.

The Vendôme, and Madame Eva, 35 West 58th Street, will make to order any sauce you hanker after. It seems that homesick exiles are always ordering sauces made from their own receipts, which these heroic shops turn out just as they were made back home. Madame Eva specializes in sweet sauces—the custardy thing that goes with Nesselrode pudding, a sabayon sauce, and such.

Also in the sweet-sauce line, there are lovely fruit syrups for ice cream at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work. Dean's and Schrafft's have very good butterscotch and fudge sauce. —S. H.

•

Genealogy is an absorbing hobby of Mr. Taylor, whose other absorbing interest is being president of the U. S. Steel Corporation.—*Cholly Knickerbocker in the American.*

What's he do for a living, raise guppies?

•

They will re-enact excerpts from "Love Before Breakfast," a new film adapted from Faith Baldwin's "Spinster Dinner." —*Boston Evening Transcript.*

That's not an adaptation—that's a positive development.

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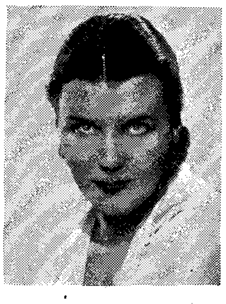

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Children's Hour

JEAN HARLOW
2 FEATURES

ASIDE from an unusually flat Charlie Chan film, "Charlie Chan at the Circus," there seems to be only "Petticoat Fever" and "These Three" to be touched on at the moment. "These Three" is, of course, the screen adaptation of Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour," and quite a good piece of work has been done with this somewhat problematic drama. Miss Hellman herself has written the screen play, and it might seem obvious from the results that it is not a completely haphazard arrangement to have the original author handle the movie, too, instead, as is customary, of hauling in some alien from Malibu Beach to do the work, someone who has to make a hurried flight East to see the stage production, if by any chance that is still on the boards.

Miss Hellman had one definite readjustment to make. "The Children's Hour," as you may know, has to do with the friendship of two young women, a friendship characterized by such emotional undercurrents as are not held seemly for screen exposition. The theatregoing public of Manhattan and environs may comprehend such matters, but it is not to be expected that the great movie public would care to hear them discussed, or would understand them if they were. As Miss Hellman has shown, it was not impossible to salvage the structure of her play, sustain some of its early force, and transpose her original theme to that of a more familiar complication, one that has arisen before on the stage. The "triangle," it's called. Of course I do not think for a moment that those who saw and liked the play will prefer the movie. It may seem a bit too much nursery tea for these, yet for others the picture has its points.

I rather wish that Hollywood could have waited until Florence McGee could have been spared for the film. No one else, I am sure, can make the little hellcat of the school who causes all the trouble quite such a demon. Bonita Granville does it nicely in the screen version, and perhaps well enough for the somewhat Lysoled adaptation. The

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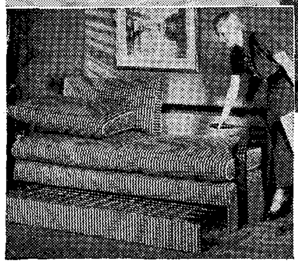

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plump and becurled Marcia Mae Jones, too, as the victim and tool of her fellow-pupil, adds a good touch. As for the adults, they—the three major ones anyhow—do well enough. I can't say that I thought the Misses Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon ever looked like schoolmarms for a moment; nor, scandal or no scandal, could I imagine them long in the business. Joel McCrea is at least successfully affable. With all the drastic alterations made in the plot, it is surprising how many of the original episodes and scenes have been retained. It is not surprising—or any loss, I think, either—that there is no suicide at the end, and that the final moments even have a happy coloration.

"PETTICOAT FEVER," with Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy in evidence against a background of Labrador snowdrifts, is a pert, bright, and not startling comedy. The Misses Bo Ching and Iris Yamaoka, Eskimo soubrettes, actually walk in where Nordics might fear to tread, and grab the honors of several scenes right from under the nose of the beautiful Loy. Their waggish little dance, accentuated by a *ceinture* of fox tails, is quite an incident in the film. For the most part, however, the trifle, coming from a Dennis King play of last year, relies on the usual roguish Montgomery note, a note that does not in the least abash Miss Loy. Perhaps the major audacity of the piece is the courage with which the stars wear full evening dress in a radio station in the Arctic wilderness.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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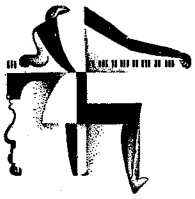
MUSICAL EVENTS

Metropolitan Roundup

REVIEWING the Metropolitan opera season which came to an official close last week, the temptation is to go in for the sort of constructive criticism which is known at the Polo Grounds as grandstand managing. For some operagoers, there's no more agreeable mental diversion than firing singers, engaging stage directors, revising the repertoire, and remodelling the whole institution. It's excellent entertainment—especially if you aren't required to put your notions into practice.



Simply looking at the record, it seems that the Metropolitan management has done well within limitations imposed by economics and tradition. The best assets of the house—notably the Wagnerian performances—have been preserved. If there were no novelties or ingenious revivals in the repertoire, it was because there was no inclination to invest in music of dubious box-office value. Artistically, this is no ideal policy, but I take it that operatic finances haven't yet arrived at the point where the management can enjoy an unrestrained fling at art.

Strictly speaking—and sometimes speaking strictly—the news of the season may be an account of the restorations to the repertoire, and notes on the recent vocal acquisitions.

OF the revivals, "Fidelio," with Mme. Flagstad, was most important. Some of the customers would have liked more zing from Mme. Flagstad, but she doesn't happen to be that sort of artist, and her Leonore was the more striking because the rôle isn't a natural for her. There weren't any monumental individual performances in "Fidelio," but the opera had been prepared and staged with intelligent enthusiasm, which wasn't a rule for some of the operas on view this season. "Gianni Schicchi," sung in English by part of the cast and in an inimitable (I hope) dialect by the rest, registered quickly, and much efficient work was put into "La Rondine," the result still being "La Rondine." The same effort devoted to another opera would have—but there will be no grandstand managing today.

"Carmen," to which Miss Ponselle restricted her operatic labors this season, must have been profitable, and I suspect that some of the adverse notices may have been more helpful than solemn approval would have been. "Norma" didn't emerge from rehearsals, because there seemed to be no substitute for Miss Giannini. The nonperformance of "Norma" was one of the year's greatest opportunities for grandstand managers.

IN the early part of the season, there seemed to be some new member of the company making a début almost every night. Miss Lawrence and Mme. Wettergren won immediate favor. Miss Fisher, whose early performances were scaled too delicately for the house and its traditions, found herself and the auditorium after a few weeks, and has become a useful and versatile Metropolitanite. There were helpful contributions from the attractive Miss Burke, and Miss Antoine presented unusual talents as a coloratura. Miss Giannini made a good début as Aïda, and, for some reason, that début was practically her season at the Metropolitan. The Misses Olheim, Symons, and Votipka furnished fresh tones for rôles that haven't always been sung too blandishingly; and late in the *stagione*, Mme. Castagna, once of the Sixth Avenue opera, brought over to Broadway one of the most impressive low voices in the business.

The tenor department added Mr. Kullmann, a sound young artist; Mr. Bentonelli, who appeared suddenly and competently; and Mr. Maison, whose voice is peculiar, but who knows what it's about. The new German baritone, Mr. Habich, was effective if not always subtle, and the youthful Mr. Huehn sang well, although he was hurled into rôles which he hasn't yet developed. Mr. Morelli turned in fine, resounding tones when he didn't try to push them, and Mr. Baromeo made himself welcomely at home in the bass division.

MUCH of the staging was routine, as in other years. Charge that off to a crowded schedule, for there were several productions, like "Fidelio" and "La Rondine," that indicated what could be accomplished when time was available. There were two new sets, exhibited on the first two nights of the season without revolutionary effects, and the lighting continued on some daylight-saving scheme, in which day turns

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to night while you read one line in the program.

The American Ballet varied from the excellent to the impromptu, and the chorus, now directed by the Maestri Cleva and Neuger, remained well drilled.

EARLY in the semester, the orchestra sounded like an improved outfit, and although it slid back into some of its old tricks, the tone is cleaner than it used to be. Some of the conductors (never Mr. Bodanzky) lapsed into a tendency to permit singers to dawdle determinedly, so sometimes one didn't know whether the singers were directing the conductor or whether the maestro was in charge of the show. It would be interesting, by the way, not to have the same operas always conducted by the same men. I'd like, for instance, to see Mr. Bodanzky taking charge of "Carmen," but this fancy may be an approach to telling them how to run the opera house.

THIS report is the news of a transitional season in which the emphasis was on new voices. It was a lively session of opera, and, I think, an encouraging start on the five-year plan which Mr. Johnson outlined soon after he became managing director. The story isn't yet complete, for there's a spring season on the way, arriving the eleventh of May.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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After the song, the Peppers talk shop richly, amusingly, and rather pathetically, Mrs. Pepper being disillusioned about show business and their own act, Mr. Pepper retaining pride in the fading tradition of vaudeville and in the merits of the script, which had been "good enough for my Mum and Dad." And

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back they go for another whirl at the audience, this time with an atypical exercise in jauntiness, "Man About Town." The scene is so well done that you almost can see it. The disc is an importation—H.M.V. C 2815.

The other Lawrence-Coward offerings are snatches from "Shadow Play," in a characteristic vein of wistful amour, concluding with "You Were There," which sounds like one of the song hits of next season—or any season in which the tune is released (H.M.V. C 2816). It's no masterpiece of vocalization by the stars, but it comes through. The third selection is from "Family Album" (H.M.V. C 2817), which is mystifyingly fragmentary.

THERE'S nothing arresting in the current assortment of local vocals, but the dance list is somewhat more varied than usual, so we'll go into our dances:

Eight Bars in Search of a Melody and Hobo on Park Avenue—Hudson-De Lange Orchestra. Swingy material, and turned out efficiently and ingeniously. (*Brunswick 7618*)

Avalon and Swanee River—Jimmie Lunceford and his Orchestra. Smartly contemporary handling of an apparently perennial fox trot and a lively treatment in fast dance tempo of a classic. The playing is exceptional. (*Decca 668*)

Cake Walk and Moon Winks—Victor Dance Orchestra. Revival of once-popular dance modes. The cake walk consists mostly of "At a Georgia Camp Meeting." "Moon Winks" is a celebrated three-step. Simple arrangements, which don't obscure the issue, help to make this an amusing novelty for your home hoofing. (*Victor 25261*)

Thinking of You and A Moment in the Dark—Carlos Molina and his Orchestra. A tango and a waltz, both done slowly and juicily. Languorous but not sleepy. (*Columbia 3122-D*)

Swell and Am I Gonna Have Trouble with You?—Jimmie Grier and his Orchestra. Vivacious affairs, expertly intoned, with occasional twists in scoring. (*Brunswick 7622*)

Solitude and Thanks a Million—Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra. Louis plays and sings, and it's all in the best Armstrong tradition, including a remarkable high E for trumpet in "Solitude." (*Decca 666*)

It's Great to Be in Love Again and The Old Oak Tree—Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra. Smoothies, featuring the Duchin piano. (*Victor 25259*)

A Beautiful Lady in Blue and One Night in Monte Carlo—London Piano-Accordeon Band. Two current hits exploited spaciously by a congress of piano-accordions, which pump out the tunes feelingly and close up each air with resounding barbershop chords. (*Columbia 3120-D*)

—Pop

•

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Naples* (*Fla.*) *Herald*]

The Second grade had a spelling moach Friday.

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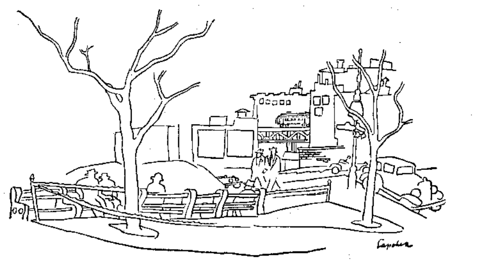
THE AGENDA

UNDER the heading "Department of Chemistry," the college catalogue listed "Professor Guthrie; Associate Professor Vandercook; Assistant Professors McIlwain and Brundage; Messrs. Hewitt, Grady, and Copplestone." Of the entire group, Dr. Brundage was the only man who seldom protested that the clerical side of academic work was annoying. He seemed to have a genuine fondness for it.

On this particular morning, he hurried into the foyer of the Science Building, and called at the switchboard for his mail. He was in the best of spirits, not only because it was a fine day but because he rather looked forward to the hour that was about to begin. He never failed to enjoy this part of his routine. Every morning, between nine and ten, he read his mail, answered various letters, occasionally worked on a committee report, made telephone calls, and performed similar tasks. Since he met no classes until ten, he was free to do as he pleased in what he called "the time of day when I can see the college in perspective" and "a most satisfactory hour, as far as getting things done is concerned."

As soon as he entered his office, he went over to the window and raised it. The air outside was too good to miss. The Professor glanced approvingly at the masses of purple and white iris that flanked the chapel steps. It was such an attractive campus, such a delightful place in which to work. Dr. Brundage yanked at the lid of his desk, and his typewriter came bounding up from its hiding place. He sat down and surveyed his bookshelves, which were carefully indexed; his files, which were in excellent order; and the top of his desk, with its row of textbooks and the two wire baskets for the reports of student experiments. One basket was labelled "Corrected" and the other "To Be Corrected." The latter was empty, but the first was piled high with reports corrected the previous afternoon. Dr. Brundage gazed at this heart-warming spectacle for several minutes, and then plunged into the business of the morning.



First, he ripped open an envelope that had "Office of the President" printed in the upper left-hand corner. As soon as he had read it, the Professor inserted a sheet of his own official notepaper into the typewriter, and began an answer:

> MY DEAR DR. GALBRAITH:
>
> I should consider it a signal honor to serve on the subcommittee of the Committee on Public Relations, for the purpose of charting unexplored opportunities for publicizing faculty research. I am in wholehearted agreement with you when you say that those of us who devote our leisure (if I may venture to be quietly ironic, *en famille*) to private investigation in laboratory or library, as the case may be, generally without receiving any meed of public recognition save for some form of mention in the journals devoted to such activities, would perhaps be spurred on to greater endeavor if our *less sensational* findings were recorded in the metropolitan newspapers. I see no reason why this form of publicity should not be encouraged.
>
> In any event, I shall be happy to serve on the subcommittee, and trust that its work will prove fruitful. I am convinced that the private research now in progress throughout the college harbors ample sources of publicity for this institution, if ably presented through the medium of the press and other channels.
>
> Faithfully yours,

Although this merely restated several passages in Dr. Galbraith's letter, it was a happily worded reply, and Dr. Brundage read it over with warm satisfaction. He didn't know, exactly, whether much research of general interest was going on in the precinct of the college, or how the press could be coaxed to splash these doings over the front pages, but he felt, as a matter of course, that professors everywhere were the victims of harsh injustice and probably deserved any publicity the subcommittee could get for them. He worried for a moment over "other channels," not being quite sure whether there *were* any other channels besides newspapers, but decided not to alter the phrase. It sounded pleasantly authoritative.

The one package in the mail was obviously the next thing to be considered. Packages took precedence over everything except letters from Dr. Galbraith. This one was shaped like a book. Probably a textbook. Still, while waiting to be disrobed of its shroud of heavy paper and corrugated board, it had a certain glamour. The parcel turned out to be a revised edition of a textbook used by the chemistry department. There was a card attached to the flyleaf: "Since this book has already found favor with you, we are sending you the revised edition in the hope that you will see fit to adopt it next semester. Won't you let us know what you think of it? We should like to print your comment in the descriptive circular which will be sent out next month by our advertising department."

Dr. Brundage rippled the pages of the new textbook, and then inserted a fresh sheet of paper into the typewriter.

> GENTLEMEN:
>
> I have just examined with interest the new edition of Jensen's "Organic Chemistry." In my opinion it is a vast improvement upon the old edition, which, I might add, has been the most successful book I have ever introduced into my Organic course here. Dr. Jensen has made an admirable contribution to a field which can boast of lamentably few textbooks of a wholly satisfactory nature. I shall certainly ask you to furnish our college bookshop with copies of the new edition next September.
>
> Very sincerely,

He got up, and placed the new book on a shelf marked "Organic." There would be no need to go into it extensively until the summer vacation. Following this, the Professor read a letter from the President of the Student Council, asking permission to include the names of Dr. and Mrs. Brundage among the official chaperons for a dance to be given by the Student Council in the gymnasium. It was an informal letter, but the Professor chose to reply in a rather more dignified manner. He wrote in longhand:

> Dr. and Mrs. Brundage accept with pleasure the kind invitation of the Student Council to chaperon a dance in the gymnasium on May the twenty-seventh at nine o'clock.

He surveyed this effort proudly for a moment before reaching for an envelope, which he addressed in the same careful script. Since assistant professors received comparatively few requests to chaperon the college dances—department heads being in greater demand than the men of lower rank—Dr. Brundage considered that this invitation was perhaps the most agreeable item in his morning's correspondence. He decided to allude to it lightly during luncheon at the Faculty Club, as if it were one of several minor engagements on his calendar.

NEXT he hesitated between a fat envelope from the office of the college newspaper and an unsealed billet from the Clerk of the Faculty, whose chief function was to distribute advance notices of faculty meetings. Dr. Brundage chose the plump one, because he couldn't imagine what was inside it. The contents proved to be a questionnaire: rather a flattering document, inviting him to express himself on a number of political issues. The college paper, excited by the Presidential election, was canvassing the faculty with a view to unearthing a few stray Communists. Dr. Brundage, who had recently embraced a polite liberalism, filled in the blank spaces with sentiments of a pinkish tinge, several of which stood a fair chance of being quoted by the editor in his columns without causing the trustees too much alarm, at least as far as Dr. Brundage's integrity was concerned. To the questionnaire the Professor appended a little note:

To the Editor of *The Collegian*,
SIR:

May I be allowed to applaud the interest *The Collegian* is taking in national affairs? I feel that this is a great step in the right direction. You are putting out a lively and exciting paper. My congratulations.

Sincerely,

He opened the message from the Clerk of the Faculty. It was a slim strip of paper which read, "I have been asked to inform the members of the faculty of the appointment of Dr. Joseph Ellsworth McIlwain, Assistant Professor of Chemistry, to the rank of Associate Professor. Let me also remind the faculty that contributions toward the silver coffee service to be presented to Professor Emeritus Bowles and Mrs. Bowles must be made before May 1, to permit ample time for the engraving of the tray."

Dr. Brundage stared at the Clerk's note with an expression that might well have been caused by shellshock. It was quite a long time before he drew a sheet of paper to one side of the desk, and began with a flourish:

MY DEAR JOE,

I am so happy to learn

He wrote no further. Instead, he got up and went to the door. He snapped the lock. Then he returned to his desk and sat down. After reading the Clerk's letter again, he dropped it into the wastebasket. The Professor slumped forward over the typewriter, and buried his face in his arms. The bell in the tower of the Jedediah Gryce Library struck ten. His favorite part of the day was over.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

In the spring of 1869 he was pardoned by President Andrew Jackson.—*Time.*

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THE IPA LAWS

IN view of subsequent developments, the bitter controversies that raged through the years 1935-6 over the passage in various states of Teachers' Oath laws, as they were called, seem, when one looks back on them now, curious indeed. These laws required simply that all teachers and instructors of whatever degree must make formal profession of allegiance to the American government before their appointment to educative posts, and in spite of what was in some instances spirited opposition they were passed in one form or another by many of the state legislatures during 1935 and by practically all of them by the end of the following year.

By that time, opposition had worn itself out, and when, early in 1937, a similar measure was presented in Congress, making the law a federal one, it was passed with hardly a dissenting voice. It soon appeared, however, that this was to be but the first in a really formidable number of similar provisions, now usually lumped together under the general designation of the "IPA laws." The name derives from the initials of the first three words of the oath commonly required, which was the same one that schoolchildren for generations have been accustomed to chant: "I pledge allegiance to my flag," etc.

It seemed but natural that if teachers were to be required to assert their patriotism before assuming their duties, then doctors, lawyers, and other members of the so-called "learned professions" should not be immune, and a second bill was shortly prepared to remedy this defect. But Congress was by now thoroughly aroused, and the passage of this second bill was considerably delayed, as both Houses vied with each other in adding "riders," or amendments, which progressively enlarged the scope of its provisions. When it finally became law, it covered such widely diverse professions as, among others, those of radio broadcasters, undertakers, traffic managers, and, indeed, beauticians and railway engineers. But even this was not enough.

For as the threats of war increased and the nation continued to arm itself against as yet unnamed but ever more imminent foes, as, within its borders, popular dismay and distrust intensified, the government itself, like a suspicious and uncertain lover, grew more and more insistent on continued protestations of devotion. There seems a certain poetic significance in the fact that the next in the great wave of IPA bills was directed toward the marriage ceremony, and required that both participants must take the by then familiar oath before the wedding could be considered legal.

The measure was passed, but not without some discussion, for there were those who feared that an ancient rite might be marred in the process. Their fears were allayed, however, when the amended version of the ceremony was made public. Prepared by Representative Sirovich of New York with great grace and tact, it merely added two questions to the time-honored formula, while preserving to the full the beauty of the original. It began as follows:

> Q. Do you (*name of groom*) solemnly pledge your allegiance to your flag, and to the country for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all?
>
> A. I do.

The same question was then addressed to the bride, and the same answer given, whereupon the ritual proceeded as usual. There were many who contended that the dash of nationalistic fervor made the ceremony actually more inspiring than it had been before the innovation. And anyway, as Congressman Dillquirt of Nebraska observed, "If a man don't love his country, he don't deserve to be loved himself—nor a woman neither."

IT was on a slogan—"Can you trust the word of a traitor?"—devised by the same authority that the next bill was carried, by which a short patriotic preamble was tacked onto the oath customarily administered to witnesses in a court of law, while jurors were required to repeat the pledge, in unison, before delivering a verdict. This gave a sort of Gilbert and Sullivan flavor to court procedure, but it at least helped, as Congressman Dillquirt put it, to "show where people stood."

Contractual obligations came next, and all agreements were ordered henceforth to begin with a "*Whereas*, the party of the first part and the party of the second part do hereby severally and collectively pledge allegiance to their flag and to the country for which," etc. And since, as legal experts were quick to point out, the relations between common carriers and their patrons are essentially contractual, a clause was soon added in fine print on the backs of steamship and railway tickets, bills of lading, and receipts for registered letters, parcel-post packages, and so on, stipulating that adherence to the pledge was a condition of the transaction involved. By a decision of the Supreme Court (U. S. v. Fifth Avenue Coach Co.) it was adjudged sufficient for passengers to repeat the pledge to bus conductors, on paying their fare.

But it is needless to go further with the list of IPA laws that were passed; suffice it to repeat again the axiom of statecraft, that it is one thing to pass a law, and another to enforce it. In spite of the fact that each of the laws carried a penalty of ten years in jail or a fine of ten thousand dollars, or both, rumors of violations soon poured in. There were stories that Quakers, Dunkards, Bahaists, and members of other such recalcitrant sects were, under cover of night, indulging in pledgeless marriages; that the Communists regularly held secret meetings at which the pledge was not, as had, of course, long ago been ordered, recited at the outset; that certain disaffected railway conductors had discovered a way of punching commuters' tickets so that the pledge printed on the back was defaced, even if not obliterated. In the emergency, the Army was called on, it seemed most appropriately, to enforce the laws. It responded nobly.

By order of the Chief of Staff, the country was divided into districts and the districts into zones, and the whole armed force of the nation was apportioned among them, to stand guard at churches, convention halls, and auditoriums, to patrol suspected areas, and generally to supervise the observance of the laws. The necessary redistribution of troops for their new duties was carried through with efficiency and dispatch; indeed, the first arrest (that of a Negro pastor in the town of Alligator, Mississippi, who protested he had never heard of the new laws) had already been made, and the Eighteenth Coast Artillery, the last of the regiments to leave their West Coast stations, had already entrained for Terre Haute, Indiana, when the enemy, no longer unnamed or uncertain, landed near the town of Eureka, California, and began, almost unopposed, its victorious march on Washington.

—ROBERT M. COATES

●

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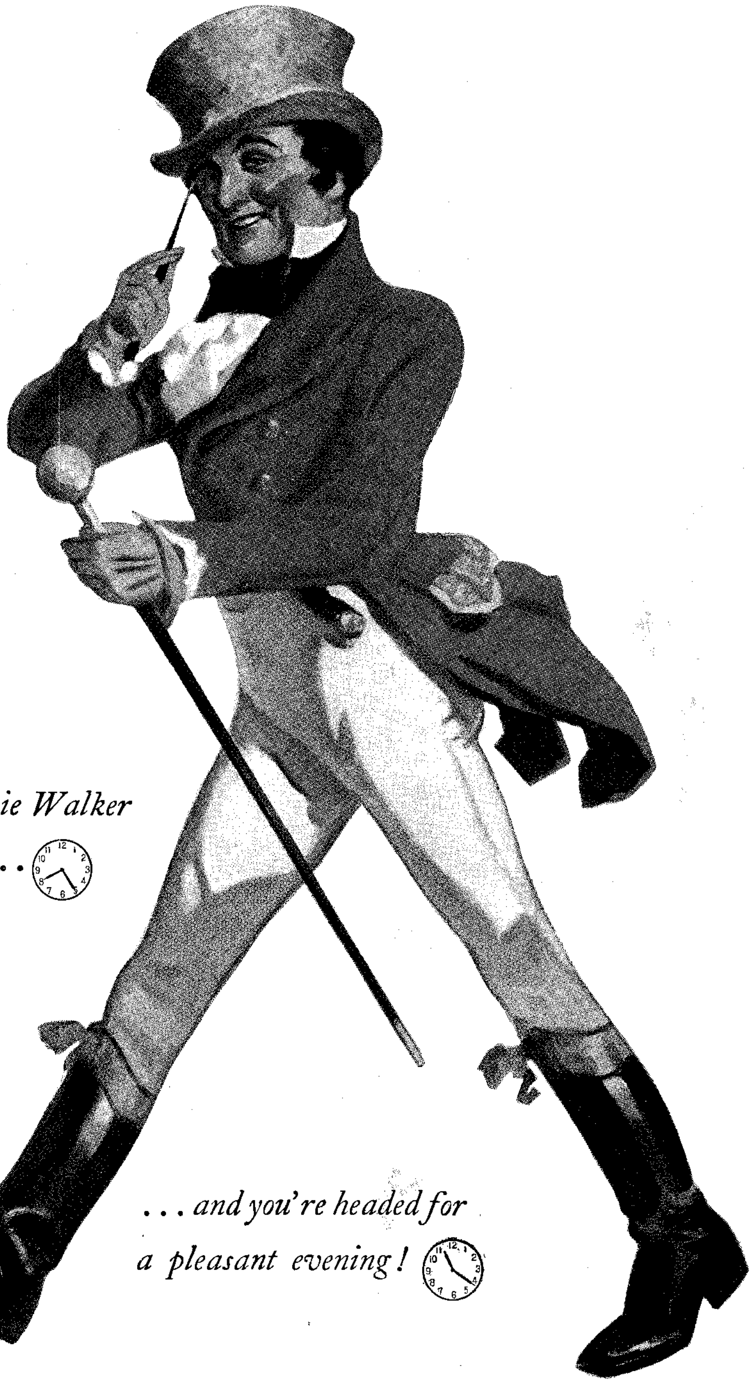

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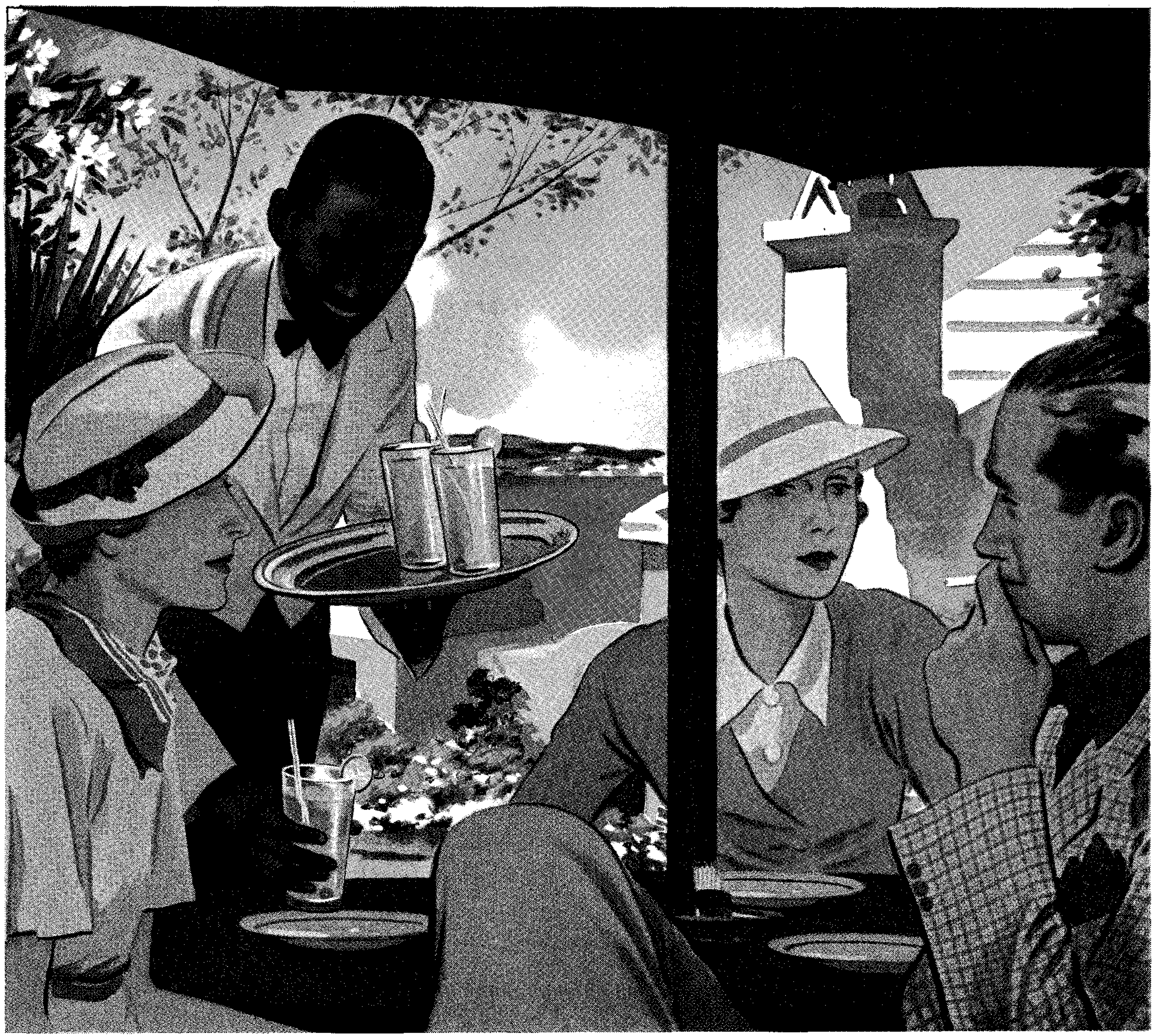

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THE RACE TRACK

Granville at Aqueduct—More Two-Year-Olds—On to Bowie

IF Colonel Tantivy Martingale doesn't see horses for a week, he gets awfully restless. I expect it's nostalgia, or the springtime, or perhaps old age creeping up on him. So the other morning we jumped into the roller chair we picked up at Palm Beach on the way North, and trundled down to Aqueduct. It was an excellent excuse to see Granville, who William Woodward hopes may be another Omaha, or even a Gallant Fox.

Although I'd heard so much about the hard winter retarding training as far south as the Carolinas, Granville looked hard and well-muscled. After all, he ought to be fit, for I was told he'd jogged from six to eight miles a day around the straw-covered path in his stable (it's about fifteen times around to the mile) ever since the first week in January; and now that the frost is out of the ground, he's doing miles at a two-minute gait. Granville is a better-looking colt, and more of the stayer type, than Omaha, who is training satisfactorily at Newmarket.

Jim Fitzsimmons has about fifty horses in training at Aqueduct for Mr. Woodward, the Wheatley Stable, H. C. Phipps, and Ogden Phipps. Next to Granville, the three-year-old I liked was White Cockade, who has grown and is so well advanced in condition that Ogden Phipps has engaged Litzenberger to ride him in the Kentucky Derby. Teufel also is a stout sort, but Snark is a plain-looking animal, and I believe a non-stayer. Fitzsimmons is prouder than usual of his three-year-old fillies: Mag Mell—you'll hear from her in the Coaching Club Oaks—and Valse, who reminds me a bit too much of Vicaress.

The two-year-olds are a bewildering lot, and even their trainer can't tell much about them just yet. My pick is High Landmark (a colt by Diavolo out of Cairn), who looks amazingly like Whisk Broom II. Others I liked were Melodist, a gray by Royal Minstrel; Harvesting, by Sickle; and a half-sister to Gallant Fox, Lucky Pledge, the pet of the stable.

MORE about two-year-olds: Alfred Vanderbilt has thirty, including Airflame, who runs furlongs in eleven seconds. As for their names, his favorite is Roundheel, for a gelding by Polymelian out of Pushover, but my choice is Nevernever, for a colt by Chicle out of Wendy, by Peter Pan.... I always thought that Blackbirder, for a colt by Bostonian out of Kenya, was particularly apt among Mrs. Payne Whitney's invariably well-chosen names, even though Blackbirder never amounted to much, and was sold down the river. This year her best-named juvenile is Somali, by The Porter out of Kenya.... I have good reports on Sonny Whitney's Ptolemy (wait until you hear what the boys at the lower end of the betting ring will call this one) and Wingspread, a full brother to Top Flight.... And the colt by Blue Larkspur that Ed Bradley bid in for $20,000 at Saratoga last year has been named Brooklyn.

BREVITY, my busiest outside man assures me, will go to the post for the Kentucky Derby an odds-on favorite. While I was in a bookmaker's office the other afternoon, a bet of $600 to $200 was made on the colt. A perfectly absurd price! It's 3–1 it won't rain at Churchill Downs that afternoon.

HEIGH-HO, Bowie will open next Wednesday. If you're looking for friendly horses, take the fagged ones, who have raced at Tropical Park, rather than the fat ones, who wintered in Maryland. Train service from Baltimore will be slightly improved, I'm told. At its worst, it was better than motoring.

And if you're going down from New York for the Inaugural Handicap on April 1st, or the Rowe Memorial on April 4th, you'll have more fun reading "Horses, Jockeys, and Crooks," by Arthur J. Sarl, than looking for show parlays. Mr. Sarl, as Larry Lynx, used to pick winners for London evening newspapers, and much of his book is written in the vernacular of the betting ring. It's as colorful as a cockney bookie shouting down the rails, "Nine to four bar one!" —AUDAX MINOR

•

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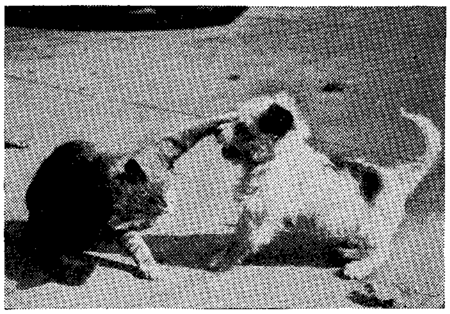

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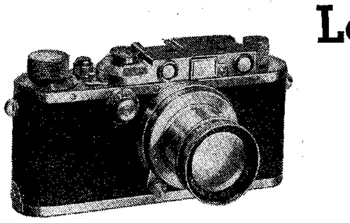

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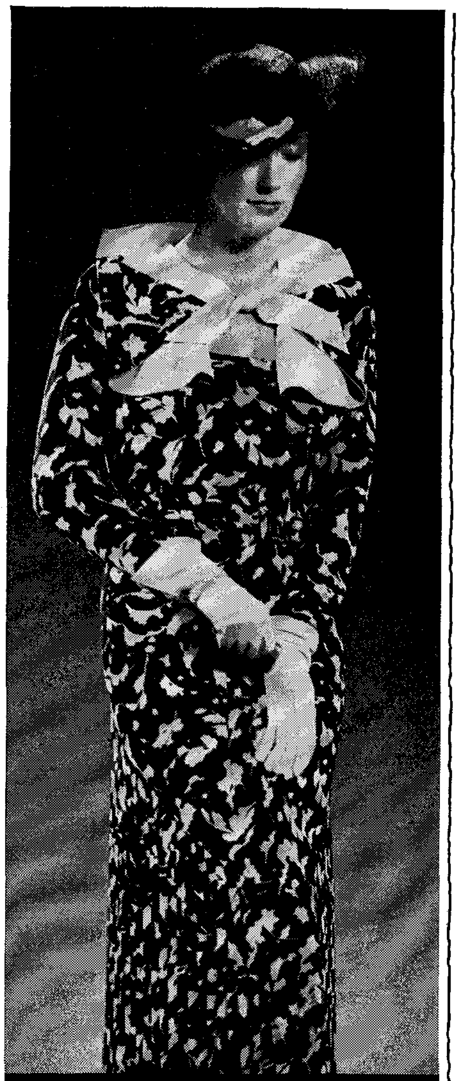

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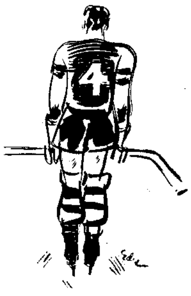
HOCKEY

Playoff Prospects—The Broken Record



THE talk during the week was not so much about the Americans' making their first playoffs in seven years as about the Rangers' missing their first in history. Everybody was delighted to see the Americans come through, of course, but there was a sort of it's-about-time note in the congratulations, and the politest couldn't ignore the fact that when the playoffs closed to the Rangers, they were nine points higher than the Americans in the League standings.

Nobody dared to be very knowing as to how far the Americans would go in the playoffs—except, of course, the bold souls who said firmly that the Americans might surprise you. On the season's form, the Americans, with three wins and one tie in six games, would be the favorites in the third-place series with Chicago, but as the teams looked at the finish, the Americans' scoring power was only slightly the better and Chicago's defence was vastly the better. The fact that success in the playoffs depends on the total number of goals scored instead of on the games won would favor the Hawks if they could get an early lead. About the most you could say is that the odds would be on the team that scored first. As for the rest of the playoffs, everybody picked Detroit to win the Stanley Cup, and almost everybody wished it might be the Maroons.

IF there's any excuse, other than financial, for the playoff system, it must be the theory that since some teams are better at the end than their standings indicate, they should have a chance to prove their supremacy in post-season contests. But with divisional place-winners pitted against each other, it does not work that way. The experts will tell you that the Rangers were the best team in the League at the finish.

The manner of the Rangers' defeat must have been peculiarly galling to Lester Patrick. It was an event about which he could do nothing. It was undramatic, not even onstage. It was merely a wretched anticlimax to an unlucky season. The Rangers, a team of fading stars, had got off to a fair start, then had slumped. Earl Seibert was

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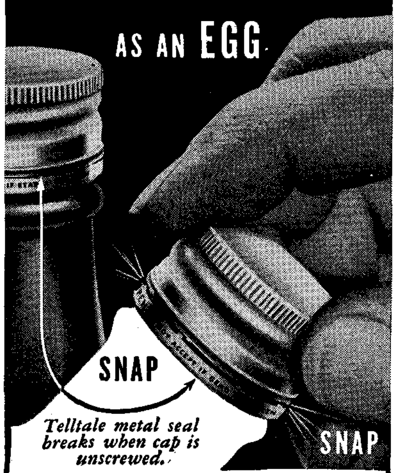

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pulling his body checks; Patrick had to let him go—to Chicago for Coulter. Some of the younger players were not fulfilling their early promise; Patrick decided to replace them with youngsters from the Philadelphia farm team. He wanted especially to bring up the Ramblers' first line intact; Neil Colville got a severe Charley horse, and only Mac Colville and Shibicky could come. Patrick pieced together makeshift forward lines; Bun Cook came down with rheumatic fever, and Patrick had to shuffle the lines again.

Late in the season, the youngsters began to score and the Rangers to win. They came to the last days a single point behind Boston. The final game was to be with Boston; it might be that the Rangers could gain the playoffs by winning it. But before that Boston had one game more than the Rangers to play. If they won, or even tied it, they were in the playoffs regardless of the final game.

The Rangers were always a gallant team, and they made a gallant stand. On the next to the last Thursday, they beat Detroit for the first time in the season; the Sunday following, they beat the Americans; and the Tuesday after that, the Hawks. They were still one point behind last Thursday night, when Boston was playing in Toronto.

They came to the Garden to watch the Americans and Canadiens, and to hear, from the loudspeaker, whether there remained a chance to save their record or whether they were done. The players sat behind the Ninth Avenue goal, and Lester Patrick paced about, alone except for a drunk who wouldn't be shaken off. At intervals the announcer gave the word from Toronto.

The first period up there was scoreless. In the second, Boston scored; then Toronto. Toronto went ahead in the third period, but, three minutes from the end, young Runge scored for Boston and sent the game into overtime. Just before the Americans and Canadiens were finished, the news came. The score remained a tie.

The crowd cheered. It meant fewer playoff games for them, yet they cheered, and in the balcony they chanted the Dead March. Probably the band came near playing "The Broken Record." Lester Patrick went to the Rangers' dressing-room. Only Murray, his son, and Mike Hauser, trainer of the Rovers, were there. They left soon. The drunk wandered in, gazed around, and wandered out. Lester said it was too bad, but that's how things were, and then he went away. —K. B.

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BOOKS

Russians and Danes

ALEXEI TOLSTOI (yes, he's a descendant of Leo, but they say the Tolstois are a fearfully large family) is, like Stalin and Gorki, one of the three best-sellers in Soviet Russia. If he's all right with Stalin, I suppose everything is dandy, but on the other hand his novels hardly seem to be composed in accordance with any rigid Party doctrine. For example, "Darkness and Dawn" (570 pages, $2.50) reminds one more of "War and Peace" than of most post-Revolutionary novels. It is passionately concerned with romantic love and individual fates; its characters are, for the most part, members of the middle-class and intelligentsia; it is full of that moving psychological *Schwärmerei* that we find in Dostoevski and Chekhov; and throughout the author is interested in drawing characters rather than morals. Yet one can see why the book should be popular among the Russians. Despite its lack of dogma, it makes clear a signal historical fact: the bankruptcy of the Russian intelligentsia and "enlightened" middle classes, a bankruptcy which the war brought dramatically to the surface.

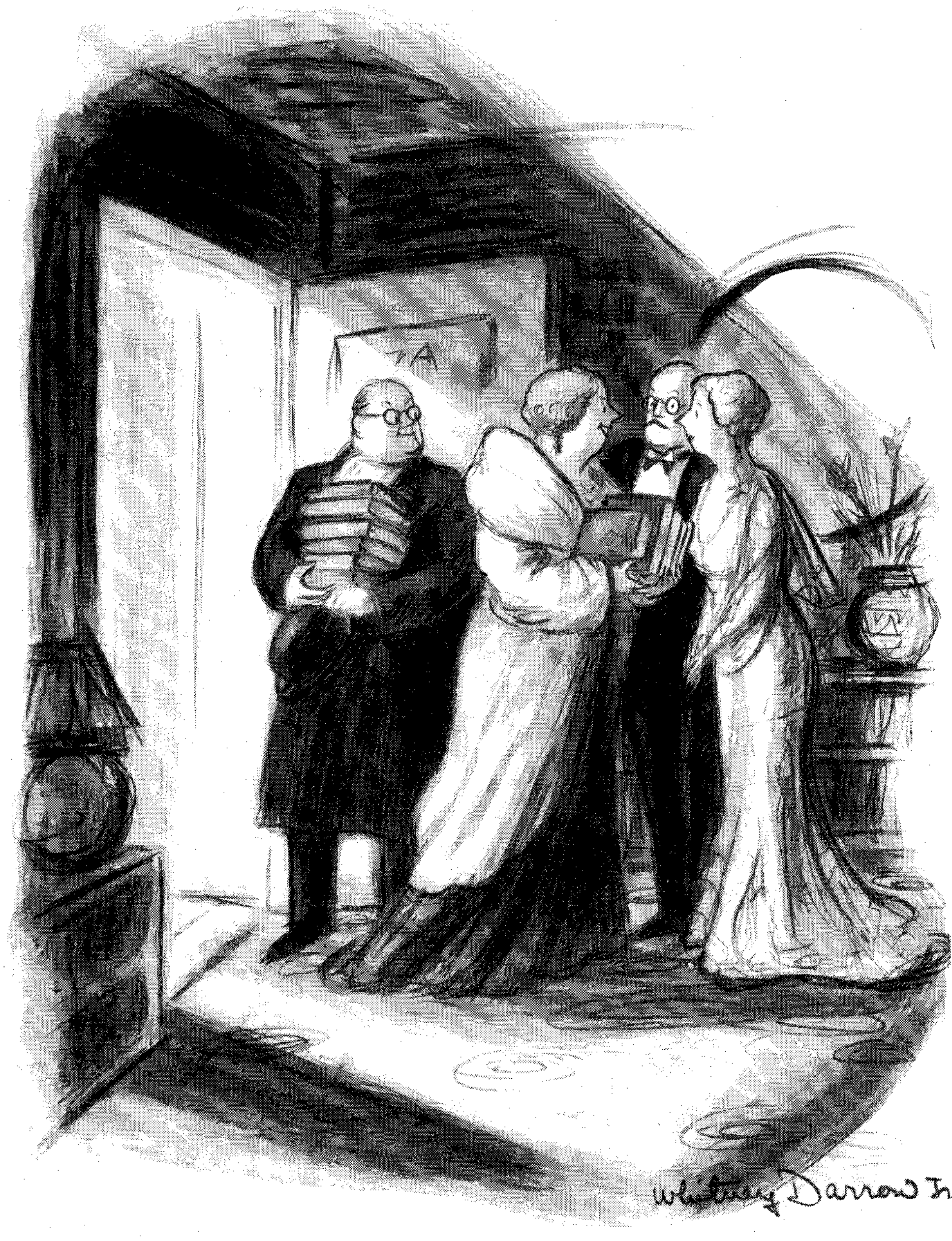
The main line of the narrative concerns two gently nurtured sisters, Dasha and Katia. Their careers are followed from 1914 to 1919. (The story breaks off abruptly and rather disappointingly; there seems to be a sequel in the offing.)

Through Dasha and Katia, their lovers, their friends, their crazy adventures in the civil-war period, we are given an unforgettable picture of what it means to be a member of a doomed class at one of history's turning points. But Tolstoi never piles it on thick. Indeed, his sympathies are often with that class, which was his own. He deplores and exposes the blindness of those people; he does not see them as villains. Nor are his Communists all heroes. He hates the excessive sans-culottism which followed the outbreak of revolution; he is merciless in his display of the corruption and inefficiency of some elements of the Red Army.

On the whole, though it has its tedious passages (the war scenes particularly can hardly be novel to us), this is one of the best novels to come out of the land of the Soviets. It will stand with Sholokhov's "And Quiet Flows the Don" as an indication that the long-breathed, spacious tradition of the older Russian novelists has not suffered much alteration under the Hammer and Sickle.

PETER FREUCHEN, a far from melancholy Dane, has spent fifteen years in Greenland and northern Canada, enjoying low temperatures, high whale meat, a gangrened left foot, an Eskimo wife, life on an icecap, ghastly solitude, and very little publicity, considering the fact that he is a full-fledged Arctic explorer. "Arctic Adventure" (illustrated, 467 pages, $3.50), among other things, makes Mr. Rockwell Kent look like a slumming-party tourist who thinks the natives are pretty lovable and just the quaintest things to draw. (The literary popularity of Greenland, let us note in passing, is shaping up as a definite trend. Question: Are Eskimo Girls a Menace; or, How Much Latitude Shall We Allow Our Writers?)

Mr. Freuchen is too talkative and the last part of his narrative is pretty dull; but, with judicious skipping, you should get a good deal out of his story. He didn't merely visit the Eskimos. Something in him—call it a genuine primitive streak, a maladaptation to civilization, what you will—made going native not a temptation but an inevitability. Hence there is no condescension in his story. It is rich and full and frank, without the slightest desire to shock. He doesn't make too much



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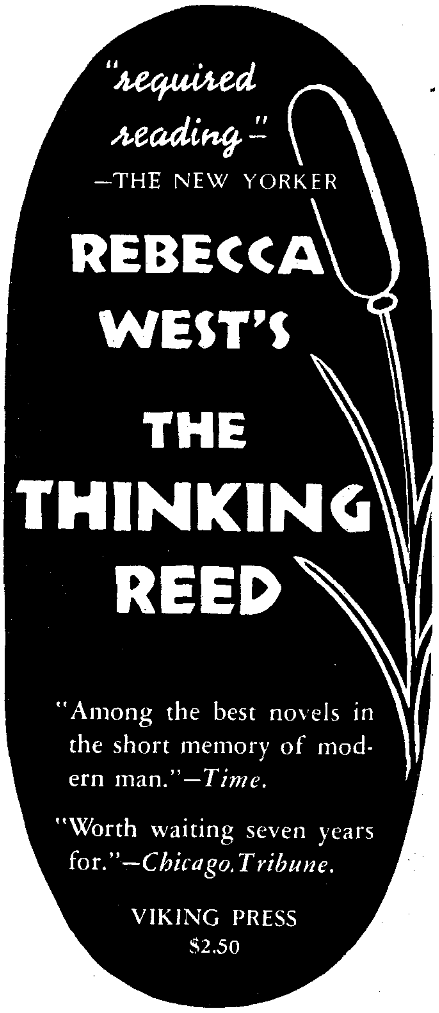
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out of the wife-trading custom, which has set most other Arctic writer-explorers all of a twitter. His book is packed with thrills, horrors, and downright comedy, for he refuses to sentimentalize the grotesqueries of the Eskimos, despite his deep affection for them. There are a few quite unforgettable stories, particularly the one about the woman who killed four of her own children, a tale which sounds grisly but which, curiously enough, turns out to be moving and beautiful. There is also one about how Sivaganguak got her nickname, which means "spontaneous." You'd better read that one for yourself.

Understatement-hunters should look into "Arctic Adventure," for the Greenlanders are a far more indirect and self-deprecating people than even the Japanese. "Bears are so constructed that they do not like to have a spear in them" is worth pondering, but best of all is the calm announcement of Mr. Freuchen's grandfather-in-law, who remarked, "It is not impossible that someone is going to sleep and keep on sleeping," and shortly thereafter lay down and died.—CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOUTH RIDING, by Winifred Holtby. A distinguished novel of an English small town and its surrounding country. In a framework of local politics, Miss Holtby has planted men and women. Her theme (behind each perfunctory committee recommendation lies a human story) is familiar enough. But the stories themselves are moving, and she handles a long list of characters with skill and sympathy. (569 pages, $2.50.)

THEY SELDOM SPEAK, by Leland Hall. Two generations in a small country community, probably New England. The story covers all the outward changes that the thirty-five years from 1885 to 1920 brought, but human history repeats itself, and at the end May and Ira's son is dying just as his father died, and his wife is bereft in just the same way. Worth reading if you like the country, but don't expect too much of it. (347 pages, $2.50.)

AS THEY REVELED, by Philip Wylie. A very moral novel about love. Mr. Wylie thinks that extramarital adventures are not often much fun, that jealousy is almost sure to crop up where you don't expect it (and

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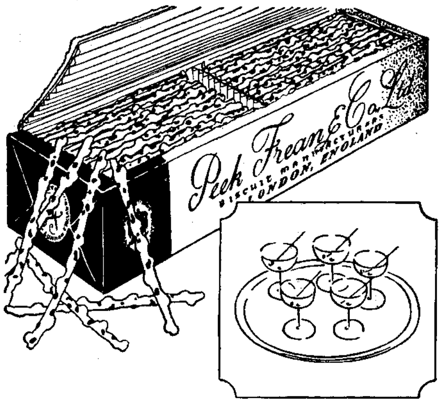

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Red Neck, by McAlister Coleman and Stephen Raushenbush. Honest, sensible, and not very impressive novel about a coal miner and his difficulties with the union. (352 pages, $2.)

The Golden Lady, by Dorothy Gardiner. Long, "solid," Edna Ferberish tale about the beautiful Vannie Swenk, daughter of a gambler and the Leadville Lily. Vannie did very well in the being-a-lady business; almost married a baronet, in fact. The Colorado mining-town background is well done. Story and characters conventional, but there are such quantities of both that you feel quite satisfied, even replete. (498 pages, $2.50.)

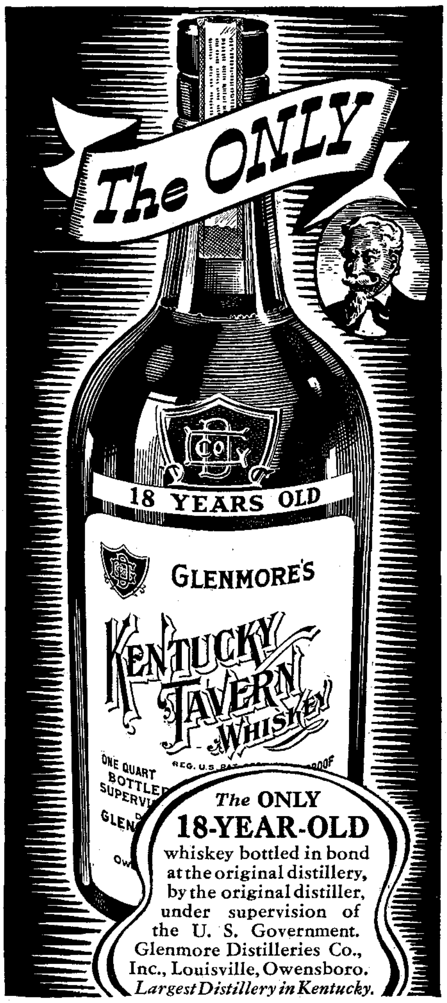
Frightened Angels, by Joanna Cannan. Psychological thriller that really isn't very thrilling. Murder is committed by a limp-spined schoolteacher. Nobody will believe him when he confesses, so he slips off a cliff. The lady he loves and whose husband he kills is rather nice. The husband is a bounder. (241 pages, $2.)

Sea-Mary, by O. R. Pilat. A touching little story about the cook's wife who went along on a voyage and brought all the bad luck that women and black cats are supposed to bring on shipboard. (318 pages, $2.50.)

GENERAL

Soviet Communism: A New Civilisation?, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. A comprehensive description, by two universally respected authorities, of the entire social order of the U.S.S.R. Appears to be the first completely calm view of the Soviet system as a whole. Its scientific rigor seems vouched for by the fact that this enormous survey has earned the praise (with some qualifications) of both the moderate Right and orthodox Left here and in England. In addition to covering every possible phase of Russian social, political, economic, and personal life, the authors attempt to answer the question "Is this a new civilisation?" The most interesting sections of their monumental book defend their affirmative reply. (2 volumes, boxed, 1,174 pages, $7.50.)

Threescore, the autobiography of Sarah N. Cleghorn, introduction by Robert Frost. A modest and sympathetic record of the life of a poet



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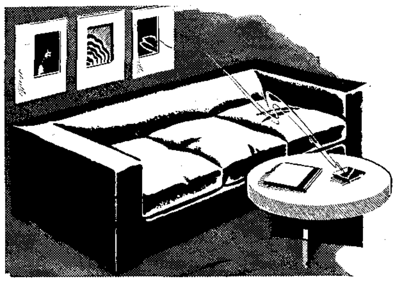

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THOSE FATAL GENERALS, by E. V. Westrate. The thesis of this iconoclastic book is that American military leaders (including Grant) have for one hundred and sixty years been stupid and inefficient—in effect, wasteful butchers of American lives. The author's premise is nonpacifist; he is merely interested in having wars fought more efficiently. But, Mr. Westrate, suppose the enemy has also read your book? (9 illustrations, 302 pages, $3.)

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LENIN, by William C. White. A brief, nonpartisan biography, first of the series "Makers of the Revolution." (172 pages, $1.50.)

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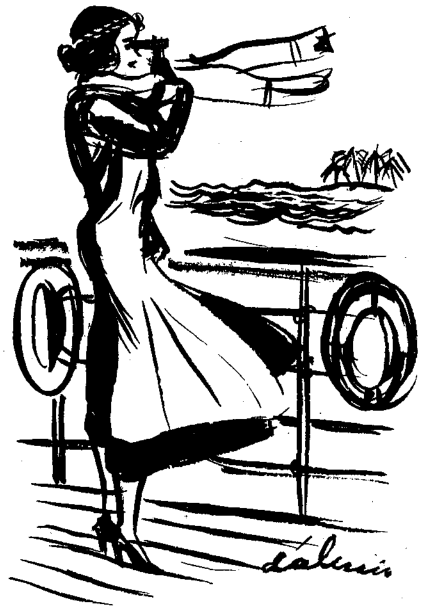

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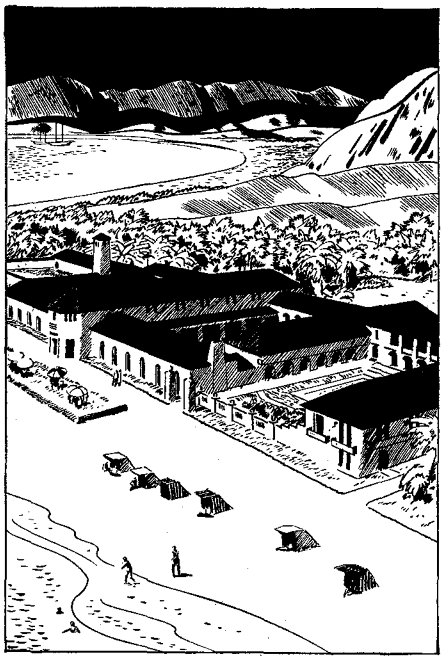

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IMPASSIONED PYGMIES, by Keith Winter. A witty and wicked satire on the parasites that infest genius, with a Mediterranean island as the background, and some literary figures you can't help recognizing as the chief characters.

WE IN CAPTIVITY, by Kathleen Pawle. A fresh, vigorous first novel, a little too full of plot for its own good, about six Irish and Anglo-Irish youngsters and the fates that befell them in the Dublin Easter uprising of 1916.

ONCE WE HAD A CHILD, by Hans Fallada. A moving, mature novel about a young German farmer torn between love for his land and love for a woman. The farm wins; the struggle itself is full of rich rewards for the reader. More romantic, less consciously commonplace than "Little Man, What Now?," and thoroughly impressive.

THE THINKING REED, by Rebecca West. An extraordinarily witty and subtle analysis of the heart and mind of an upper-class woman who is not at ease in her own world. Recalls, in some of its scenes, Briffault's "Europa," but is much more beautifully written. Required reading.

THE HOUSE IN PARIS, by Elizabeth Bowen. Not entirely successful portrayal of the minds of two strange children, and the unhappy begetting of one of them. The style is distinguished and intelligent.

NO VILLAIN NEED BE, by Vardis Fisher. The last of Mr. Fisher's tetralogy. The earlier books were better, but this one, too, has power, intelligence, and wit, though it is spun out overlong in talk.

HERE LIES A MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY, by Richard Blaker. Highly touted English novel about an energetic mining entrepreneur and the two women whose love he captured and retained, though you may not see just why. The setting is prewar, the background shifts deftly over a couple of continents.

FREEDOM, FAREWELL!, by Phyllis Bentley. A novelized life of Julius Caesar, tracing the degeneration of a "friend of the people" into a bloody tyrant. A trifle slow, but interesting enough once you're well into the story.

INHALE & EXHALE, by William Saroyan. Seventy-one unique gestures, called by courtesy short stories, by the prodigious young author of "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." If you're a member of the cult, that's all you need know; if you aren't, there are a few fine things for you anyway.

THE HURRICANE, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. The authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" do a first-rate thriller about a big wind that wipes out a South Sea island and solves the problems of its inhabitants.

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MEN OF SCIENCE, by J. G. Crowther. Comprehensive biographies of five great British nineteenth-century scientists—Davy, Faraday, Joule, Lord Kelvin, Maxwell—and an intelligent interpretation of their services to the industrial culture of their period.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MISCELLANY, edited, with an introduction, by Louis Kronenberger. The unquestionably brilliant introduction is the feature of this revealing anthology, which also offers you some of the best of Sterne, Blake, Sheridan, Chesterfield, Gibbon, Walpole, Swift, Pope, and Gay.

RUSSIAN SOMERSAULT, by Igor Schwezoff. The autobiography of a young Russian dancer who suffered in the Revolution and after, but made himself, partly because he was interested in little else, into a competent artist. Too long, but it has a fresh, attractive quality.

NEW MYSTERIES

THE DEATH RIDERS, by Cornelius Cofyn. The Nazis figure again as villains, in a mystery which starts out to be one of the most exciting of the season, but drags miserably toward the end, when the scene is shifted from Germany to Scotland, and the author is forced to insert padding of a rather incredible nature.

THE CASE OF THE SLEEPWALKER'S NIECE, by Erle Stanley Gardner. This author's usual collection of intricately married and unmarried characters is put through some pretty brisk paces. Perry Mason, the slick lawyer, unravels the case to everybody's satisfaction. A formula that has proved an enormous success.

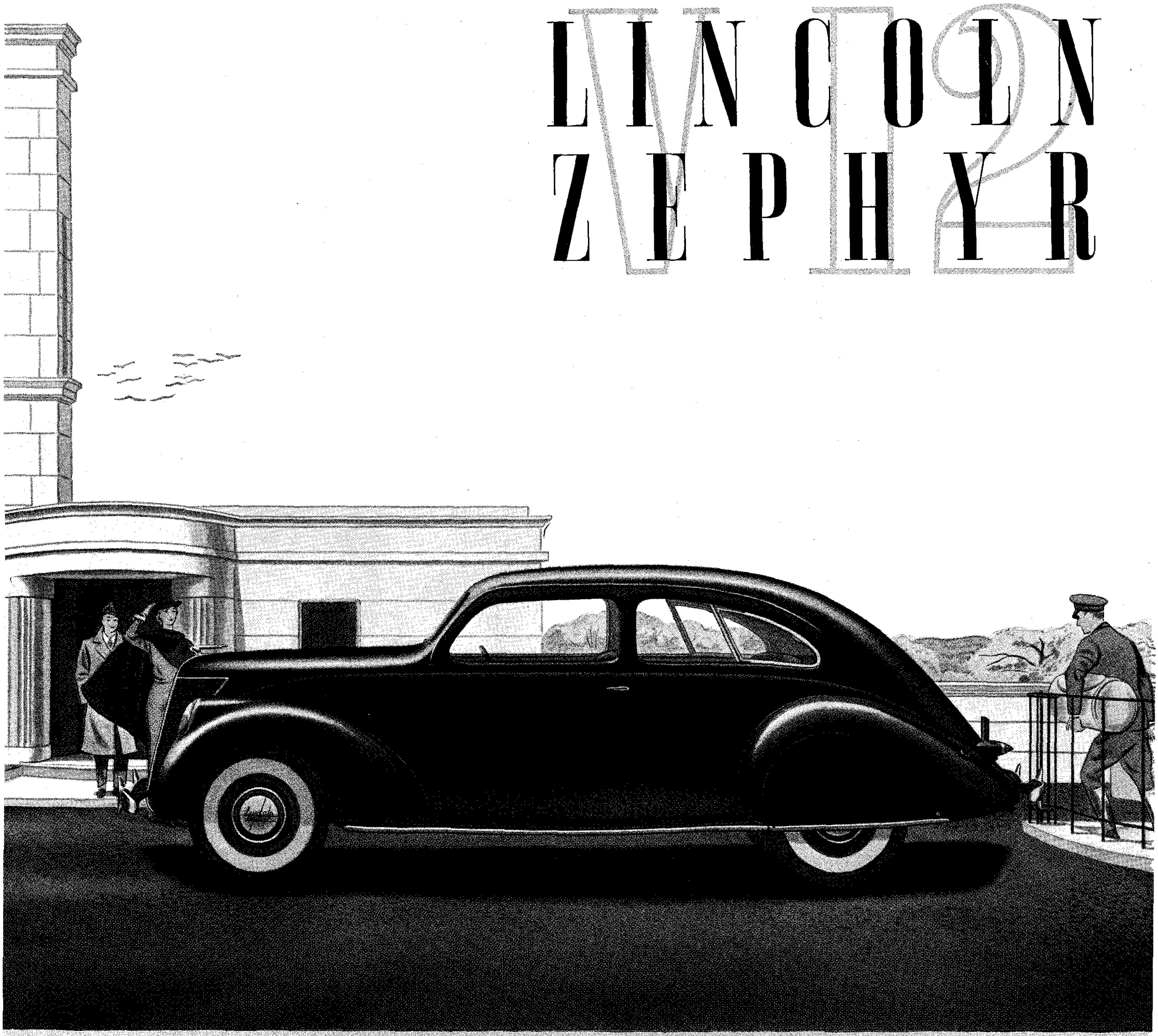
PHILO VANCE MURDER CASES. The complete lowdown on Mr. Van Dine's work, including his methods of building stories, his ideas on the detective story as a form of literature, and his biography. The three stories reprinted are "The Scarab Murder Case," "The Kennel Murder Case," and "The Dragon Murder Case." A book you undoubtedly will want for reference.

THE CATALYST CLUB, by George Dyer. Very nice deduction on the part of a criminological club composed of a chemist, a reporter, a salesman, a psychiatrist, and a lawyer. Good methods applied to a not very interesting case.

THE ACONITE MURDERS, by Sidney Williams. A murderer with a hypodermic full of aconite is tracked down by a county detective after the Philadelphia police have failed to solve the case. Second-rate, and with a most bewildering ending.

THE MARCEAU CASE, by Harry Stephen Keeler. An enormous and goofy mystery story, presented in the form of a series of documents. The crime, presumably committed by a dwarf in a gyroplane, may not seem to you to be worth five hundred pages of solution.

LINCOLN ZEPHYR V12



TWELVE CYLINDERS POWER THIS NEW CAR OF MANY-SIDED APPEAL

THE first person who bought a LINCOLN-ZEPHYR was the president of a railroad. A fair cross-section of owners reveals, also, eminent physicians . . . executives who travel much . . . society matrons with children of school age. Their reasons for buying this car are varied and practical. Underlying them all, typical of them all, is this: "It is a new *kind* of car. It offers a new kind of value!"

It is an unusual idea to place a 12-cylinder engine in a car of medium price. The engine itself is new. Designed by Lincoln, built by Lincoln, it is the culmination of years of research and experiment. It develops 110 horsepower. Because of its exclusive design; because of its great power and flexibility; because it pulls a car low in weight for its size, *owners are getting 14 to 18 miles a gallon!*

It is a *new* idea to streamline a car as fully as this car is streamlined. But the graceful, flowing contours simply grow out of the body structure beneath. Steel trusses form a rigid bridge over which steel panels are welded—top, sides, bottom. Six passengers, or one, are gently cradled in the framework, and poised forward of the rear axle. You ride near the center.

It is a *new* idea, finally, to provide so much power, size, comfort in a car selling for $1275. But a conviction of the builder is that engineering experience, precision methods, and vast resources, applied intelligently, can do what otherwise could not be done. This car combines Ford ability to give great value at low cost with the Lincoln tradition to build without regard to cost. It does for the medium-price field what these other cars do for their own fields.

Learn, today, what outstanding value Lincoln has built into a car new in idea, new in *performance!*

PRICED FROM $1275
F. O. B. DETROIT
AVAILABLE IN TWO SEDAN BODY TYPES

TWA
TWA
THE
LINDBERGH LINE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Luckies are less acid!

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

Luckies—a light smoke

OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

[illegible]6, The American Tobacco Company